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PANTHER-SHOOTING IN CENTRAL INDIA

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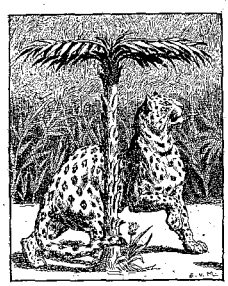
ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERT VAN MUYDEN



HERE is a small saddle-backed hill in the hot plains of Central India, that I know of, not above five miles from the military cantonment of Mhow, which is a sure find for panther. On its teak-tree covered slopes, when I knew it first, there lived a panther, and apparently there always had lived one, well known to the villagers of the little "gaum" (village) of Jamli, about two miles distant, upon whose herds of cattle and goats, as they graze in the grass-land and jungle within the vicinity of the hill, the resident panther for the time was wont to levy toll without apparently disturbing the mild Hindoo's equilibrium.

The "gaum" is but a cluster of weather-worn thatched huts of mud, which stand beside a poisonous, fever-breeding, half-dry tank, where the gaunt, huge-horned water buffaloes wallow in a bath of mud, endeavoring to make the best of things until the rains, their season of joy, shall arrive. Then shall they lie all day submerged to the eyes beneath a temperate sun, pictures of blissful content. Then shall fatness come to lean ribs and roundness to the many projecting points of their bony anatomies; but now, for my story begins at the fiercest heat of the hot weather, they and the other herds of the village are as lean kine as ever Pharaoh dreamt of.

Around the village lie its cultivated fields, whose faces ever change with the changing seasons. Now parched and arid they lie seemingly lifeless, baked beneath fiery suns out of steel-blue skies for long hot, weary months; but with the longed-for rains, as if by magic, they quicken into a living green of tender crops, blessed sight to weary eyes and weary souls of white men gasping out an Indian hot weather in the plains; and, later still, the land grows gay with broad squares of the lovely pinks, whites, and purples of the many-hued poppy fields. Amid them the dark "tope" (clump) of mango-trees, so familiar a feature of every Indian village, tempts one out of the hot glare of the fields into its restful shade, where all day the patient "beils" (oxen) tread wearily to and fro, and the monotonous creak of drawing water, and the delicious cool sound of its rushing down the water channels, rises like a lullaby through the long hot day. From out the thickly wooded ravines, which run up the slopes of the

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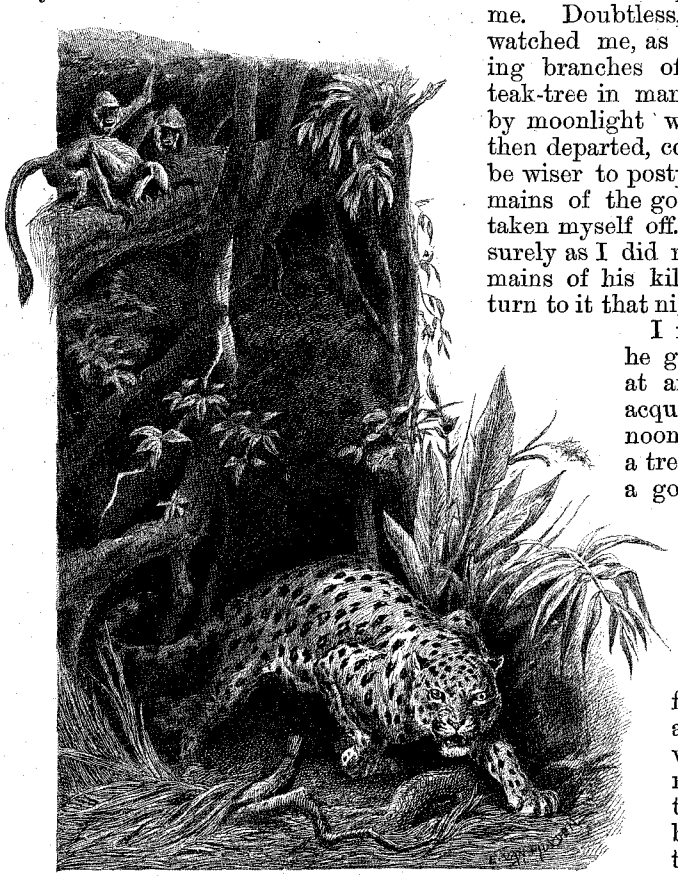
Jamli hill, I had succeeded in shooting in a beat the original occupant of the hill, when I first came to know it, and several of its successors. For so surely as I made a vacancy in the hill there arrived another panther after a short interval. A large, thickly wooded range of hills stretching away to join the great Vindhya, a mountain-chain, sent its spurs close down to my special preserve, and was evidently the source from which panthers wandered in to take possession.

But at last there came a panther of a most diabolical cunning and of an insatiable appetite. For one whole year did I hunt the fiend. Innumerable were the goats I tied up as bait for him, and unflagging was the bloodthirstiness with which he responded by murdering and devouring them. Innumerable were the days I toiled and clambered under blazing hot noonday suns over rocks and bowlders, and through the jungle of the hill-side, trying to get him; innumerable were the weary hours I passed on moonlight nights, up trees watching over a goat's murdered remains. All in vain, neither by day nor by night would he give himself away. He had taken a most one-sided view of the game. Properly, after devouring one of my goats he should in return have allowed himself to be found gorged near the spot the next day, and to be driven toward me by the beaters; but he had no true sense of sport. While I gasped under a sweltering sun, fruitlessly hunting for him among the nullahs (ravines), or sitting upon a hot bowlder of black rock with the sun broiling my brains beneath my shikar-topee, awaited his coming in the beat, he must have been curled up peacefully napping in some distant shady spot, or licking his chops in amused reflection at the sport he was affording me. Doubtless, too, he must have watched me, as I sat amid the swaying branches of the slender bastard teak-tree in many an all-night sitting by moonlight watching for him, and then departed, concluding that it would be wiser to postpone finishing the remains of the goat until I should have taken myself off. It seemed so, for as surely as I did not sit up over the remains of his kill, so surely did he return to it that night.



Thus birds and monkeys will often warn the jungler.—Page 531.

I must confess, however, he gave me three chances at an early stage of our acquaintance. One afternoon I was watching from a tree over the remains of a goat he had killed the night before. It was early in the rains, the day had been a showery one, and the sun shone with but a pleasant warmth. There was a stir and freshness in the jungle about me. Animal and vegetable life seemed to rejoice in the salvation the blessed rains had brought them, and at the end of the fierce months of drought.

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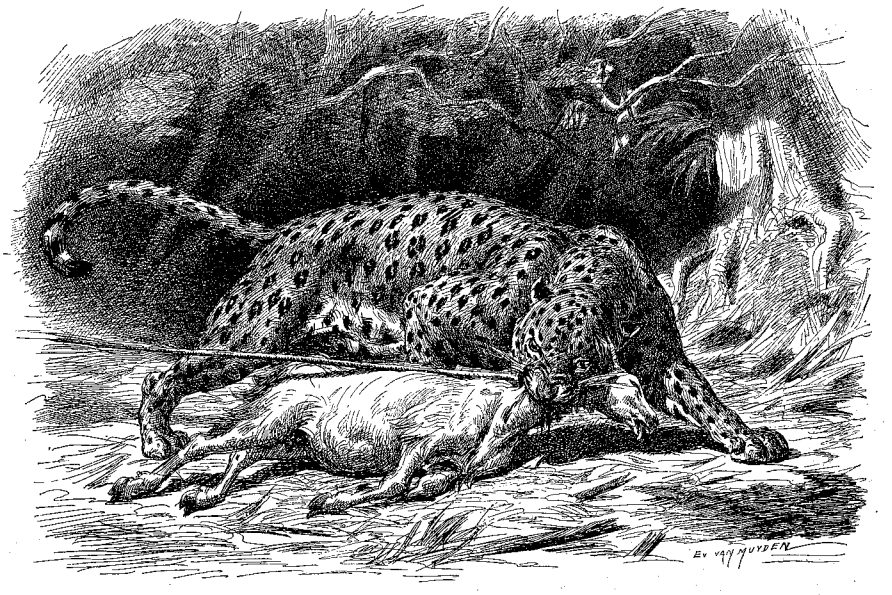
Birds came and perched in the branches above me in the very tree where I sat, seeming to take no notice of the motionless figure beneath them, and brightened the jungle for me with their twittering. The unusual amount that the panther had left of the goat showed that he had made but a mild meal for him, and was doubtless the cause of his arrival so early in the afternoon; or it may have been the heavy showers had disturbed him in his nap and the freshness of the air inclined him to stroll. Whatever the cause, he greatly surprised me by a very early arrival, and this is what happened. It still wanted an hour or so to sunset. I had been beguiling the time by watching the nervous antics of two mongoose (wild brothers of Rudyard Kipling's famous Rikki-Tikki) about the carcass of the goat. Their first entrance on to the scene, on having winded the goat, was made with the utmost caution. A pair of pointed little noses and two pairs of sharp little eyes first peeped out from behind some big stones—slowly the owners of them emerged, every hair of their quivering little bodies betokening the utmost sense of danger and alertness. Growing gradually bolder, they drew near the body, ever keeping the brightest lookout all around, now and again sitting up squirrel-like, listening all they knew and "speering" about with the sharpest eyes for sight or sound of their dangerous neighbors; for well they knew from whose meal they were about to pilfer—their keen little noses would tell them that. At length the temptation to feast grows too strong, and they would dive inside the goat's ribs to snatch a choice morsel, only to pop out the next instant all nerves and trepidation, and then some imaginary alarm would send them scuttling into the bushes, then back again once more, the bolder spirit first, more nervous watchfulness again yielding to the delight of another morsel, and so on over and over again. I had almost forgotten the panther in the amused interest I was taking in the quaint little creatures, or otherwise should have paid more attention to the excited conversation that had been going on among some birds in a tree not far off. Thus birds and monkeys will often warn the jungler of the approach of a tiger—the latter especially take every opportunity to express by loud hootings the inten-



Seized the goat by the neck and attempted to drag it away.—Page 537.

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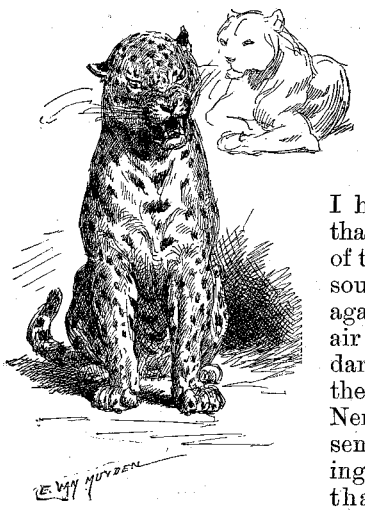
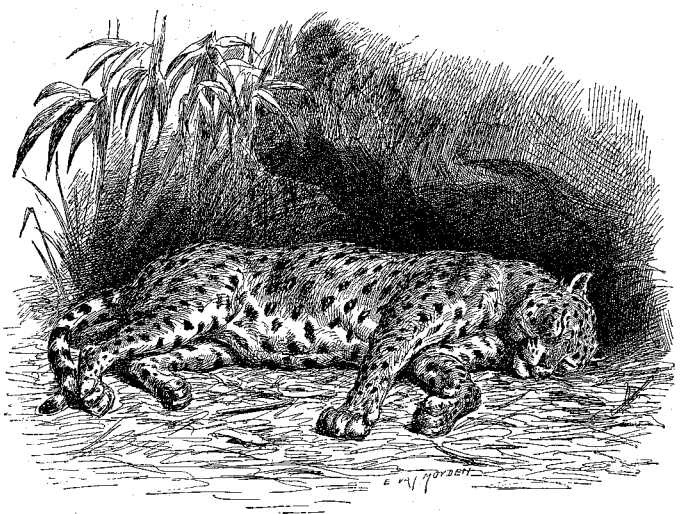


sity of their feelings at the hated presence of either of the dread beings of their jungles. I have heard too that peculiar bark of the sambar stag sound again and again in the night-air from out the dark jungles on the banks of the Nerbudda, as he sends out a warning to his kind that murderous "stripes" is stalking near. But to return to the panther. The mongoose had grown more confident and their nerves less "jumpy," when something caused me to look down. There, some eight feet below me, almost at the foot of my tree, stood the panther, a very big fellow, in all the jungle splendor of his shining yellow coat and rich black rosettes. With eyes fixed on the mongoose he stood perfectly motionless, save for a gentle swaying of the end of his tail, his right forearm advanced and head held forward below the line of his back, he looked the very personification of beautiful remorseless strength about to work its cruel will.

The two tiny thieves were just at that moment much engrossed with the view of the goat's insides, peering about for another tit-bit. Fascinated by the beauty of the panther and interested to see what would happen, I could not spoil the picture by firing. After a moment's pause the panther made a move forward—then a couple of silent bounds. It was the closest thing—only just in time the mongoose whisked themselves off like lightning, and fled squeaking into the bush. The panther disappeared after them, but the next moment his yellow form stepped out from the green again into the open. Unfortunately his pursuit of the mongoose had taken him up hill, thus bringing him on a level with the low fork of the tree, in which I sat. His quick eye caught sight of me instantly, and he stopped, looking up at me. Flurried by the fear that he would vanish on the instant, I threw up my rifle and fired without aim. Something yellow flashed into the bushes in silence. Missed!

I had indeed made a muddle of it in my desire to study natural history.

The next time we met night was coming on—rain was falling, and I sat drenched and miserable up a tree again. Suddenly, out of the darkness he stalked, a dim gray shadow on to the scene. My rifle rang out—the gray shadow vanished—missed again! The third time it is again night, but there is a full moon. I am perched in a tree amid thick jungle high upon the hillside near the crest, whence I have a wide view of a beautiful moonlit landscape lying beneath me. Suddenly, without a sound, a silvery panther, or the ghost of one, glides softly across the open patch of moonlight, where the partly devoured goat lay—its form silhouetted in vivid whiteness against the black shade of the surrounding bush. "Can't miss this time," I



Stretched out dead beneath an overhanging rock.—Page 536.

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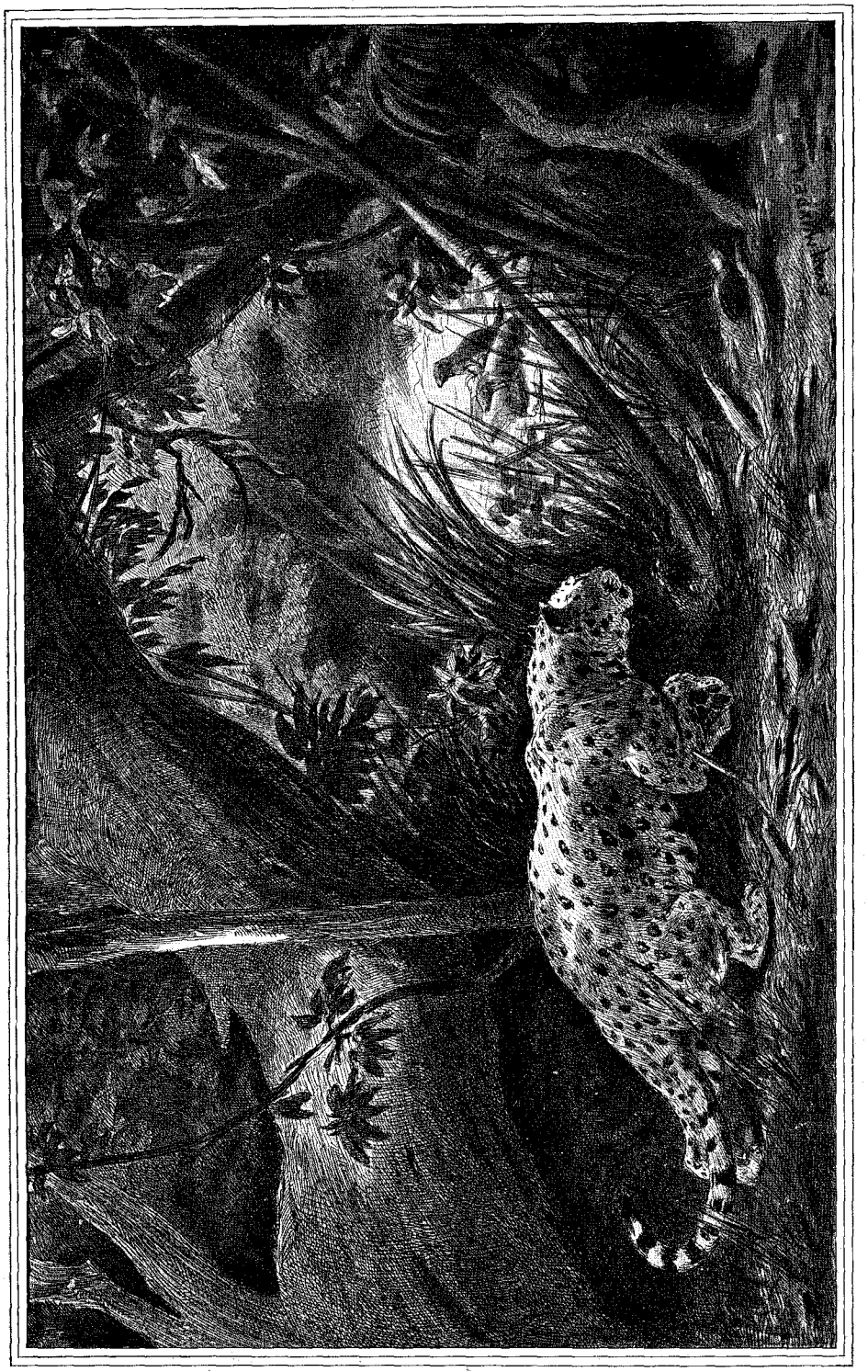

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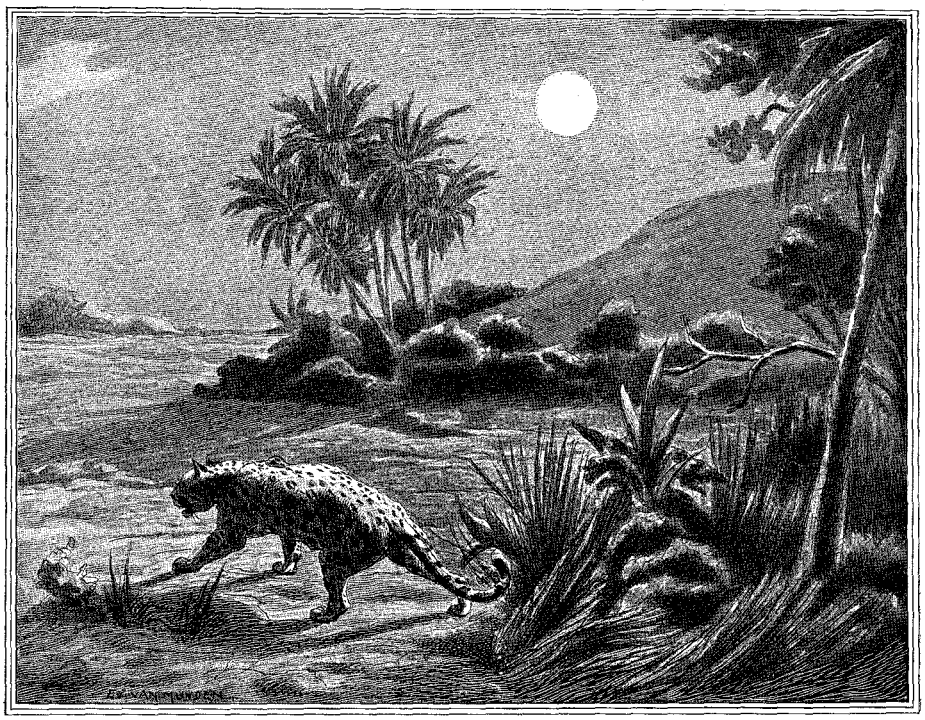

Suddenly, without a sound, a silvery panther glides softly across the open patch of moonlight.—Page 532.

thought, as I levelled my rifle at him. But I did; and let only those who know what it is to aim by moonlight cast the first stone. At last his fate overtook him. The time was the height of the hot season, which had come round again and the day was a blazing one. For the one hundredth time at least I was beating in a kind of forlorn hope the nullahs on the Jamli hill. The jungle was very bare, stripped of its foliage by the long hot months. There was little cover to induce a panther to lie up, except the patches of the dark-green corinda-bush which grew here and there. It alone flourished when all else seemed perished in the long drought. The jungle of bastard teak-tree and bush stood up under the scorching rays, a silent multitude of leafless skeletons—there was not a breath of air to rustle even their broad leaves lying yellow and dead beneath them.

From the black bowlders of rock and the stony earth, the hot rays struck up into one's face like the blast from a furnace. I was standing on the brow of the hill at the head of a ravine, with rifle cocked, keeping a sharp lookout on the likely points where a panther might break. The discordant cries of the beaters and the noise of falling rocks and stones which they hurled into the thick bits of cover, grew momentarily louder as the line worked toward me. Not many feet below where I stood, there grew a very dense bit of corinda-bush, a likely looking place on such a day. So when the beaters drew near me I called out to them to beat up this particular patch. They complied with volleys of stones and increased vigor in their cries, but not a stir came from the bush. I bid them continue, knowing the wily ways of panthers; still no movement. Concluding that there was nothing in it, I had just lowered my triggers and was about to walk forward to the next ravine, when out sprang the panther amid a storm of yells from the beaters of "fata," "fata" (there he goes). A real beauty he looked in his shining yellow coat, which gleamed golden in the fierce sunlight. I did not fire, for

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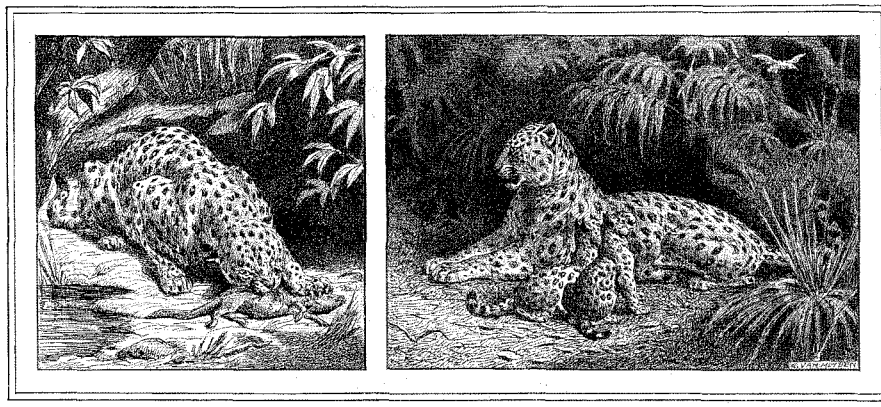
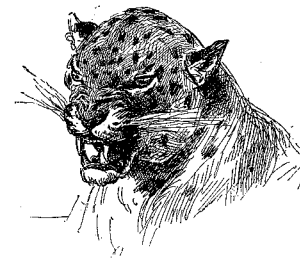


he offered a by no means easy shot, and I judged from the line he was taking, that his intention was to make for the crest line some sixty yards ahead of me; and then cross the summit down into the jungle on the other side. If he did so, I should get a clear shot at him, so I waited, watching his yellow body crashing over the dead leaves and scorched-up undergrowth. Soon he was clambering up on to the brow of the hill, as I had expected, giving me a clear shot; at that very instant I fired my right at him, hitting him in the buttock, whereupon he stopped dead, turned, and bit at his tail, half sitting up like a huge cat. I at once seized the opportunity to give him the left barrel in the body, but too far back to be very effective. At the shot he turned and ran back down the slope of the hill toward the beaters. Up the trees they went like so many monkeys. "Maro, Sahib, maro," "bara bobbery wallah" (shoot, Sahib, shoot, a devil to fight), the hillside resounded with their excited yells. My bhil shikari soon came running up to me, his face beaming joyously at the near prospect of "bakshish." Together we clambered down the hill in the direction the panther had taken, guided by an occasional "pug," where the dusty earth had taken the imprint, and also slight blood marks. At length we came upon a place, where there was a natural escarpment in the slope of the hill, and where all about it grew a dense thicket of undergrowth. Cries of "Khabardar" (be careful) from the trees, warned us where the panther crouched. We stared into the thick tangle of bush from above, but could see nothing; then we clambered farther down and were about to peer into the thicket from its lower edge, when from within it there sounded a succession of short, coughing roars and a crashing noise amid the dried branches. The panther was coming for us. Our position was not altogether an agreeable one. We were standing not more than five yards outside the bushes. Nothing of the panther was visible; only the noise of his on-coming told us he was charging, and I knew that I should not see him until he had burst his way out of the bushes almost on to us.

To retreat backward there was scarcely time, and I should probably have fallen over a rock or bush had I tried to. There was nothing for it but to wait and shoot on sight. So we waited. My bhil stood close behind me, and though he had merely a small woodcutter's axe in his hand, he never flinched a step, merely saying, quietly, "ata, Sahib, ata" (Sahib, he is coming). It was but a wait of a few moments—then out from the dark-green corinda-leaves burst the panther's round yellow head, with jaws agape, right before us. Quick as thought my rifle went up to my shoulder—both barrels flashed out simultaneously, staggering me with the



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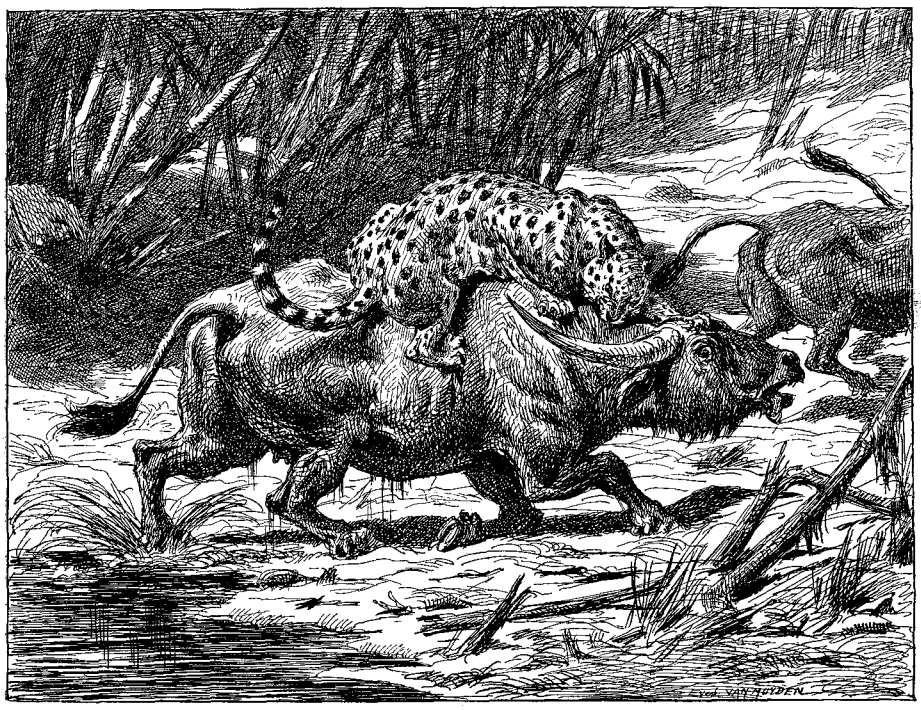
recoil, for I had six drams of powder in each barrel, and I was enveloped in smoke. There was an instant of uncomfortable suspense. "Got me or not got me!"—the next second I realize the luck is with me and that I still stand untouched. The smoke cleared. A snarling growl came from inside the bushes—the panther had retreated. My shikari sprang up a tree and looked down, then called to me he could see something yellow. I felt no disinclination to follow him up that tree, and did so. Sitting astride the shaking branches I fired at a small patch of yellow just discernible beneath the bush. Sounds of the brute's body crashing amid the bushes followed the shot—then snarls growing fainter and fainter. At length all was still. After waiting a short while I made my way very cautiously, with triggers on full cock, into the thicket, and came upon the panther stretched out dead beneath an overhanging rock—a perfect picture, for death had not yet robbed the real beauty from his skin or the rounded muscular shape from his body. I need scarcely add that he was in excellent condition. To this day I have never cared to reckon up what he cost me in goats.

The double shot I fired into the panther when charging took effect in the chest and throat, respectively. I had hollow, or express bullets, in both chambers. The bullet that struck the chest broke up in the muscles and made very little penetration, and I believe that if it had not been for the second bullet, which smashed the lower jaw and penetrated the throat in fragments, the animal must have come on and mauled me. From that day I pinned my faith on the pure lead solid bullet, as recommended by that great hunter, Sir Samuel Baker, for dangerous game. And a later experience with a lion, against whose head I had fired a hollow bullet by mistake, which merely infuriated him into charging, confirmed me in my belief, for my remaining barrel, which contained a solid pure lead bullet, knocked him clean over as he came on.

Shortly after this I had the good fortune to see a panther kill a goat in broad daylight. He was the successor



The resident panther for the time was wont to levy toll.—Page 529.

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to the great slaughterer of my goats, but his career was a short one. As soon as his footmarks on the hillside made his arrival in the hill known to my shikari, I had a goat tied up in the old place and went out and sat in a tree over it. The goat was young and indiscreet, expressing his objection to being tied up by a continuous bleating, which suited my purpose exactly. For I had scarcely been in the tree half an hour, and the sun was still hot overhead, when the glint of a panther's yellow skin among the trees caught my eye, filling me with joyful anticipation of possessing it. I watched with much interest the stealthy manner in which the wily brute approached the spot, winding in and out of the bushes, stopping every now and then to look and listen, then slowly advancing again, he seemed to my impatient spirit to be an interminable time coming on; while there seemed something most creepy in that silent, murderous approach. Happily for the unfortunate goat he was quite unconscious of his danger, had ceased bleating, and was nibbling at the grass about him. From behind a bush scarcely ten yards from the goat the panther stopped and appeared to gaze at the goat with much interest for a second or two. Then he ran out. The goat ran back to the length of his tether. In dashed the panther at him with a spring, seizing him by the throat, and turning a complete somersault with the goat held in his jaws. So quickly was it done that the goat had hardly uttered a cry. When they came to the ground the panther was undermost, but he was up again in an instant, seeming to throw the goat out of his jaws. The latter lay where he fell, gasped a moment or two and was still. Under cover of the scuffle I had cocked my triggers, but as the panther was now gazing keenly around on all sides and seemed to be listening intently, I lay low, determined to wait until his attention became engrossed in his kill. Some minutes of intense alertness passed on the part of the panther before he grew reconciled to the situation, and then he made no attempt to feed, but seized the goat by the neck and attempted to drag it away. But the rope held fast, and as he tugged his chest presented such a tempting shot that I could no longer resist. Slipping my rifle through the screen of branches about me, I took a quick aim and fired. Down he flung the goat one way, and with a snarling roar went flying, crashing through the bushes in another direction. Ah! blissful moment that, as I scrambled in hot haste down from the tree, for here was the very cream of sport in prospect—an exciting follow-up of a wounded, dangerous beast. Nothing beats it that I know of for pleasurable excitement—that thrilling watchful advance along the fresh blood-tracks, while your eyes search intently the jungle on every side for timely sight of the crouching, plucky brute, and the safety of your skin often rests on the quickness of your eyes. And of all animals, who can crouch concealed like the panther—who more ready to turn upon his foe! Who more fiercely brave in his attack! even though wounded unto death. But this time I did not quite get the sport I looked for. For I had not followed far before I heard the panther growling in the thickets ahead of me. Judging from the sound as to where he lay, I was able to make my way safely round his flank, and so came within view of him standing up and listening seemingly for my approach, but evidently badly wounded, and I easily killed him with another bullet.

After the death of this panther I bagged several of his successors in the haunts on the Jamli hill with comparatively little trouble. Then there came another panther, who bid fair to rival the great destroyer of my goats. I had hunted him for several months, had used every precaution and stratagem I could think of; yet far from getting a shot at him, I had not even seen him. The appearance of fresh pugs on the hillside, after a short interval following on the death of his predecessor, pointed to a new-comer having filled the vacancy, and the consequent series of murders of goats tied up in the old spot, their bodies bearing all the marks of a panther's kill, settled it beyond a doubt. But for all that the animal remained a mystery. Nobody in the village had ever seen him. Beating the nullahs

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for him I gave up in despair, after many blank days out on the scorching hill-side, and watching over a live bait or a dead one seemed equally vain.

Many and many were the weary nights I endured up a tree, cramped and stiff in every part of me sitting over a kill. Climbing into my perch a little before sunset, I have watched the daylight fade into darkness, the moon rise higher and higher, transforming the gloomy jungle into a lovely maze of mysterious silvery depths, pass overhead—then sink beyond the outlined tree-tops on the hill-crest, leaving the silent jungle lonelier and more gloomy than ever. Still, I have sat on waiting until the whiteness grew in the east, and reddened into dawn, and often the fiery red ball of the sun had leaped above the horizon, as I made my way out from the jungle into the open lands beyond—but all in vain ; the panther remained severely aloof on all such occasions. Sceptical friends began to scoff, cast doubts on the existence of a panther at all, and even went so far as to suggest my having mistaken a hyena's for a panther's pug.

Could it be the ghost of a lately departed panther—perhaps he who stood head and shoulders above his fellows in his lust for blood—that haunts the hill-side, leaving these infrequent fresh foot-prints ? Had he returned to the scene of his former murders to revel in them once more ? Easier for me to believe this than that I could mistake a hyena's for a panther's pug. At length I thought out a new plan. It was this. I would stalk upon the demon by moonlight, where he lay on his kill. It seemed just possible, I thought, from the nature of the ground to approach unseen and unheard near enough for a shot even in that deceptive light, at a time when he was most likely to be oblivious to sight and sound in the joys of a fresh kill. I would try it, at any rate.

The spot where I had always placed my baits was a small open place just inside the edge of the jungle at the foot of the hill, by which a shallow rocky watercourse ran ; it would have been visible from the open grass-land and cultivated fields outside, but for an intervening low clump of bush. Between this thicket and the spot where the goats were always tied up, was a clear space of some twenty yards. My idea was that I might be able to stalk up noiselessly and unseen under cover of the bush, and get a shot round it at the panther as he devoured the freshly killed goat.

To insure success I told my shikari to have all dead branches, leaves, and stones cleared off the ground for a couple of hundred yards from the bush along the line of my approach to it, so that neither crack of dried twig nor chink of stone might betray my silent advance upon my wily friend. Choosing a night when the moon would be at its brightest, I drove out after mess to the Jamli village, where my bhil met me ; then on foot we struck across its moonlit fields until we arrived within several hundred yards of the edge of the jungle where the bait was. The goat had been tied up late that afternoon so as not to disturb the jungle after nightfall. Every precaution, therefore, had been taken to humor the wary brute. It was his habit to kill toward midnight, so my shikari said, therefore I had nothing to do for the next two hours or so, but stretch myself comfortably on the grass, enjoy the balmy night-air and the soft beauty of the scene. A glorious moon sailed overhead flooding the land with light, though partially veiled at times by light clouds ; the distant harsh clanging of a bell and the drumming of a tom-tom telling of some Hindoo priest at his devotions in the village temple, the eternal baying of the village pariah dogs, which reached me faintly, were the sole sounds that invaded the stillness about us, save for an occasional sad, half-human cry from the jackal sounding across the open fields as the hungry beast wandered toward human habitations for its food. The jungle-clad hill, with the belt of brush at its base, looked dark and silent in contrast to the moonlit open lands about it ; its dark crest outlined clearly against the luminous sky, while as if resting on its very ridge a star or two gleamed brightly as they sank in the west. Being in a pleasant frame

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of mind induced by dinner, of which I had been so often deprived by the wily beast, I was able to duly appreciate the beauty of my surroundings and note, admiringly, the graceful outline of a clump of straggling palm-trees against the moonlit sky; and while stretched out comfortably on my back could afford to indulge in amused recollections of my feelings during the many moonlight sittings I had done in some of those very trees opposite, wofully hungry and cramped of limb. Several hours must have thus passed, when I was startled out of a semi-doze by a most horrible human-like cry coming from out the dark hillside and rising clearly in the night-air. "Aya" (he has come), said my shikari, sitting up. Again and again in quick succession the harrowing sounds rang out in seeming helpless appeal. Good heavens! what can that fiend be doing! Never have I heard such cries. It seemed as if the unfortunate goat was being eaten alive. In all kills by panthers and other carnivora that I had hitherto been present at, death was very speedy. But this was unexpected and most horrible. I felt a monster of cruelty for having condemned the animal to such a fate. Looking back on this method of obtaining sport, which is very often adopted in India, when tiger and panther are not to be obtained otherwise, and which is a severe test of one's endurance, I admit its cruelty, and trust I shall be able to resist the temptation to tie up a live bait again, when tiger and panther tempt me by their presence. It was a relief when the goat's cries ceased. My watch marked the hour at one. The moon was riding just then clear in the sky and its light was of wondrous brilliancy. "I ought to see him clearly enough on such a night, I thought, if only I can gain the bush unheard." I am afraid my remorse for the poor goat's sufferings was soon forgotten in the excitement of the coming stalk. After waiting a short while to allow the panther to become absorbed in his meal, I took off my shoes, picked up my rifle, and started alone to attempt a noiseless crawl up to the bush. What an interminable time it seemed to be, getting there that last fifty yards! it was done literally crawling on my stomach. Never did Hindoo fakir under vow to reach some distant shrine on all fours, crawl over the ground with more fanatic devotion than I to reach that bush unheard and unseen.

At length I lie panting and blown on my face behind it, and the sound of a crunching of bones comes to my ears as if it were but just on the other side, and I half choke in my endeavor to moderate my hard breathing, seemingly so loud in the utter stillness of the jungle. Having recovered my breath I crawled softly to the edge of the bush. Now came the most critical part. Would the panther see me before I could get my rifle to my shoulder? With my heart in my mouth, in dread lest the click would be heard, I cocked a trigger. I looked up at the moon, across whose face a light veil of cloud was just then passing, and waited. A few moments and again the full flood of its light is poured forth undimmed over the land. Now for it. A bold exposure and a quick shot.

I step quickly clear of the bush and my rifle flies to my shoulder, but, devil incarnate that he is, the panther is too quick for me. An indistinct form, a mere shadow even in that light, flits off the dark patch of the goat's carcass and vanishes amid the silvery maze of the jungle. I blaze at it, but might as well have fired at the night-breeze. The crash amid the undergrowth comes back to me as I stand and listen, growing farther and farther off until the jungle and the night swallow it up—proof at any rate of a panther in the flesh, for else it might well have been but a phantom of one.

So ended my midnight stalk for the panther. How he met his fate is another story and has been told elsewhere. But the reader may care to know that I did get him some weeks later by a new stratagem. I lay in a grave I caused to be dug in the old place in the jungle, with the goat standing quite close to its edge. The panther came at the witching hour as was his wont, and I rose up and fired point blank into his breast as he dropped the goat out of his jaws and stared at me

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with the green flame of his eyes blazing within a yard of mine.

But for this night I had to console myself as best I could with the soft beauty of the moonlight and the delicious coolness of the night-air as I drove sharply back along the silent white roads into the sleeping cantonments, where the unwelcome "reveille" soon roused me out of a scanty slumber for the early morning parade.

WHAT AMERICA HAS DONE FOR WHIST

By "Cavendish"

The impression is general that, until recently, the Americans have not been a whist-playing nation. It is difficult to reconcile this view with the fact that, early in this century, when Hoyle was the only authority, various reprints of his works were circulated in the United States, *e.g.*, "The New Pocket Hoyle" (Philadelphia, 1805); "Hoyle's Games" (Boston, 1814); the same (Philadelphia, 1817). No doubt a diligent search would reveal the existence of other editions. American reprints of Matthews and Bohn are also to be found, dating about the middle of the present century; and the conclusion forced on us is that whist has all along held its own in American society, notwithstanding the contemporaneous popularity of another admirable four-handed game, viz., euchre.

American whist, however, diverged in some important respects from the English model. How and when the American changes in the construction of the game were introduced the writer has not been able to discover. In course of time American players abolished the rubber, best of three games, and the score for honors, substituting single games without honors. This must be allowed to be a simplification and an improvement; it is one of the things that America has done for whist. But, in abolishing points also, the change seems to the writer to have been in the wrong direction. A score of points is a better test of skill, in the long run, than a score of games.

Notwithstanding these alterations it does not appear that whist was scientifically studied in the United States, or not to any great extent, until the labors of "The Little Whist School" became the subject of common knowledge on both sides of the Atlantic. Then (about 1870) letters of inquiry were addressed with increasing frequency from the United States to the present writer, and in some instances a long correspondence ensued. Among the most valued American correspondents was Mr. Nicholas Browse Trist, of New Orleans. In the year 1883 he made a remarkable proposition, on deduction from which hangs the whole system of modern leads of high cards. In order to explain it, it will be necessary to enter on some technical details.

The practice had been for some time previously, when leading from ace, queen, knave, etc., to lead ace, then queen, holding only one small card; and to lead ace, then knave, holding more than one small card. Players who have not given much thought to the matter believe the object of the change on the second lead is to show whether the suit opened was originally composed of four cards or more. This, however, is not the main object; it is, that partner may not retain the king on the second round when the lead was from more than four cards. He would not play king on queen, but he would on knave if he remained with king and one small card of the suit. He would thus unblock (as it is called), and so make way for a long procession of small cards of the leader's suit.

Queen, knave, ten, etc., had been similarly treated. That is to say, with one small, queen, then knave was led; with more than one small, queen, then ten.

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Though showing number was not the primary intention of the change of card on the second lead, it was soon discovered that four, or more than four, in the leader's hand, could be inferred from the mode adopted when opening the suit, a high card being led on the first and second rounds, as in the cases quoted. For the information of those who are not whist-players, it may be stated that partners derive a considerable advantage from being able to count the number of cards in each other's long suits.

Now for Mr. Trist's proposition. It may be premised that from king, knave, ten, etc., the ten is led. If the ten forces the queen, and the original leader re-enters in another suit, he next leads king or knave. Up to this date (1883), it does not seem to have occurred to anyone that information of number might be conveyed to partner by selecting one rather than the other of these two high indifferent cards. When queen is out, king and knave become indifferent so far as trick-making is concerned; and, with a partner who knows enough of the game to infer, king, knave remaining in the leader's hand, from the original lead of ten, it does not appear, at the first blush, to matter whether king or knave is selected for the second lead.

But Mr. Trist saw deeper than this. He argued: "When I lead ace, then the lower card of queen, knave, I show by my second lead of the lower of two high indifferent cards, that my long suit consisted originally of more than four cards; the same, when I lead queen, then ten, from the queen, knave, ten combination. On the other hand, when, on the second round, I lead the higher of two indifferent cards, I show the lead was from four cards only. Now, on leading ten, from king, knave, ten, etc., should the queen come out first round, my king and knave are high indifferent cards. If my second lead is knave, I show the original lead was from a suit of more than four; if my second lead is king, my suit was of four cards."

It is easy to be wise after the event, and looking at the above argument from a modern stand-point the correct lead is self-evident; nevertheless, as an original idea, Mr. Trist's scheme is highly ingenious. Our present familiarity with the American mode of leading from high indifferent cards renders us liable to underestimate the delicate process of reasoning to which it owes its birth.

Mr. Trist did not stop here. In a later communication, received in 1884, he erected what was previously a rule of play in certain cases into a general principle, applicable to all cases, and eventually formulated the following maxim: "With two high indifferent cards lead the higher if you opened a suit of four; the lower if you opened a suit of more than four." The mode of leading embodied in this maxim, received the name of *American Leads*. It is, in the opinion of the writer, the most admirable contribution to the science of whist vouchsafed to us since the days of Hoyle. And it is so easy in practice that a child might be taught the correct way of leading from high indifferent cards in a few minutes. Most big discoveries contain the element of simplicity; the only wonder is, why, when the way is once pointed out, the track was not made sooner.

This, then, is another thing that America has done for whist. She has shown us, in the person of Mr. Nicholas Browse Trist, the right way to lead from high cards of indifferent trick-making value. And observe, a rule of play has been by him erected into a principle; this is the point to be insisted on.

Next as to leads from low cards. It is assumed every tyro knows that from certain combinations the strong suit is opened with a high card; if any tyro does not, he can readily ascertain the fact by procuring and reading some elementary work which contains a list of leads. If no high-card combination obtains in the leader's hand, then a low card is led, and the only point to be decided is, which of the low cards should be selected.

It was formerly the practice to lead the lowest of a long suit which is opened with a low card. Then came the lead of the penultimate, viz., the lowest but one of five or more in suit. Drayson

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improved on this by his lead of the antepenultimate from six or more. This practically settled the case, as when leading from more than six, the fall of the cards will very soon show how the dregs of the suit lie. But the scheme was not altogether satisfactory. It wanted erection from a rule of play into a principle. In 1884 the true principle which underlies all leads of small cards was simultaneously struck by Mr. Trist and the present writer, their letters crossing on the Atlantic. The principle, once stated, is simple enough, viz., lead the fourth-best of the suit. A few words of explanation will render the position clear.

Instead of counting from the bottom of the suit and calling the card led the lowest, penultimate, antepenultimate, or pre-antepenultimate, as the case may be, count from the top of the suit, and call it the fourth-best. That is all. Any baby can lead his fourth-best, when once told it is the correct card; and any good partner will recognize the fact that, whatever small card is led originally on this system, the leader must hold exactly three cards of the suit higher than the one chosen.

It will be observed that in its inception the lead of a low card, other than the lowest, was in no way connected with exhibition of number, nor with the determination of the precise rank of the cards remaining in hand, higher than the one led. The reason for selecting a medium card was to prevent a very low adverse card from winning the first trick, in case partner should prove utterly weak in the suit led. For example: North holds king, knave, nine, eight, two. If he leads the two, the first trick may be won adversely by the five; but if he leads the eight, it is an even chance, *cæteris paribus*, that the queen will be forced. Comparing this with leads from high cards, it will be seen that the original intention of the principles laid down has been merged, in both instances, in the collateral advantages of showing number and rank. This is a most interesting point in modern whist plays. By extension of principle to all cases, whether the original reason for the principle applies or not, a uniform method results, and much valuable information is conveyed to partner.

Plays involving extensions of principle are by no means new. What is new in American leads is the application of "extensions" to instances not previously brought within their purview. A short digression will show that extensions have been known and acted on for at least a century and a quarter.

Shortly after Hoyle's day it was laid down that, on returning partner's lead, and remaining with only two cards of the suit, the higher should be returned. As Hoyle says nothing about this method, it is to be assumed it did not prevail when he wrote. To give an example: The third hand has ace, knave, and a small card of his partner's suit. He wins the first trick with the ace, and returns the knave. This is to assist in clearing partner's strong suit. With knave and two or more small ones, the correct return would be the smallest. Hence, the number of cards the third hand holds can be counted, as, on the third round, if he plays a lower card than the one returned, he has no more; if he plays a higher card he has at least one more. The original idea was to strengthen partner by returning the higher of two cards of a weak suit. But when the remaining cards are, say, a two and a three, no one pretends that the return of the three in preference to the two has any effect in strengthening partner. Nevertheless, the principle is adhered to, in order to show number, notwithstanding that the original reason for the rule no longer exists. This is a very old and simple instance of extension of principle.

To return to leads from low cards, and to the original lead of the fourth-best. Honors are divided between England and America. The two have done this for whist. They have erected a rule of thumb into a principle, and have shown whist-players the right way to lead from low cards.

The whole of the scheme here briefly explained has been lumped together under the name of *American Leads*, though the christening was first due only to that part of it which deals with leads from high cards. Anyway, it has

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been made plain that it is a case of one and a half to America, and of one-half to England. Whatever jealous critics may say to the contrary, it seems to the present writer that the name *American Leads* has been well and deservedly bestowed on the modern system of play, as it undoubtedly originated with Mr. Trist.

There are certain minor details connected with American Leads which it is not proposed to discuss in this place. The text-books will supply these. Attention, however, is called to the fact, as American Leads, when first promulgated, were assailed on the ground of complexity, that there are only two rules of any importance in connection with them, and that both are easy of assimilation. They are: 1. Low card, lead fourth-best in hand. 2. High card after high card, lead (*a*) highest in hand if the lead was from four originally; (*b*) with high indifferent cards, not the highest if the lead was from more than four.

Any card-player who is incapable of following these two plain rules would be well advised to confine his attention to such games as old maid, or beggar-my-neighbor.

To what extent the scientific discussions of Trist and others excited the mind of the American whist-player it is not possible to estimate. But that they did have some effect goes without saying. At all events it is a matter of history that about the period of the introduction of American Leads there was a vigorous whist boom in the United States; how far *post hoc*, or how far *propter hoc*, can hardly be determined. Nations sometimes take suddenly to a game, without any manifest reason. Many instances could be adduced. The latest instance is that of golf.

Without seeking, then, for a precise reason for the start of the American whist boom, it has to be recorded that its progress was greatly aided by Mr. Eugene S. Elliott, of Milwaukee, who proposed, in 1890, that a whist tournament should be held. A circular of invitation was accordingly sent to all known American whist clubs of repute. In the discussion which followed, it became evident that the prevailing opinion was it would be advisable to hold a congress for the purpose of organizing an Association of American Whist Clubs, and of instituting a series of matches. Hence the first American Whist Congress, which was convened at Milwaukee in 1891. It resulted in the constitution of the American Whist League, with Mr. Eugene S. Elliott as first president.

The establishment of the League is one of the things—and by no means the least valuable thing—that America has done for whist. The League has brought together, in a sort of friendly brotherhood, whist-players from all parts of the United States. It has stimulated the study of the game by the offer of handsome trophies and challenge-cups, to be played for at annual contests. It has revised the laws, and conformed them to the American system of play. It has set its face resolutely against gambling. And it has, in various ways, helped scientific developments to find their just level.

The League Congresses continued to attract more and more whist enthusiasts each year. The successes of the meetings prior to 1896 have been so fully chronicled that there is no occasion to repeat here an oft-told tale. But the crowning triumph of the Sixth Congress, held in 1896, was so phenomenal as to merit special notice.

The tournament arrangements were committed to the care of Mr. Robert H. Weems, President of the Brooklyn Whist Club, and Corresponding Secretary of the League. He associated with himself, as chairman, a very strong tournament committee. It soon became patent that there would be a record attendance, and a building had to be found large enough to house the visitors, and having rooms sufficiently spacious to accommodate an unprecedented array of match-players. The puzzle was happily solved by Mr. Weems, who engaged the whole of the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Beach, for the Congress week. A reception committee was appointed, with Mr. Howard Earle as chairman, to meet guests as they arrived. A transportation committee, with Mr. Weems as chairman, looked after the interests

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of travellers, and procured special terms for members of the League. The selection of souvenirs for presentation to winning players was intrusted to Mr. Walter H. Barney (then vice-president, and now president, of the League) and others. One of the most useful features of the programme was the establishment of an administration bureau, under the management of Mr. Jay Stone, who was prepared to answer questions on every conceivable point. Mr. Charles A. McCully was deputed to distribute intelligence to the press; and Mr. Warren A. Hawley efficiently discharged the onerous duties of scorer. Never before was such a thorough scheme worked out for a whist congress. Those who were responsible for it have every reason to be gratified. The week's schedule went through without let or hindrance. When all goes smoothly one is apt to overlook the means by which such an end is attained. The number of guests has been variously estimated at between five and six hundred, and every one of them was delighted with the entertainment afforded. It is no small matter to assemble several hundred people for a week and to please them all. Praise would be superfluous. The facts speak for themselves.

The principal matches were won as follows: *Hamilton Trophy*, by Messrs. Milton C. Work, Frank P. Mogridge, Gustavus Remak, Jr., and E. A. Ballard, of the Hamilton Club, Philadelphia. This was a very popular win, the Hamiltonians carrying the trophy back to their own club. *American Whist League Challenge Trophy*, by Messrs. C. A. Henriques, E. A. Buffinton, W. E. Hawkins, and C. R. Kieley, of the Whist Club of New York City. The winners are well-known advocates of original leads from short suits, and it is claimed, on some hands, that this victory demonstrates the soundness of their views. The long and the short suiters have been at daggers drawn for some considerable time. Avoiding controversial matter, it may be stated that at least two of the team abandoned their usual tactics during this match, and led from long suits. *Minneapolis Trophy for Club Pairs*, by Messrs. A. H. McKay and Beverley W. Smith, of the Baltimore Club. In this instance there was a tie with the Hamilton Club. Under the rule that, in case of ties in games, the majority of tricks are to determine, the Baltimore Club was declared the winner. *Brooklyn Trophy* for Auxiliary Associations, by The New England Association. This was a new prize, presented by Brooklyn to the American Whist League. The competition being an Association one, only the name of the winning Association can be specified.

In order to conclude the matches within the week some of the teams had to play a good many hours at a stretch, and no one will be surprised to hear that the usual epidemic of exhaustion was the consequence. The mental strain is too severe, as the present writer has pointed out with regard to former congresses.

The game of playing whist for trophies is not one of endurance. Cannot some method be devised to dispose of, or at least to lessen, this long-hour trouble? Without presuming to dictate to the executive—whose labors in the past whist-players cannot appreciate too highly—it is suggested that they might, before the 1897 congress, take into serious consideration the time to be devoted to each match. Dividing the competitors into sections has been proposed more than once. No doubt there are practical difficulties; a difficulty, as defined by Napoleon, is something to be overcome. It is surely within the powers of mortal man to erase the only blot from an otherwise spotless meeting.

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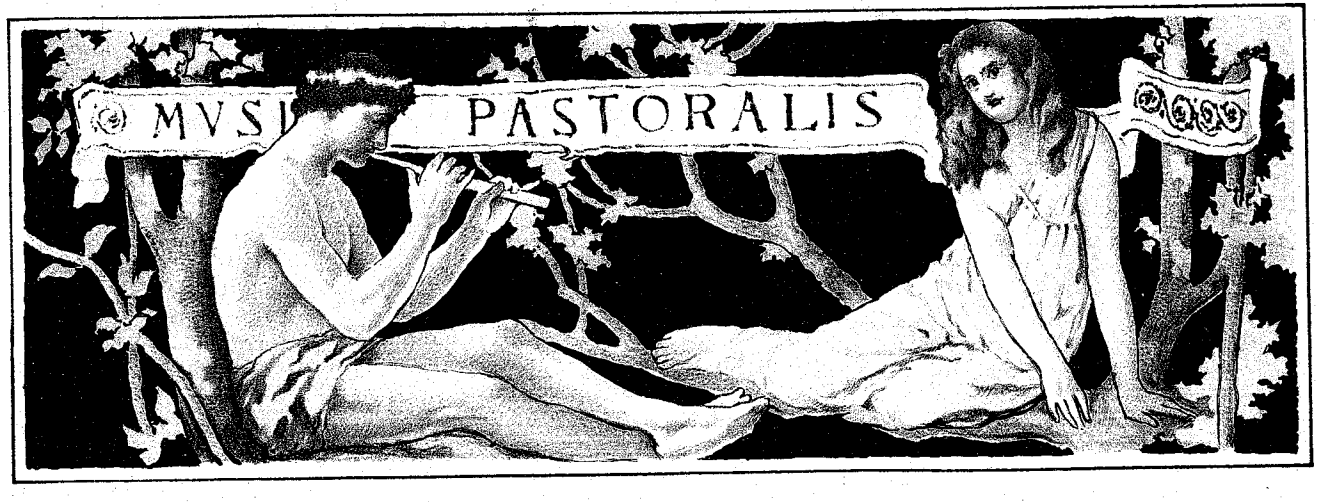

PASTORAL MVSIC

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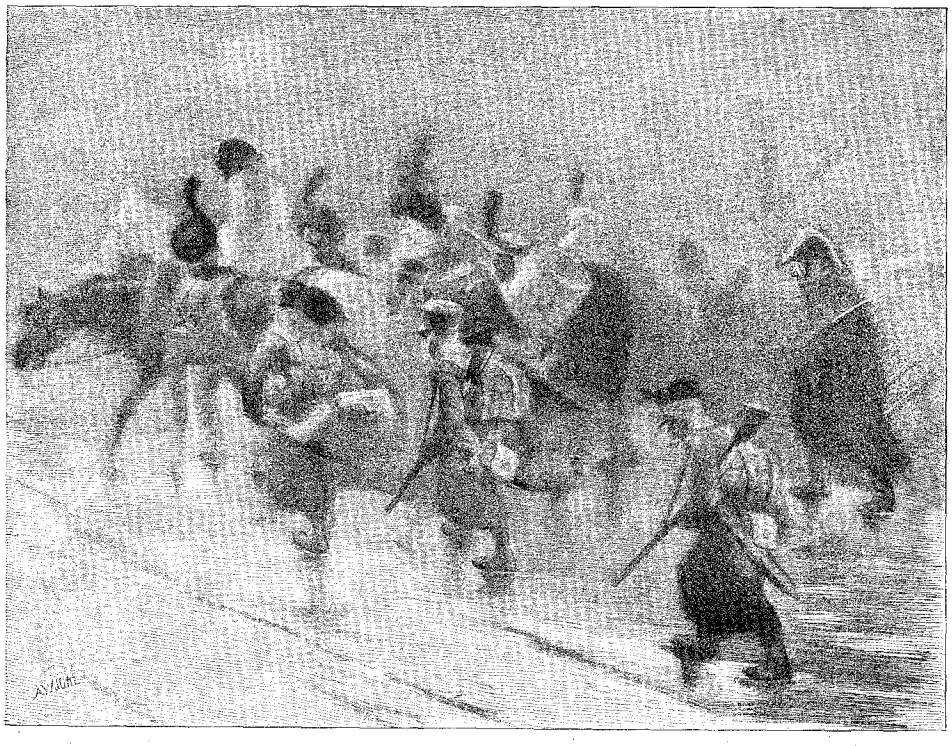
Moonlight March. *A. Willette, del.*



THE RENAISSANCE OF LITHOGRAPHY

By M. H. Spielmann

THE year 1896 is a memorable one in the annals of the art of Lithography—marking at once the centenary of its birth and the complete public recognition of a revival which has often been discussed, but never completely realized. Were Thackeray but here to witness it! *His* pen, perhaps, instead of mine would now be celebrating the cause for which he pleaded so playfully perhaps, but yet so earnestly—*his* voice raised in jubilation at the triumph of one of his earliest desires at last fulfilled. "We get in these engravings," said he, referring to the gay caricatures of Granville and Monnier, the military pieces of Raffet, Charlet, and Vernet, the admirable work and brilliant design by Devéria and Decamps, "the *loisirs* of men of genius, not the finikin performances of labored mediocrity. All these artists are good painters, as well as good designers; a design from them is worth a whole gross of Books of Beauty, and if we might raise a humble supplication to the artists in our own country of similar merit—it would be, that they should, after the example of their French brethren and of the English landscape painters [for Prout and Haghe were hard at it at the time], take chalk in hand, produce their own copies of their own sketches, and never more draw a single 'Forsaken One,' 'Rejected One,' 'Dejected One,' at the entreaty of any publisher, or for the pages of any Book of Beauty, Royalty, or Loveliness whatever."

So Thackeray spoke, and sixty years have passed and brought us at last the consummation which he so devoutly

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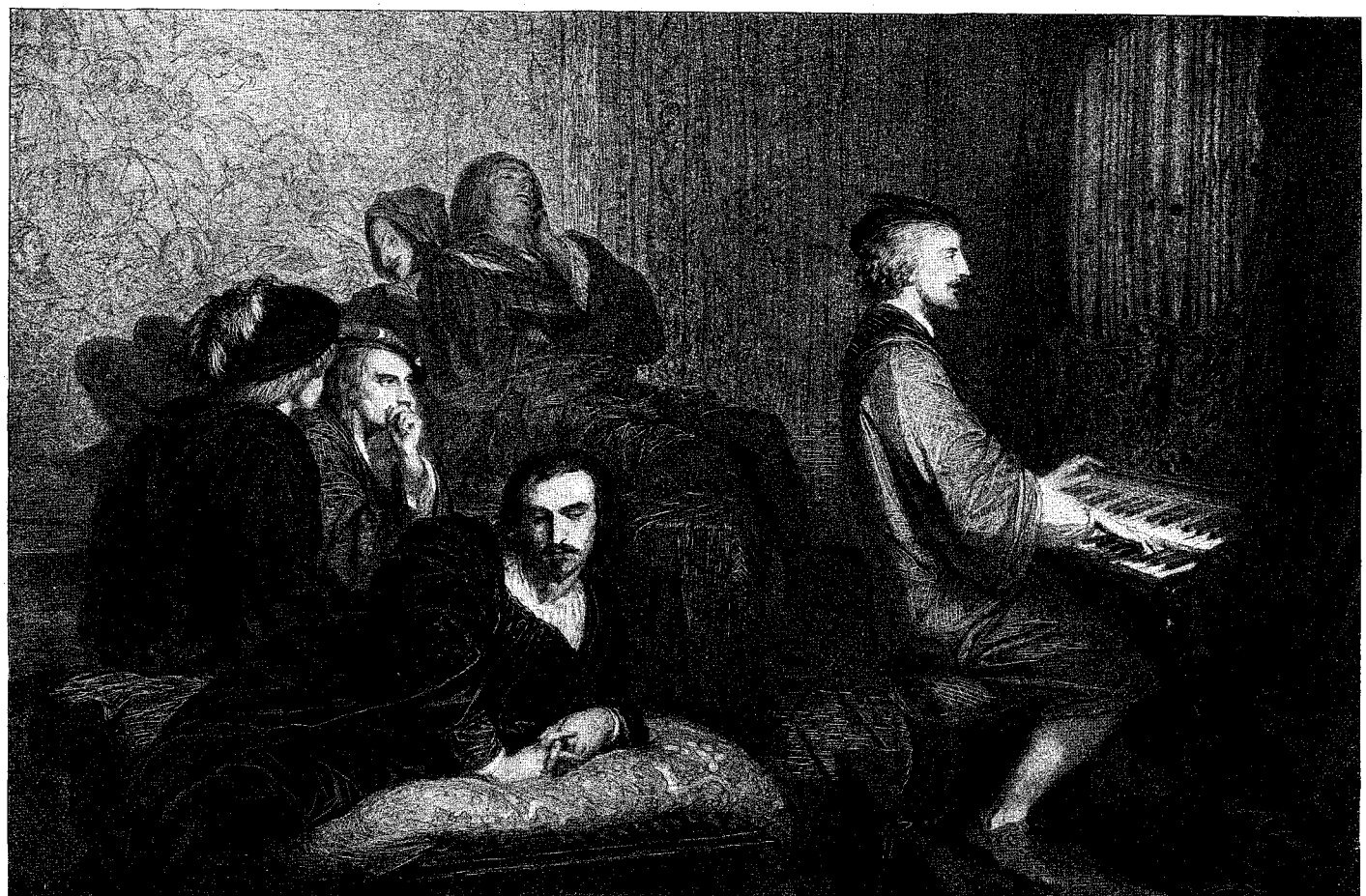

MAÎTRE WOLFRAM. *A. de Lemud, del.*

(An example of lithographs of the French romantic period.)

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wished. The Books of washy Beauty, and of shallower sentimentality still, have disappeared for good and all, and the last twelve months have seen our most reputable artists vying with the youngest and most enthusiastic to revive the glories of lithography, and to re-create in the public mind a desire for those artistic virtues which have been too long forgotten in the prolonged worship at the shrine of debased and misdirected etching and of mechanical photogravure. I am tempted, I admit, in approaching this delightful subject, to throw perhaps more feeling into it than there is entire justification for. But the revival of a lovable art is matter for real congratulation. And when we find artists not only competent, but willing to restore it to its position of former glory, at a time when art-loving people are ready to accept any new thing that really savors of fine art, a writer already prejudiced in favor of the method may well grow enthusiastic as he sees this happy coincidence of opportunity, public taste, and high artistic skill.

C. Sainton, del.

Study.

It is not that lithography was ever really "dead," though we have always so expressed it. It was, indeed, dead to the great world, to the deluded dealers who encouraged a not less deluded public into buying travesties of etchings (in which not the etched *line*, but the etched *space* was the great thing aimed at), and that mere ghost of mezzotint—the inexorable photogravure. Its glories had been usurped by the poster-designer and ticket-printer, its supremacy was lost, and it had fallen away from its true mission. But it always lived in some quiet corner—in the studios of some lover of the art, some patient and loving practitioner, such as Fantin-Latour, Chéret, and John Lewis Brown, from whose press prints would pass, now and again, into the portfolios of the few who, ignoring such anomalies as fashion in taste and vogue in art, collected with eager delight every new example of individual expression that came to them, bearing with it all the wonderful range of charm that belongs to the fine lithograph.

It should be observed that Thackeray, when he pleaded the cause of lithography with so much knowledge, taste, and judgment, fell into the error of describing the process as one of "engraving." Now this, it must be insisted, is a radical error, common enough, it is true, but pregnant with injustice to the art. It is not, strictly speaking, "engraving" at all. The full significance of Senefelder's great discovery, just a hundred years ago, was not so much that a calcareous stone may be bitten by a weak solution of acid, so that the raised portion when greased (the surrounding parts being wetted) may print in a press like a wood-cut—though with a scraping, not a direct downward, pressure; it consisted in the demonstration, in the first place, that prints from its surface may be reduplicated in vast numbers without visible deterioration, and in the second, and still more im-

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portant, that each such print is *practically an original.* Nay, more than this: as M. H. P. Dillon reminds me in a panegyric on his favorite art, the greatest merit of this method of preserving and indefinitely multiplying a drawing lies in the escape of the artist from the *traduttore traditore* — from misrepresentations by engraver or by camera. Indeed, when the artist has made his design upon the stone itself, each impression from it is as much the "original" as each and every photographic print taken from a negative is an original, and not a copy of any other thing. Even when the artist has drawn upon transfer-paper instead of on the stone (a proceeding for convenience sake which, in the opinion of some purists, is held in a measure to invalidate the name of "lithography" as applied to it, though not thereby reflecting in any degree on the beauty of the work itself), the impressions taken are still originals, inasmuch as the actual work, the artist's own lines and dots, have in due course been transferred bodily by mechanical pressure to the surface of the stone; and this, after it has been inked and printed from, renders each proof then taken of equal excellence. And the point of it all is this—that until the stone is inked and a print taken *the artist's work is not complete;* so that every print does really become a genuine original. If it be not, then the stone itself must be the original. But this cannot be, as the stone, like the sculptor's clay model or mould, is but a means to an end. Each print, therefore, is original, each a replica, and by no means a copy. The virtue of autography, indeed of perfect fidelity, is one which the lithograph shares with wood-engraving; but what are its superior advantages as a means of expression, it is not necessary here to set forth.

Study. *Roedel, del.*

It must be confessed that the alleged "survival" of lithography as exemplified in the craft of the commercial and chromo-lithographer can no more be accepted as disproof of decadence than productions in monkish Latin can be regarded as proof of the survival of classic literature. But results often equal to mezzotint for depth and richness, surpassing etching for spontaneity and certainty, immeasurably excelling line-engraving for accuracy and truthfulness in the production of a picture, outrivalling wood-engraving for ease, freedom, and rapidity — were far too delightful and valuable to be lost or sacrificed; and the witchery that there is about the stone insured it against the threatened extinction. There were drawbacks in the practice of it, no doubt; but the advantages were so great that it required not less than a whole combination of disasters to bring it into public disrepute: the rise of wood-engraving and etching, and later on of other methods; the incursion of commerce, which claimed it for the purposes of commonplace advertisement; then the suicidal policy of cheap publishers who issued prints from inferior and worn-out stones after poor pictures, chiefly "made in

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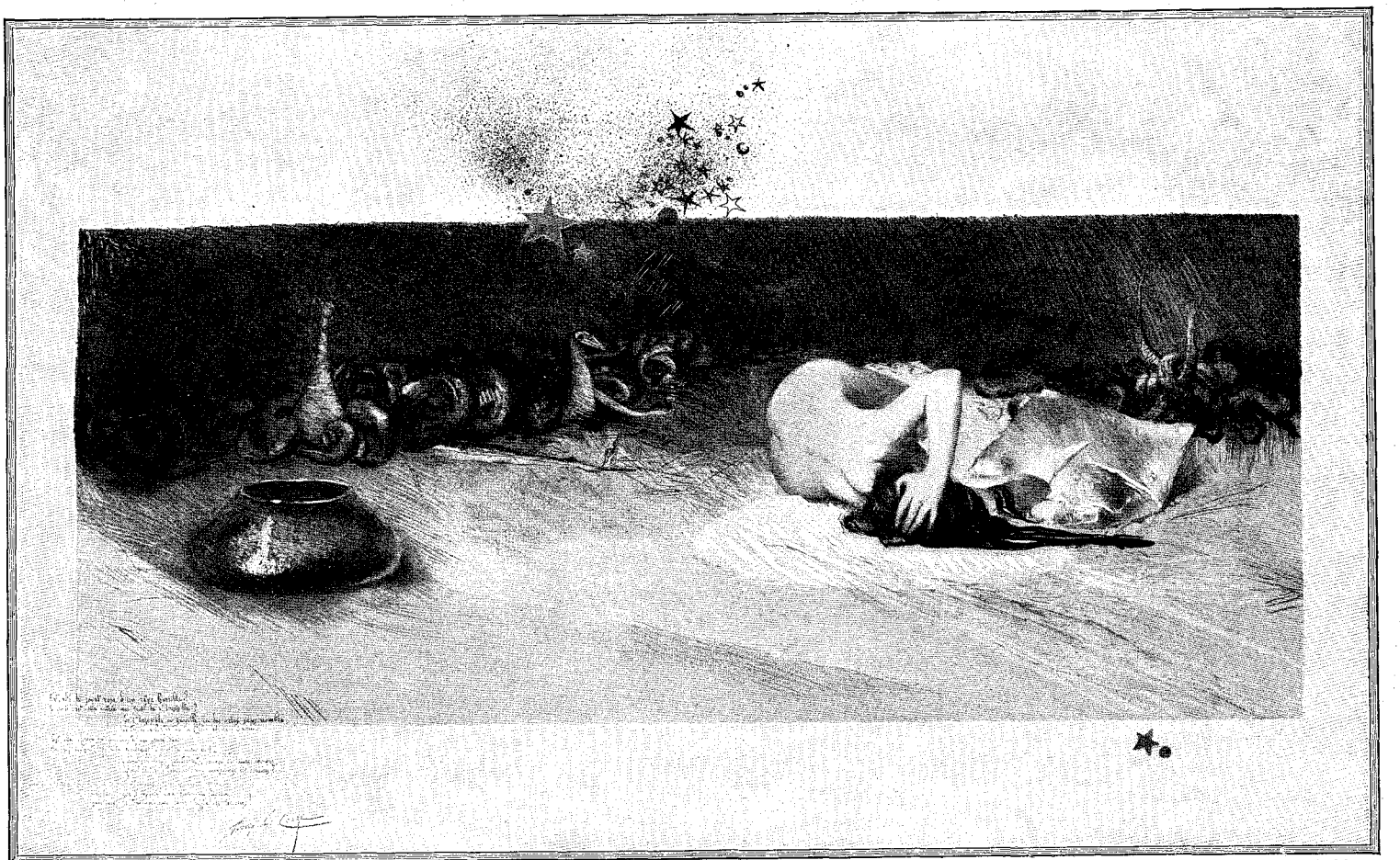

Manuel Orazi, del.

A Diabolical Fantasy.

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F. Goulding, Publisher and Printer. *Lord Leighton, del.*

Study.

Germany." Then followed discredit, and, finally, decay.

Such was the position of "artistic lithography" in France from 1860 onward. In England it survived a little longer, and then also died. Its practice, however, was just kept alive at the critical time, chiefly by M. Fantin-Latour on the other side of the English Channel, and Mr. Whistler on this. The efforts of the latter artist, moreover—though not perhaps entirely directed to that end—had effect not only on the practice of the method itself, but upon the kind of work that might be achieved by it. While the attenuated ranks of the lithographers in France were rallying and prosecuting a sort of guerilla warfare, and in time were recruited by men such as Courbet, Français, and Manet, besides those already mentioned, and then by Félicien Rops, Bracquemond, Degas, Raffaëlli, Robida, Lepère, and Willette, Mr. Whistler was already at work upon the stone in England, and gave that country an opportunity, by following his example, of helping to initiate, instead of merely following, a movement. He began in 1877 with many of his well-known "Notes," which, however, were not published until nine years after. Of late years Mr. Whistler, while living in Paris, has given up the stone for transfer-paper—the more conveniently to send his work to Mr. Thomas Way, in London, to be printed. Although the stone possesses many superiorities over transfer-paper except that of portability, for slight work the paper answers very well, and the final impression is barely distinguishable, even to expert eyes, from drawing on stone. But its crowning advantage is that it permits of the picture appearing in the print the *same way it is drawn*, instead of being reversed, as is inevitable when executed direct on the stone. Thus, the chief drawback that formerly belonged to lithography has been removed.

From 1860 to 1880 lithography in France was at its lowest ebb. The year 1884 marks its indisputable revival by the founding of the "Société des Artistes Lithographes Français," and 1890, its complete re-establishment. The "*vieux jeu*" had given way to the "*nouveau jeu*," and although the brilliant, rapid sketching *for the mere subject's sake* had disappeared, the not less brilliant execution *for love of the process itself* was a compensation. More than that, the change in the motive of the work marked the development of artistic thought, the new ground on which the modern artist took his stand. "Then" and "Now" in the art of lithography are thus clearly differentiated. "Then," it chiefly existed for satire, pictorial representation, translation, and humdrum reproduction; "Now," for artistic "themes," and exercises for individual and original expression. "Then" it was used for the reproduction of others' works; "Now" for "effects," "values," and power of its own. "Then," in short, it was a means to an end; "Now," it is the end itself.

M. Fantin-Latour, then, is the link between the present and the past, between the Old and the New. Yet he is the representative in all essentials of the Old, and the last of the School. Music, which is his passion, is the mainspring of most of his best work,

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F. Goulding, Publisher and Printer. L. Alma Tadema, del.

Study.

for the pencil has been the means of expressing his ruling emotion. This enthusiasm has been inspired by Wagner, by Schumann, Brahms, Rossini, and Berlioz in turn, and to them has he dedicated his art. He indulges largely in poetic visions, hardly less in his romantic paintings than in his lithographs, and he realizes them as female forms, idealized, half-nude, half-clothed in flowing draperies, standing, floating, or reclining in mysterious landscapes, enveloped in an ethereal, vibrating atmosphere, in the hazy light of the morn or in the dim daylight of the grove. They are musical poems on paper—personifications of the sentiments awakened by the music. His technique consists of innumerable touches resembling daubs of the brush, by use of which he secures his scintillating lights and luminous shadows. Thus in his lithography Fantin-Latour remains the painter; yet the method is not illegitimate. Among his works the "Semiramide" is as representative as any. In it we may see and enjoy the rich strength of his blacks, the brilliancy of the whites, and the delicate decision of the half-tones. Nor should the refined drawing of the crown go unobserved, nor the variety and learning of the technique. The word harmonious, so often misused in criticism of works of art, may fairly and in the fullest sense be applied to this print, which, perhaps, sufficiently explains the hold the artist exercises on the imagination, as well as on the admiration of all lovers of art.

Of Chéret, so frequently criticised,

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H. Fantin-Latour, del.

Souvenir of Semiramide.

so highly lauded in the whole world's press with scarce a discordant note, little can be said that has not been said before. Though he is the "Poster-King," his merits are yet hardly less prominent in the finer and more careful work which he has destined for the portfolio of the collector.

Coming to the rest of the artists of France, to whom belongs the honor of restoring the art of lithography, we may well hesitate to accord precedence to any one. M. Dillon has perhaps worked hardest to force the better work lately being executed before the attention of the world. A designer of considerable elegance, he is a very master of all the tricks and dodges at the command of the lithographer. Pen, pencil, stump, and brush, rubbing, scraping, and splashing—all may be united to produce the effects he loves in a single plate. Night effects, black silhouettes, dazzling light, diagonal rainpour, gradating background, he loves them all —"playing" with the grain of the stone, softening here, splashing there with a hail of dots of varying size, with a wilful, but most effective recklessness. And all the while he is unmistakably filled with sympathy for human life—its trials and its joys —almost as much, indeed, and as keen, as with the trials and joys of the artist-lithographer.

In striking contrast with his work is that of M. Odilon Redon and M. Roedel, both visionaries, and both at times half-summoning, half-spurning the intervention of the commentator. The former plays on the whole gamut, from black to white, now velvety in the richness of his color, now so tender in the lights that it seems as if a sigh would waft the drawing from the paper. But his fancies are strange and morbid, his figures often grotesque, and his subjects so mysteriously symbolical and mystic that, though now and again they raise a memory of Blake, they more often suggest a doubt as to the sincerity of their creator. M. Bouchot, the somewhat old-fashioned historian of the lithographic art, prefers to consider such works as "practical jokes," and they certainly may be accepted as evidence of a kind of æsthetic hysteria; but to the charm of the lithography itself no connoisseur can be insensible. M. Roedel touches a deeper, because a truer, note. In his delightful "Woman at the Piano," —a pleasing reminiscence of "1830"— is proof that the charm of simplicity is

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H. P. Dillon, del.

The Merry-go-round.

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Studies. *Grasset, del.*

his, not less than the exquisite sentiment distinctive of other of his works.

The cult of the ballet-girl is as strong in M. Mesplès as in Degas, but his *danseuses* are not, like those of the greater master, of flesh and blood. His best work, however, impresses the spectator less with the subject than with the richness and vigor of his blacks, and the tender delicacy of his grays. Besides this, to M. Mesplès is due not a little of the credit for the recognition now obtained for his art, and his name can by no means be omitted from any careful account of its revival. For more powerful work you must turn to that of M. Lunois. Transparency is in his washes, and atmosphere and light pervade his work; he is vigorous and subtle, and has command of as many gradations as exist in the whole scale. The work of M. Luce, too, is vigorous and full of spirit; and some of it, like "The Coco-Seller," is almost worthy of Daumier or Gavarni, in spite of its more deliberate drawing.

There remain to be mentioned MM. Toulouse-Lautrec and Willette. The former with his hideous types, as in the "Parisian Scene" before us, impresses the spectator with the essential truth which inalienably belongs to all fine caricature. He loves to exaggerate the Jewish "financier;" the nearly used-up cocotte with her heartless calculating mother; and, above all, the middle-aged sensualist, ridiculed and scorned; the life of the music-hall and the absinthe-reeking bar. In the plate referred to the man's hat is certainly not properly on his head; but face and expression will alike be recognized as a wonderfully truthful study of a type so common on the boulevards that you meet him, as you walk, a dozen times a day.

M. Willette, in point of subject even more than of technique, is supreme. His drawing may not be always irreproachable, but he is a born lithographer, who can give us the "grand style" with more certainty and felicity, perhaps more inevitably, than any of his contemporaries. He is, indeed, a true poet who has suffered and enjoyed, and who can by sheer inspiration make his stone "emotional" with subtly contrasted tones, now strong, now infinitely tender. Rarely without merit of a commanding kind in his lithographic work, M. Willette is invariably happy in his facile reproduction of subtle expression in face or figure; while the tenderness of his silver grays and his power of mak-

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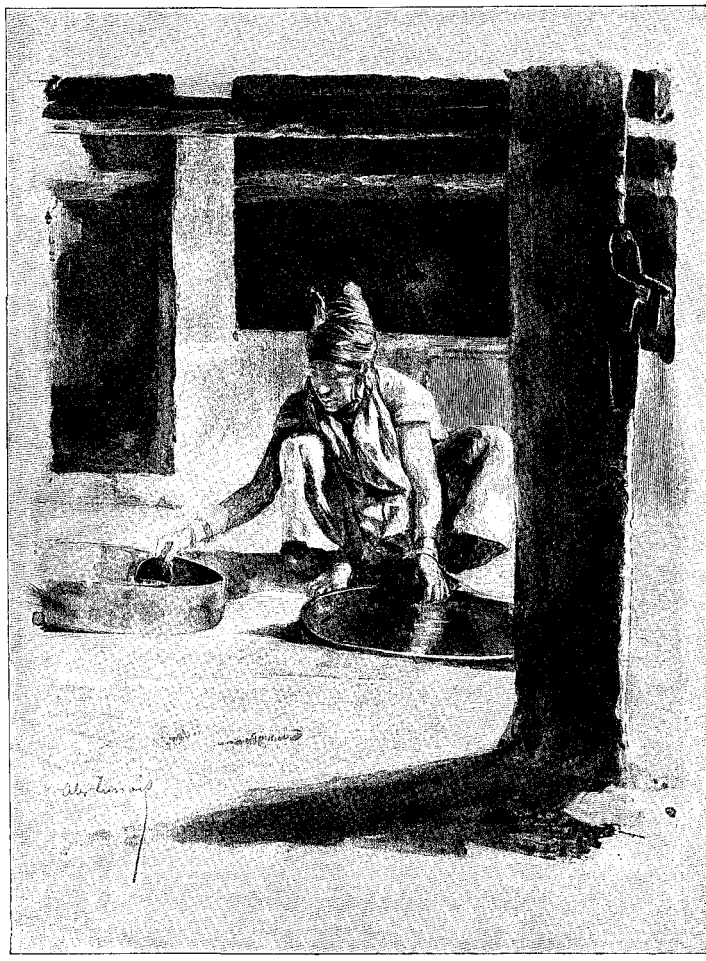
ing the surface of the stone vibrate, assure him his position in contemporary art.

It is a remarkable fact, which should be clearly understood, that the revival of lithography, widespread and brilliant as it is, is practically non-existent beyond the borders of France and England. In Germany, as in Scotland, the Sleeping Beauty is still to be awakened; in Austria almost the only artistic lithography consists in the reproduction of pictures, for Herr Bauer's portraits need not be considered. In Belgium the only lithographs worth consideration are the *affiche* designed by M. Fernand Khnopff and a number of stones by M. Luynen, of Belgian life. Spain and Italy are represented by M. De la Gandara and M. Ulpiano Checa, whose field of work is France and France alone. Similarly M. Steinlen, scarce known in Paris for a Swiss, is almost forgotten by his countrymen as their own. His artistic talent and versatility are as brilliant and remarkable as his wit. In a sense the Swiss Willette, he is an illustrator and a caricaturist of first-rate distinction, witty, severe, and sentimental by turns. In Holland, too, the revival is led by a single enthusiast of the highest attainment—Heer Storm van Gravesande—whose work, whether dealing with town or sea or landscape, always shows a complete and delightful mastery over the method when used as a means of artistic record. His "Evening Effect in Rotterdam," for example, is striking in the fine "quality" obtained over its whole surface; it has been rubbed down with the utmost care and knowledge, with the result that while all the local values are scrupulously retained, an exquisite truthfulness of effect, both of atmosphere and twilight, is obtained.



Alex. Lunois, del.

An Arab Interior.

America is mainly represented in Paris—setting Mr. Whistler on one side—by Mr. Robert J. Wickenden, and a more promising representative a nation could hardly wish. He is known as pre-eminently a *chercheur*—a seeker after something new in art, not for the sake of the newness but of the art. Every style, subject, figure, and landscape, are treated by his greasy pencil with equal mastery and with equal delight. His "Pastorale," which figured

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in the Salon of 1893, is perhaps more characteristic of his true vein than his "Mère Panneçaye;" it certainly is conceived more closely in the spirit of the tradition of Daubigny and Corot, in whose village of Les Vallées Mr. Wickenden has made his home.

In England the existence of a good printer, enthusiastic for his art, proud of its traditions, indignant at its recent parlous state, and indefatigable in his attempts to revive its glories, helped greatly the destined end. Mr. Way was in London what M. Lemercier was in Paris—the lithographic printer *par excellence;* and his zeal was shared by the Hanharts, and in a measure by the Days. Machine-printing had caused the general decay of the fine hand-printing that meant so much—indeed, the all in all—to the artist; but that there were one or two who had not only maintained the craft, but even encouraged certain artists, such as Mr. Charles Shannon and Mr. George Thomson, to set up their own private presses, furnished the conditions that were needful for lithography's restoration. Years ago we find Professor Herkomer, R.A., working a good deal on the stone and on transfer-paper, though with but little pleasure. "I could never care much for it," he wrote to me, "the blacks, compared to intaglio, are so poor. However artistic, however well done, there remains the cheap work!" Yet to see how rich and vigorous the blacks can be, you need but turn to the series he made recently for his violin pieces for Messrs. Novello, and look at the hair in the Spirit of the "Herbst Lied." This was drawn on the stone with chalk, with added brush-work for the black, and a "scraggly" brush for the grass.

Mr. T. R. Way is himself an accomplished lithographer, one of whose "Ten Auto-Lithographs of the Lower Thames" might be selected as a type of English work. To the same series Mr. C. E. Holloway, R.I., has contributed a number of fine studies, drawn on the spot upon the stone. His "Sunset, Lower Pool," might well be studied in relation to the work of Storm van Gravesande. But the true apostle of lithography in England is Mr. Charles Shannon. He is a poet of tenderest feeling, so to say, wandering, but not aimlessly, over the stone. Like M. Willette, he does not pretend to academic drawing, but his exquisite sentiment is beyond all praise. In "Sea and Breeze," for example, the technique, the "white line" introduced with such rare tact and felicitous effect, the irresistible suggestion of color, the excellence of composition, the blue sea and white surf blown up by the breeze, the fair skin of the bathing children, the transparency and drawing of the water—all combine to produce a work of fine poetic, and, therefore, artistic, interest. The youngster in the corner may be carelessly drawn; but there is a sense of style in the whole, a seriousness and deliberation of execution, untainted yet by any sense of effort, that prove how highly the draughtsman is gifted as an artist-lithographer.

Steinlen, del.

Cover Design for A. Bruant's Book of Street Songs, "Dans la Rue."

Mr. Will Rothenstein, too, has much of the true sentiment, for all that he produces work which sorely vexes the soul of M. Bouchot. His portraiture is full of character, for

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F. Goulding, Printer and Publisher. *Phil. May, del.*

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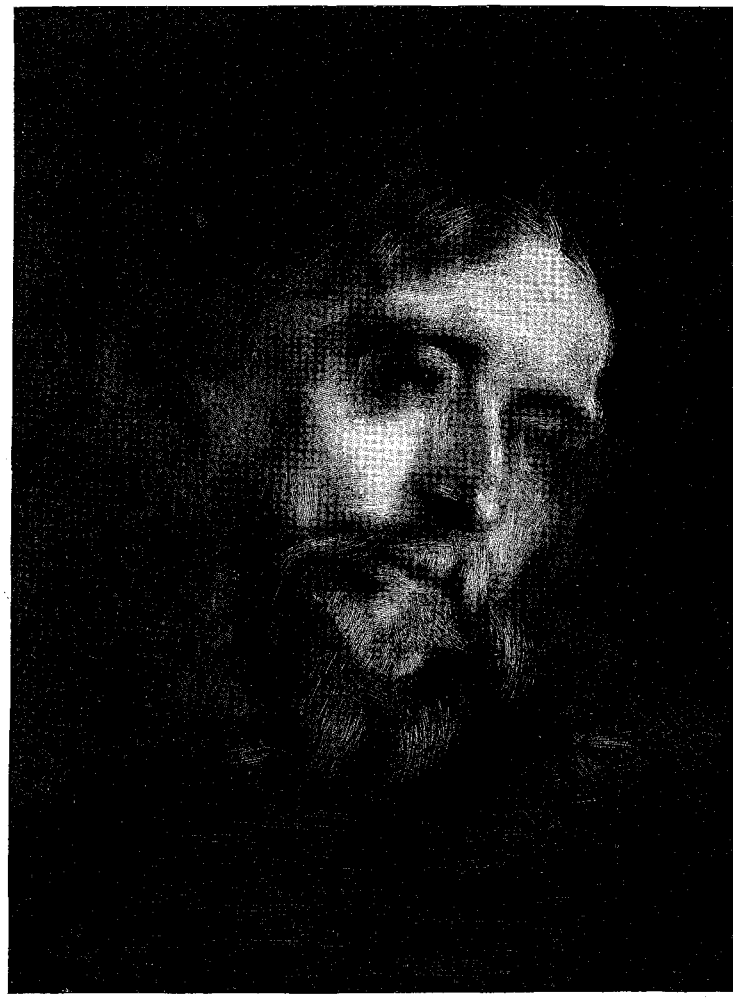

Portrait of Alphonse Daudet. *Eug. Carrière, del.*

to that he devotes more attention than to precision of drawing or of detail. In his "Millamant"—Congreve's Millamant—which he contributed, in 1894, to Marty's "L'Estampe Originale," we have an attempt to imitate the effect of powder on face and hair. There is character in the features, too, and fine tenderness in the grays—greater perhaps than could be obtained in soft-ground etching. Mr. G. Thomson is another of the band who has worked hard and successfully for lithography. He prefers the river-side near Kew; and in his "Strand on the Green," we have a lovely silvery quality, and a fine draughtsmanship of houses and trees, and evidence of a scholarly acquaintance with his method that render his few published plates desirable possessions. Mr. Raven Hill, on the other hand, uses the stone simply to throw a painter's sketch upon—usefully and delightfully. We feel at once that when he saw his baby sprawling on the bed, he then and there gave permanence to the passing movement, primarily for his own amusement, not, in the first instance, intending to petrify it for the portfolios of admirers. Still less is Mr. Charles Sainton a lithographer in the truest sense; he uses the art as he would use silver point, and records his graceful fancies with dainty precision, untouched by the friendly overtures of the stone.

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At the present moment a dual movement is proceeding in England—"the Schools," as I may call them, of Mr. Way and Mr. Goulding. The former is the Classic. His object is to *reproduce*, with absolute accuracy and veneration, every original touch which the artist has put upon stone or upon paper. On the other hand, Mr. F. Goulding, aided by his brother Charles, is the Romanticist, whose aim is to *interpret* the artist's work, just as every etching-printer invariably makes a sympathetic translation of the etcher's actual design, by adding color and inked gradation as a background to what would otherwise be as bald and cold as a visiting-card. It is lithography because the lithographic stone is used, but it is wholly heterodox; and Mr. Goulding may properly lay claim to the most remarkable innovation introduced into lithography and the craft of the lithographic printer since the art itself was recognized. But the striking results he has achieved—due in great measure to the new lithographic transfer-paper which Mr. Goulding has invented, to escape the mechanical grain in the stone—are very beautiful, aided not only by tender manipulation in the inking and printing, but also by the colored tint introduced into some of the subjects, and subtly gradated to meet the requirements of conceptions such as Mr. Hartley's beautiful moonlight landscape and Mr. Herbert Dicksee's prowling tiger. Thus the chaste delights of Mr. Way's classic method and the more sensuous beauties of Mr. Goulding's poetic renderings have combined to enable a score and more of England's most famous artists to reintroduce into the land what is practically for the present generation a new form of art. This development, having little in common with the old-fashioned productions, being well-nigh as flexible as etching itself, appeals directly to the taste of the most cultivated collector, and is more than likely to prove irresistible to all who can appreciate art and beauty and refinement of method and touch. Collections of this redeveloped art are rapidly being formed; that it will certainly become the *mode*—perhaps, indeed, the rage—is confidently anticipated by all who appreciate the autographic virtues, the range of color, the vibrating lights and harmonious depths of the method that enables the artist to realize with conscious ease his half-indistinct wholly poetic dreams. So even in Art, Time has its revenges; and just as we see the portfolio ready to receive once more the finest productions of what once was considered the humblest of the graphic arts—engraving on wood—so we find it open wider still to welcome the fascinating impressions of the lithographer's stone.

Fernand Khnopff, del.

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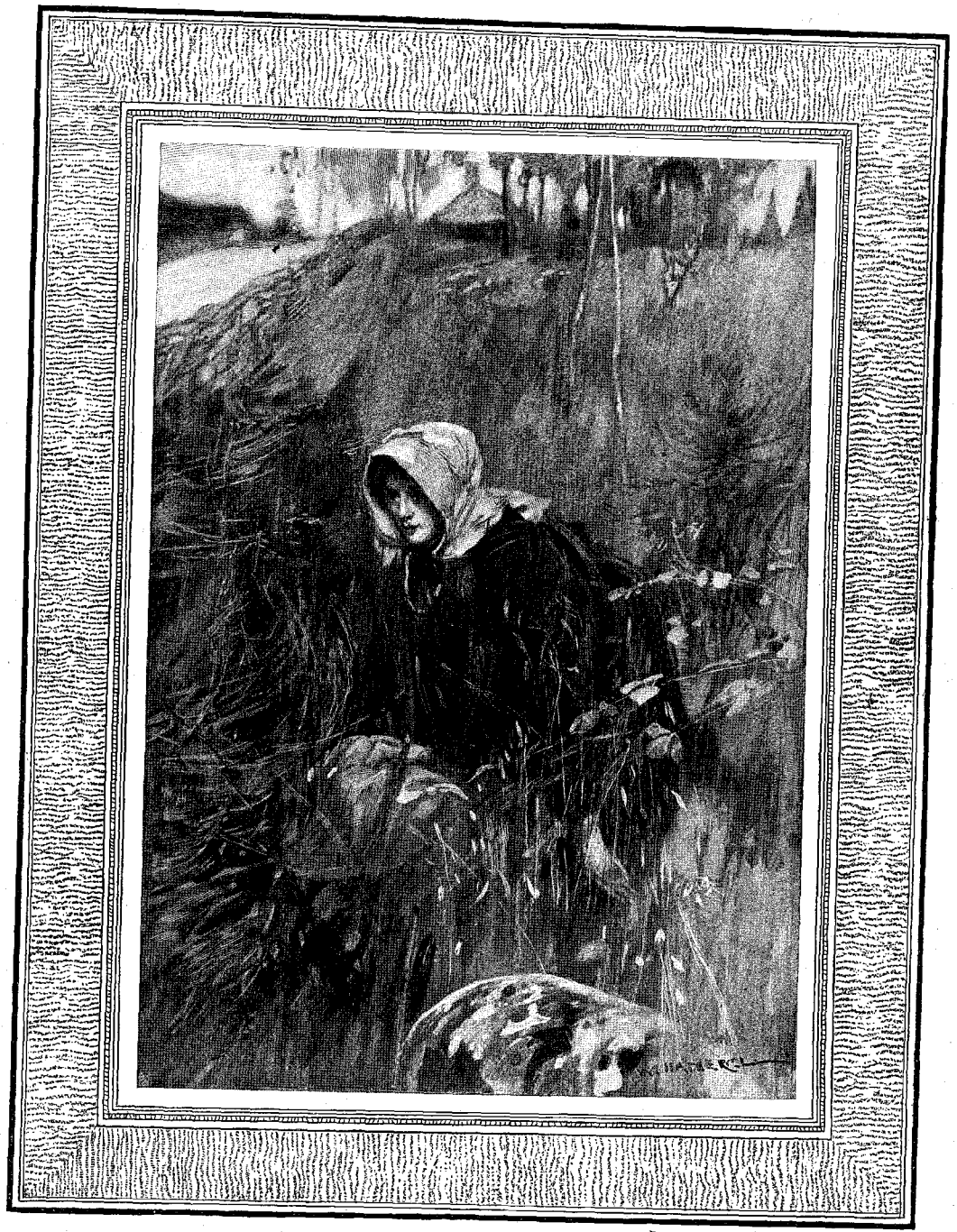

Drawn by William Hatherell.

A girl rose from among the broom.—Page 571.

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SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI

FOUR EMINENT MINISTERS

BURSARY examination time had come, and to the siege of Aberdeen marched a hungry half-dozen — three of them from Thrums, two from the Glenquharity school. The sixth was Tod Lindertis, a ploughman from the Dubb of Prosen, his place of study the bothy after lousing time (Do you hear the klink of quoits?) or a one-roomed house near it, his tutor a dogged little woman, who knew not the accusative from the dative, but never tired of holding the book while Tod recited. Him someone greets with the good-natured jeer, "It's your fourth try, is it no, Tod?" and he answers, cheerily, "It is, my lathie, and I'll keep kick, kick, kicking away to the *n*th time."

"Which means till the door flies open," says the dogged little woman, who is the gallant Tod's no less gallant wife, and already the mother of two. I hope Tod will succeed this time.

The competitors, who were to travel part of the way on their shanks, met soon after daybreak in Cathro's yard, where a little crowd awaited them, parents trying to look humble, Mr. Dishart and Ramsay Cameron thinking of the morning when they set off on the same errand—but the results were different, and Mr. Dishart is now a minister, and Ramsay is in the middle of another wob. Both dominies were present, hating each other for that day only, up to the mouth, where their icy politeness was a thing to shudder at, and each was drilling his detachment to the last moment, but by different methods; for while Mr. Cathro entreated Joe Meldrum for God's sake to mind that about the *Oratio obliqua*, and Willie Simpson to keep his mouth shut and drink even water sparingly, Mr. Ogilvy cracked jokes with Gav Dishart and explained them to Lauchlan McLauchlan. "Think of anything now but what is before you," was Mr. Ogilvy's advice. "Think of nothing else," roared Mr. Cathro. But though Mr. Ogilvy seemed outwardly calm it was base pretence; his dickie gradually wriggled through the opening of his waistcoat, as if bearing a protest from his inward parts, and he let it hang crumpled and conspicuous, while Grizel, on the outskirts of the crowd, yearned to put it right.

Grizel was not there, she told several people, including herself, to say good-by to Tommy, and oh, how she scorned Elspeth, for looking as if life would not be endurable without him. Knowing what Elspeth was, Tommy had decided that she should not accompany him to the yard (of course she was to follow him to Aberdeen if he distinguished himself—Mr. McLean had promised to bring her), but she told him of her dream that he headed the bursary list, and as this dream coincided with some dreams of his own, though not with all, it seemed to give her such fortitude that he let her come. An expressionless face was Tommy's, so that not even the experienced dominie of Glenquharity, covertly scanning his rival's lot, could tell whether he was gloomy or uplifted; he did not seem to be in need of a long sleep like Willie Simpson, nor were his eyes glazed like Gav Dishart's, who carried all the problems of Euclid before him on an invisible blackboard and dared not even wink lest he displaced them, nor did he, like Tod Lindertis, answer questions about his money

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pocket or where he had stowed his bread and cheese with

> After envy, spare obey,
> The dative put, remember, pray.

Mr. Ogilvy noticed that Cathro tapped his forehead doubtfully every time his eyes fell on Tommy, but otherwise shunned him, and he asked "What are his chances?"

"That's the laddie," replied Mr. Cathro, "who, when you took her ladyship to see Corp Shiach years ago impersona——"

"I know," Mr. Ogilvy interrupted him hastily, "but how will he stand, think you?"

Mr. Cathro coughed. "We'll see," he said, guardedly.

Nevertheless Tommy was not to get round the corner without betraying a little of himself, for Elspeth having borne up magnificently when he shook hands, screamed at the tragedy of his back and fell into the arms of Tod's wife, whereupon Tommy first tried to brazen it out and then kissed her in the presence of a score of witnesses, including Grizel, who stamped her foot, though what right had she to be so angry? "I'm sure," Elspeth sobbed, "that the professor would let me sit beside you; I would just hunker on the floor and hold your foot and no say a word." Tommy gave Tod's wife an imploring look, and she managed to comfort Elspeth with predictions of his coming triumph and the reunion to follow, and grateful Elspeth in return asked Tommy to help Tod when the professors were not looking, and he promised, after which she had no more fear for Tod.

And now, ye drums that we all carry in our breasts, beat your best over the bravest sight ever seen in a small Scotch town of an autumn morning, the departure of its fighting lads for the lists at Aberdeen. Let the tune be the sweet familiar one you found somewhere in the Bible long ago, "The mothers we leave behind us"—leave behind us on their knees. May it dirl through your bones, brave boys, to the end, as you hope not to be damned. And now, quick march.

A week has elapsed, and now—there is no call for music now, for these are but the vanquished crawling back, Joe Meldrum and—and another. No, it is not Tod, he stays on in Aberdeen, for he is a twelve-pound tenner. The two were within a mile of Thrums at three o'clock, but after that they lagged, waiting for the gloaming, when they stole to their homes, ducking as they passed windows without the blinds down. Elspeth ran to Tommy when he appeared in the doorway, and then she got quickly between him and Aaron. The warper was sitting by the fire at his evening meal, and he gave the wanderer a long steady look, then without a word returned to his porridge and porter. It was a less hearty welcome home even than Joe's; his mother was among those who had wept to lose her son, but when he came back to her she gave him a crack on the head with the thieval.

Aaron asked not a question about those days in Aberdeen, but he heard a little about them from Elspeth. Tommy had not excused himself to Elspeth, he had let her do as she liked with his head (this was a great treat to her), and while it lay pressed against hers, she made remarks about Aberdeen professors which it would have done them good to hear. These she repeated to Aaron, who was about to answer roughly, and then suddenly put her on his knee instead.

"They didna ask the right questions," she told him, and when the warper asked if Tommy had said so, she declared that he had refused to say a word against them, which seemed to her to cover him with glory. "But he doubted they would make that mistake afore he started," she said, brightly, "so you see he saw through them afore ever he set eyes on them."

Corp would have replied admiringly to this "Oh, the little deevil!" (When he heard of Tommy's failure he wanted to fight Gav Dishart and Willie Simpson), but Aaron was another kind of confidant, and even when she explained on Tommy's authority that there are two kinds of cleverness, the kind you learn from books and a kind that is inside yourself, which latter was Tommy's kind, he only replied,

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"He can take it wi' him to the herding, then, and see if it'll keep the cattle frae stravaiging."

"It's no that kind of cleverness either," said Elspeth, quaking, and quaked also Tommy, who had gone to the garret, to listen through the floor.

"No? I would like to ken what use his cleverness can be put to, then," said Aaron, and Elspeth answered nothing, and Tommy only sighed, for that indeed was the problem. But though to these three and to Cathro, and to Mr. and Mrs. McLean and to others more mildly interested, it seemed a problem beyond solution, there was one in Thrums who rocked her arms at their denseness, a girl growing so long in the legs that twice within the last year she had found it necessary to let down her parramatty frock. As soon as she heard that Tommy had come home vanquished, she put on the quaint blue bonnet with the white strings, in which she fondly believed she looked ever so old (her period of mourning was at an end, but she still wore her black dress) and forgetting all except that he was unhappy, she ran to a certain little house to comfort him. But she did not go in, for through the window she saw Elspeth petting him, and that somehow annoyed her. In the evening, however, she called on Mr. Cathro.

Perhaps you want to know why she, who at last saw Tommy in his true light and spurned him accordingly, now exerted herself in his behalf instead of going on with the papering of the surgery. Well, that was the reason. She had put the question to herself before—not, indeed, before going to Monypenny but before calling on the Dominie—and decided that she wanted to send Tommy to college, because she disliked him so much that she could not endure the prospect of his remaining in Thrums. Now, are you satisfied?

She could scarcely take time to say good-evening to Mr. Cathro before telling him the object of her visit. "The letters Tommy has been writing for people are very clever, are they not?" she began.

"You've heard of them, have you?"

"Everybody has heard of them," she said, injudiciously, and he groaned and asked if she had come to tell him this. But he admitted their cleverness, whereupon she asked, "Well, if he is clever at writing letters, would he not be clever at writing an essay?"

"I wager my head against a snuff mull that he would be, but what are you driving at?"

"I was wondering whether he could not win the prize I heard Dr. McQueen speaking about, the—is it not called the Hugh Blackadder?"

"My head against a buckie that he could! Sit down, Grizel, I see what you mean now. Ay, but the pity is he's not eligible for the Hugh Blackadder. Oh, that he was, oh, that he was! I would make Ogilvy of Glenquharity sing small at last! His loons have carried the Blackadder for the last seven years without a break. The Hugh Blackadder Mortification, the bequest is called, and, 'deed, it has been a sore mortification to me!"

Calming down, he told her the story of the bequest. Hugh Blackadder was a Thrums man who made a fortune in America, and bequeathed the interest of three hundred pounds of it to be competed for yearly by the youth of his native place. He had grown fond of Thrums and all its ways over there, and left directions that the prize should be given for the best essay in the Scots tongue, the ministers of the town and glens to be the judges, and the competitors, boys who were going to college but had not without it the wherewithal to support themselves. The ministers took this to mean that those who carried small bursaries were eligible, and indeed it had usually gone to one of these.

"Sentimental Tommy would not have been able to compete if he had got a bursary," Mr. Cathro explained, "because however small it was Mr. McLean meant to double it; and he can't compete without it, for McLean refuses to help him now (he was here an hour since, saying the laddie was obviously hopeless), so I never thought of entering Tommy for the Blackadder. No, it will go to Ogilvy's Lauchlan McLauchlan, who is a twelve-pounder, and, as there can be no competitors he'll get it without the trouble of coming back to write the essay."

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"But suppose Mr. McLean were willing to do what he promised if Tommy won the Blackadder?"

"It's useless to appeal to McLean. He's hard set against the laddie now and washes his hands of him, saying that Aaron Latta is right after all. He may soften, and get Tommy into a trade to save him from the herding, but send him to college he won't, and indeed he's right, the laddie's a fool."

"Not at writing let——"

"And what is the effect of his letter-writing, but to make me ridiculous? Me! I wonder you can expect me to move a finger for him, he has been my torment ever since his inscrutable face appeared at my door."

"Never mind him," said Grizel, cunningly. "But think what a triumph it would be to you if your boy beat Mr. Ogilvy's."

The Dominie rose in his excitement and slammed the table, "My certie, lassie, but it would!" he cried. "Ogilvy looks on the Blackadder as his perquisite, and he's surer of it than ever this year. And there's no doubt but Tommy would carry it. My head to a buckle preen he would carry it, and then, oh, for a sight of Ogilvy's face, oh, for——" He broke off abruptly. "But what's the good of thinking of it," he said, dolefully, "Mr. McLean's a firm man when he makes up his mind."

Nevertheless, though McLean, who had a Scotchman's faith in the verdict of professors, and had been bitterly disappointed by Tommy's failure, refused to be converted by the Dominie's entreaties, he yielded to them when they were voiced by Ailie (brought into the plot *vice* Grizel retired), and Elspeth got round Aaron, and so it came about that with his usual luck, Tommy was given another chance, present at the competition, which took place in the Thrums school, the Rev. Mr. Duthie, the Rev. Mr. Dishart, the Rev. Mr. Gloag of Noran Side, the Rev. Mr. Lorrimer of Glenquharity (these on hair-bottomed chairs), Mr. Cathro and Mr. Ogilvy (cane), present also to a less extent (that is to say, their faces at the windows), Corp and others who applauded the local champion when he entered and derided McLauchlan. The subject of the essay was changed yearly, this time "A Day in Church" was announced, and immediately Lauchlan McLauchlan, who had not missed a service since his scarlet fever year (and too few then), smote his red head in agony, while Tommy, who had missed as many as possible, looked calmly confident. For two hours the competitors were put into a small room communicating with the larger one, and Tommy began at once with a confident smirk that presently gave way to a most holy expression; while Lauchlan gaped at him and at last got started also, but had to pause occasionally to rub his face on his sleeve, for he was one of the kind who cannot think without perspiring. In the large room the ministers gossiped about eternal punishment, and of the two dominies one sat at his ease, like a passenger who knows that his coach will reach the goal without any exertion on his part, while the other paced the floor, with many a despondent glance through the open door whence the scraping proceeded; and the one was pleasantly cool; and the other in a plot of heat; and the one made genial remarks about every-day matters, and the answers of the other stood on their heads. It was a familiar comedy to Mr. Ogilvy, hardly a variation on what had happened five times in six for many years: the same scene, the same scraping in the little room, the same background of ministers (blackaviced Mr. Lorrimer had begun to bark again), the same dominies; everything was as it had so often been, except that he and Cathro had changed places; it was Cathro who sat smiling now and Mr. Ogilvy who dolefully paced the floor.

To be able to write! Throughout Mr. Ogilvy's life, save when he was about one and twenty, this had seemed the great thing, and he ever approached the thought reverently, as if it were a maid of more than mortal purity. And it is, and because he knew this she let him see her face, which shall ever be hidden from those who look not for the soul, and to help him nearer to her came assistance in strange guise, the loss of loved ones, dolour unutterable; but still she was beyond his reach. Night by night, when the only light in the glen,

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was the school-house lamp, of use at least as a landmark to solitary travellers —who miss it nowadays, for it burns no more—she hovered over him, nor did she deride his hopeless efforts, but rather as she saw him go from black to gray and from gray to white in her service, were her luminous eyes sorrowful because she was not for him, and she bent impulsively toward him, so that once or twice in a long life he touched her fingers, and a heavenly spark was lit, for he had risen higher than himself, and that is literature.

He knew that oblivion was at hand, ready to sweep away his pages almost as soon as they were filled (Do we not all hear her besom when we pause to dip ?), but he had done his best and he had a sense of humor, and perhaps some day would come a pupil of whom he could make what he had failed to make of himself. That prodigy never did come, though it was not for want of nursing, and there came at least, in succession most maddening to Mr. Cathro, a row of youths who could be trained to carry the Hugh Blackadder. Mr. Ogilvy's many triumphs in this competition had not dulled his appetite for more, and depressed he was at the prospect of a reverse. That it was coming now he could not doubt. McLauchlan, who was to be Rev., had a flow of words (which would prevent his perspiring much in the pulpit), but he could no more describe a familiar scene with the pen than a milkmaid can draw a cow. The Thrums representatives were sometimes as little gifted, it is true, and never were they so well exercised, but this Tommy had the knack of it, as Mr. Ogilvy could not doubt, for the story of his letter-writing had been through the glens.

"Keep up your spirits," Mr. Lorrimer had said to him as they walked together to the fray, "Cathro's loon may compose the better of the two, but, as I understand, the first years of his life were spent in London, and so he may bogle at the Scotch."

But the Dominie replied, "Don't buoy me up on a soap bubble. If there's as much in him as I fear, that should be a help to him instead of a hindrance, for it will have set him a-thinking about the words he uses."

And the satisfaction on Tommy's face when the subject of the essay was given out, with the business-like way in which he set to work, had added to the Dominie's misgivings; if anything was required to dishearten him utterly it was provided by Cathro's confident smile. The two Thrums ministers were naturally desirous that Tommy should win, but the younger of them was very fond of Mr. Ogilvy, and noticing his unhappy peeps through the door dividing the rooms, proposed that it should be closed. He shut it himself, and as he did so he observed that Tommy was biting his pen and frowning, while McLauchlan, having ceased to think, was getting on nicely. But it did not strike Mr. Dishart that this was worth commenting on.

"Are you not satisfied with the honors you have already got, you greedy man," he said, laying his hand affectionately on Mr. Ogilvy, who only sighed for reply.

"It is well that the prize should go to different localities, for in that way its sphere of usefulness is extended," remarked pompous Mr. Gloag, who could be impartial, as there was no candidate from Noran Side. He was a minister much in request for church soirees, where he amused the congregations so greatly with personal anecdotes about himself that he was never thought much of afterwards. There is one such minister in every presbytery.

"And to have carried the Hugh Blackadder seven times running is surely enough for any one locality, even though it be Glenquharity," said Mr. Lorrimer, preparing for defeat.

"There's consolation for you, sir," said Mr. Cathro, sarcastically, to his rival, who tried to take snuff in sheer bravado, but let it slip through his fingers, and after that until the two hours were up, the talk was chiefly of how Tommy would get on at Aberdeen. But it was confined to the four ministers and one dominie. Mr. Ogilvy still hovered about the door of communication, and his face fell more and more, making Mr. Dishart quite unhappy.

"I'm an old fool," the Dominie admitted, "but I can't help being cast down. The fact is that—I have only

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heard the scrape of one pen for nearly an hour."

"Poor Lauchlan!" exclaimed Mr. Cathro, rubbing his hands gleefully, and indeed it was such a shameless exhibition that the Auld Licht minister said reproachfully, "You forget yourself, Mr. Cathro, let us not be unseemly exalted in the hour of our triumph."

Then Mr. Cathro sat upon his hands as the best way of keeping them apart, but the moment Mr. Dishart's back presented itself, he winked at Mr. Ogilvy.

He winked a good deal more presently.

For after all—how to tell it! Tommy was ignominiously beaten, making such a beggarly show that the judges thought it unnecessary to take the essays home with them for leisurely consideration before pronouncing Mr. Lauchlan McLauchlan winner. There was quite a commotion in the schoolroom. At the end of the allotted time the two competitors had been told to hand in their essays, and how Mr. McLauchlan was sniggering is not worth recording, so dumfounded, confused and raging was Tommy. He clung to his papers, crying fiercely that the two hours could not be up yet, and Lauchlan having tried to keep the laugh in too long it exploded in his mouth, whereupon, said he, with a guffaw, "He hasna written a word for near an hour!"

"What! It was you I heard!" cried Mr. Ogilvy gleaming, while the unhappy Cathro tore the essay from Tommy's hands. Essay! It was no more an essay than a twig is a tree, for the gowk had stuck in the middle of his second page. Yes, stuck is the right expression, as his chagrined teacher had to admit when the boy was cross-examined. He had not been "up to some of his tricks," he had stuck, and his explanations, as you will admit, merely emphasized his incapacity.

He had brought himself to public scorn for lack of a word. What word? they asked testily, but even now he could not tell. He had wanted a Scotch word that would signify how many people were in church, and it was on the tip of his tongue but would come no farther. Puckle was nearly the word, but it did not mean so many people as he meant. The hour had gone by just like winking; he had forgotten all about time while searching his mind for the word.

When Mr. Ogilvy heard this he seemed to be much impressed, repeatedly he nodded his head as some beat time to music, and he muttered to himself, "The right word—yes, that's everything," and "'the time went by like winking'—exactly, precisely," and he would have liked to examine Tommy's bumps, but did not, nor said a word aloud, for was he not there in McLauchlan's interest?

The other five were furious, even Mr. Lorrimer, though his man had won, could not smile in face of such imbecility. "You *little tattie doolie*," Cathro roared, "were there not a dozen words to wile from if you had an ill-will to puckle? What ailed you at manzy, or——"

"I thought of manzy," replied Tommy, wofully, for he was ashamed of himself, "but—but a manzy's a swarm. It would mean that the folk in the kirk were buzzing thegither like bees, instead of sitting still."

"Even if it does mean that," said Mr. Duthie, with impatience, "what was the sense of being so particular? Surely the art of essay-writing consists in using the first word that comes and hurrying on."

"That's how I did," said the proud McLauchlan, who is now leader of a party in the church, and a figure in Edinburgh during the month of May.

"I see," interposed Mr. Gloag, "that McLauchlan speaks of there being a mask of people in the church. Mask is a fine Scotch word."

"Admirable," assented Mr. Dishart.

"I thought of mask," whimpered Tommy, "but that would mean the kirk was crammed, and I just meant it to be middling full."

"Flow would have done," suggested Mr. Lorrimer.

"Flow's but a handful," said Tommy.

"Curran, then, you jackanapes!"

"Curran's no enough."

Mr. Lorrimer flung up his hands in despair.

"I wanted something between curran and mask," said Tommy, dogged, yet almost at the crying.

Mr. Ogilvy, who had been hiding his

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admiration with difficulty, spread a net for him. "You said you wanted a word that meant middling full. Well, why did you not say middling full—or fell mask?"

"Yes, why not?" demanded the ministers, unconsciously caught in the net.

"I wanted one word," replied Tommy, unconsciously avoiding it.

"You jewel!" muttered Mr. Ogilvy under his breath, but Mr. Cathro would have banged the boy's head had not the ministers interfered.

"It is so easy, too, to find the right word," said Mr. Gloag.

"It's no; it's as difficult as to hit a squirrel," cried Tommy, and again Mr. Ogilvy nodded approval.

But the ministers were only pained.

"The lad is merely a numskull," said Mr. Dishart, kindly.

"And no teacher could have turned him into anything else," said Mr. Duthie.

"And so, Cathro, you need not feel sore over your defeat," added Mr. Gloag; but nevertheless Cathro took Tommy by the neck and ran him out of the parish school of Thrums. When he returned to the others he found the ministers congratulating McLauchlan, whose nose was in the air, and complimenting Mr. Ogilvy, who listened to their formal phrases solemnly and accepted their hand-shakes with a dry chuckle.

"Ay, grin away, sir," the mortified dominie of Thrums said to him sourly, "the joke is on your side."

"You are right, sir," replied Mr. Ogilvy, mysteriously, "the joke is on my side, and the best of it is that not one of you knows what the joke is!"

And then an odd thing happened. As they were preparing to leave the school, the door opened a little and there appeared in the aperture the face of Tommy, tear-stained but excited. "I ken the word now," he cried, "it came to me a' at once; it is hantle!"

The door closed with a victorious bang, just in time to prevent Cathro——

"Oh, the sumph!" exclaimed Mr. Lauchlan McLauchlan, "as if it mattered what the word is now!"

And said Mr. Dishart, "Cathro, you had better tell Aaron Latta that the sooner he sends this nincompoop to the herding the better."

But Mr. Ogilvy giving his Lauchlan a push that nearly sent him sprawling, said in an ecstacy to himself, "He *had* to think of it till he got it—and he got it. The laddie is a genius!" They were about to tear up Tommy's essay, but he snatched it from them and put it in his oxter pocket. "I am a collector of curiosities," he explained, "and this paper may be worth money yet."

"Well," said Cathro, savagely, "I have one satisfaction, I ran him out of my school."

"Who knows," replied Mr. Ogilvy, "but what you may be proud to dust a chair for him when he comes back?"

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE END OF A BOYHOOD

CONVINCED of his own worthlessness, Tommy was sufficiently humble now, but Aaron Latta, nevertheless, marched to the square on the following market day and came back with the boy's sentence, Elspeth being happily absent.

"I say nothing about the disgrace you have brought on this house," the warper began without emotion, "for it has been a shamed house since afore you were born, and it's a small offence to skail on a clarty floor. But now I've done mair for you than I promised Jean Myles to do, and you had your pick atween college and the herding, and the herding you've chosen twice. I call you no names, you ken best what you're fitted for, but I've seen the farmer of the Dubb of Prosen the day, and he was short-handed through the loss of Tod Lindertis, so you're fee'd to him. Dinna think you get Tod's place, it'll be years afore you rise to that, but it's right and proper that as he steps up, you should step down."

"The Dubb of Prosen!" cried Tommy in dismay. "It's fifteen miles frae here."

"It's a' that."

"But—but—but Elspeth and me never thought of my being so far away that she couldna see me. We thought of a farmer near Thrums."

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"The farrer you're frae her the better," said Aaron, uneasily, yet honestly believing what he said.

"It'll kill her," Tommy cried, fiercely, With only his own suffering to consider he would probably have nursed it into a play through which he stalked as the noble child of misfortune, but in his anxiety for Elspeth he could still forget himself. "Fine you ken she canna do without me," he screamed.

"She maun be weaned," replied the warper, with a show of temper; he was convinced that the sooner Elspeth learned to do without Tommy the better it would be for herself in the end; but in his way of regarding the boy there was also a touch of jealousy, pathetic rather than forbidding. To him he left the task of breaking the news to Elspeth; and Tommy, terrified that she would swoon under it, was almost offended when she remained calm. But, alas, the reason was that she thought she was going with him.

"Will we have to walk all the way to the Dubb of Prosen?" she asked, quite brightly, and at that Tommy twisted about in misery. "You are no—you canna—" he began, and then dodged the telling. "We—we may get a lift in a cart," he said, weakly.

"And I'll sit aside you in the fields, and make chains o' the gowans, will I no? Speak, Tommy!"

"Ay—ay, will you," he groaned.

"And we'll have a wee, wee room to oursels, and——"

He broke down, "Oh, Elspeth," he cried, "it was ill-done of me no to stick to my books, and get a bursary, and it was waur o' me to bother about that word. I'm a scoundrel, I am, I'm a black, I'm a——"

But she put her hand on his mouth, saying, "I'm fonder o' you than ever, Tommy, and I'll like the Dubb o' Prosen fine, and what does it matter whaur we are when we're thegither?" which was poor comfort for him, but still he could not tell her the truth, and so in the end Aaron had to tell her. It struck her down, and the doctor had to be called in during the night to stop her hysterics. When at last she fell asleep Tommy's arm was beneath her, and by and by it was in agony, but he set his teeth and kept it there rather than risk waking her.

When Tommy was out of the way, Aaron did his clumsy best to soothe her, sometimes half shamefacedly pressing her cheek to his, and she did not repel him, but there was no response. "Dinna take on in that way, dawtie," he would say, "I'll be good to you."

"But you're no Tommy," Elspeth answered.

"I'm not, I'm but a stunted tree, blasted in my youth, but for a' that, I would like to have somebody to care for me, and there's none to do't, Elspeth, if you winna. I'll gang walks wi' you, I'll take you to the fishing, I'll come to the garret at night to hap you up, I'll—I'll teach you the games I used to play mysel'. I'm no sure but what you might make something o' me yet, bairn, if you tried hard."

"But you're no Tommy," Elspeth wailed again, and when he advised her to put Tommy out of her mind for a little and speak of other things, she only answered, innocently, "What else is there to speak about?"

Mr. McLean had sent Tommy a pound, and so was done with him, but Ailie still thought him a dear, though no longer a wonder, and Elspeth took a strange confession to her, how one night she was so angry with God that she had gone to bed without saying her prayers. She had just meant to keep Him in suspense for a little, and then say them, but she fell asleep. And that was not the worst, for when she woke in the morning, and saw that she was still living, she was glad she had not said them. But next night she said them twice.

And this, too, is another flash into her dark character. Tommy, who never missed saying his prayers and could say them with surprising quickness, told her, "God is fonder of lonely lassies than of any other kind, and every time you greet it makes Him greet, and when you're cheerful it makes Him cheerful too." This was meant to dry her eyes, but it had not that effect, for, said Elspeth, vindictively, "Well, then, I'll just make Him as miserable as I can."

When Tommy was merely concerned with his own affairs he did not think much about God, but he knew that no

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other could console Elspeth, and his love for her usually told him the right things to say, and while he said them he was quite carried away by his sentiments and even wept over them, but within the hour he might be leering. They were beautiful, and were repeated of course to Mrs. McLean, who told her husband of them, declaring that this boy's love for his sister made her a better woman.

"But nevertheless," said Ivie, "Mr. Cathro assures me——"

"He is prejudiced," retorted Mrs. McLean, warmly, prejudice being a failing which all women marvel at. "Just listen to what the boy said to Elspeth today. He said to her, 'When I am away, try for a whole day to be better than you ever were before, and think of nothing else, and then when prayer-time comes you will see that you have been happy without knowing it.' Fancy his finding out that."

"I wonder if he ever tried it himself?" said Mr. McLean.

"Ivie, think shame of yourself!"

"Well, even Cathro admits that he has a kind of cleverness, but——"

"Cleverness!" exclaimed Ailie, indignantly, "that is not cleverness, it is holiness;" and leaving the cynic she sought Elspeth, and did her good by pointing out that a girl who had such a brother should try to save him pain. "He is very miserable, dear," she said, "because you are so unhappy. If you looked brighter, think how that would help him, and it would show that you are worthy of him." So Elspeth went home trying hard to look brighter, but made a sad mess of it.

"Think of getting letters frae me every time the post comes in!" said Tommy, and then indeed her face shone.

And then Elspeth could write to him —yes, as often as ever she liked! This pleased her even more. It was such an exquisite thought that she could not wait, but wrote the first one before he started, and he answered it across the table. And Mrs. McLean made a letter bag, with two strings to it, and showed her how to carry it about with her in a safer place than a pocket.

Then a cheering thing occurred. Came Corp, with the astounding news that, in the Glen Quharity dominie's opinion, Tommy should have got the Hugh Blackadder.

"He says he is glad he wasna judge, because he would have had to gie you the prize, and he laughs like to split at the ministers for giving it to Lauchlan McLauchlan."

Now, great was the repute of Mr. Ogilvy, and Tommy gaped incredulous. "He had no word of that at the time," he said.

"No likely! He says if the ministers was so doited as to think his loon did best, it wasna for him to conter them."

"Man, Corp, you ca' me aff my feet! How do you ken this?"

Corp had promised not to tell, and he thought he did not tell, but Tommy was too clever for him. Grizel, it appeared, had heard Mr. Ogilvy saying this strange thing to the doctor, and she burned to pass it on to Tommy, but she could not carry it to him herself, because—Why, was it? Oh, yes, because she hated him. So she made a messenger of Corp, and warned him against telling who had sent him with the news.

Half enlightened, Tommy began to strut again. "You see there's something in me for all they say," he told Elspeth. "Listen to this. At the bursary examinations there was some English we had to turn into Latin, and it said, 'No man ever attained supreme eminence who worked for mere lucre; such efforts must ever be bounded by base mediocrity. None shall climb high but he who climbs for love, for in truth where the heart is, there alone shall the treasure be found.' Elspeth, it came ower me in a clink how true that was, and I sat saying it to myself, though I saw Gav Dishart and Willie Simpson and the rest beginning to put it into Latin at once, as little ta'en up wi' the words as if they had been about auld Hannibal. I aye kent, Elspeth, that I could never do much at the learning, but I didna see the reason till I read that. Syne I kent that playing so reallike in the den, and telling about my fits when it wasna me that had them but Corp, and mourning for Lewis Doig's father, and writing letters for folk so grandly, and a' my other queer

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ploys that ended in Cathro's calling me Sentimental Tommy, was what my heart was in, and I saw in a jiffy that if thae things were work, I would soon rise to supreme eminence."

"But they're no," said Elspeth, sadly.

"No," he admitted, his face falling, "but, Elspeth, if I was to hear some day of work I could put my heart into as if it were a game! I wouldna be lang in finding the treasure syne. Oh, the blatter I would make!"

"I doubt there's no sic work," she answered, but he told her not to be so sure. "I thought there wasna mysel'," he said, "till now, but sure as death my heart was as ta'en up wi' hunting for the right word as if it had been a game, and that was how the time slipped by so quick. Yet it was paying work, for the way I did it made Mr. Ogilvy see I should have got the prize, and a' body kens there's mair cleverness in him than in a cart-load o' ministers."

"But, but there are no more Hugh Blackadders to try for, Tommy?"

"That's nothing, there maun be other work o' the same kind. Elspeth, cheer up, I tell you, I'll find a wy!"

"But you didna ken yoursel' that you should have got the Hugh Blackadder?"

He would not let this depress him. "I ken now," he said. Nevertheless, why he should have got it was a mystery which he longed to fathom. Mr. Ogilvy had returned to Glen Quharity, so that an explanation could not be drawn from him even if he were willing to supply it, which was improbable; but Tommy caught Grizel in the Banker's Close and compelled her to speak.

"I won't tell you a word of what Mr. Ogilvy said," she insisted, in her obstinate way, and, oh, how she despised Corp for breaking his promise.

"Corp didna ken he telled me," said Tommy, less to clear Corp than to exalt himself, "I wriggled it out o' him;" but even this did not bring Grizel to a proper frame of mind, so he said, to annoy her,

"At any rate you're fond o' me."

"I am not," she replied, stamping; "I think you are horrid."

"What else made you send Corp to me?"

"I did that because I heard you were calling yourself a blockhead."

"Oho," said he, "so you have been speiring about me though you winna speak to me!"

Grizel looked alarmed, and thinking to weaken his case, said, hastily, "I very nearly kept it from you, I said often to myself 'I won't tell him.'"

"So you have been thinking a lot about me!" was his prompt comment.

"If I have," she retorted, "I did not think nice things. And what is more, I was angry with myself for telling Corp to tell you."

Surely this was crushing, but apparently Tommy did not think so, for he said, "You did it against your will! That means I have a power over you that you canna resist. Oho, oho!"

Had she become more friendly so would he, had she shed one tear he would have melted immediately; but she only looked him up and down disdainfully, and it hardened him. He said with a leer, "I ken what makes you hold your hands so tight, it's to keep your arms frae wagging;" and then her cry, "How do you know?" convicted her. He had not succeeded in his mission, but on his way home he muttered, triumphantly, "I did her, I did her!" and once he stopped to ask himself the question, "Was it because my heart is in it?" It was their last meeting till they were man and woman.

A blazing sun had come out on top of heavy showers, and the land reeked and smelled as of the wash-tub. The smaller girls of Monypenny were sitting in passages playing at fivey, just as Sappho used to play it and the little sisters of Themistocles; but they heard the Dubb of Prosen cart draw up at Aaron Latta's door, and they followed it to see the last of Tommy Sandys. Corp was already there, calling in at the door every time he heard a sob; "Dinna, Elspeth, dinna, he'll find a wy," but Grizel had refused to come, though Tommy knew that she had been asking when he started and which road the cart would take. Well, he was not giving her a thought at any rate; his box was in the cart now, and his face was streaked with tears that were all for

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Elspeth. She should not have come to the door, but she came, and—it was such a pitiable sight that Aaron Latta could not look on. He went hurriedly to his workshop, but not to warp, and even the carter was touched and he said to Tommy, "I tell you what, man, I have to go round by Causeway End smiddy, and you and the crittur have time, if you like, to take the short cut and meet me at the far corner o' Caddam wood."

So Tommy and Elspeth, holding each other's hands, took the short cut and they came to the far end of Caddam, and Elspeth thought they had better say it here before the cart came; but Tommy said he could walk back with her through the wood as far as the Toom Well, and they could say it there. They tried to say it at the Well, but—Elspeth was still with him when he returned to the far corner of Caddam, where the cart was now awaiting him. The carter was sitting on the shaft, and he told them he was in no hurry, and what is more, he had the delicacy to turn his back on them and struck his horse with the reins for looking round at the sorrowful pair. They should have said it now, but first Tommy walked back a little bit of the way with Elspeth, and then she came back with him, and that was to be the last time, but he could not leave her, and so, there they were in the wood looking wofully at each other, and it was not said yet.

They had said it now, and all was over; they were several paces apart. Elspeth smiled, she had promised to smile because Tommy said it would kill him if she was greeting at the very end. But what a smile it was! Tommy whistled, he had promised to whistle to show that he was happy as long as Elspeth could smile. She stood still, but he went on, turning round every few yards to—to whistle. "Never forget, day nor night, what I said to you," he called to her. "You're the only one I love and I care not a hair for Grizel."

But when he disappeared, shouting to her, "I'll find a wy, I'll find a wy," she screamed and ran after him. He was already in the cart, and it had started. He stood up in it and waved his hand to her, and she stood on the dyke and waved to him, and thus they stood waving till a hollow in the road swallowed cart and man and boy. Then Elspeth put her hands to her eyes and went sobbing homeward.

When she was gone, a girl who had heard all that passed between them rose from among the broom of Caddam and took Elspeth's place on the dyke, where she stood motionless waiting for the cart to reappear as it climbed the other side of the hollow. She wore a black frock and a blue bonnet with white strings, but the cart was far away, and Tommy thought she was Elspeth, and springing to his feet again in the cart he waved and waved. At first she did not respond, for had she not heard him say "You're the only one I love, and I care not a hair for Grizel?" And she knew he was mistaking her for Elspeth. But by and by it struck her that he would be more unhappy if he thought Elspeth was too overcome by grief to wave to him. Her arms rocked passionately; no, no, she would not lift them to wave to him, he could be as unhappy as he chose. Then in a spirit of self-abnegation that surely raised her high among the daughters of men, though she was but a painted lady's child, she waved to him to save him pain, and he, still erect in the cart, waved back until nothing could be seen by either of them save wood and fields and a long, deserted road.

THE END.

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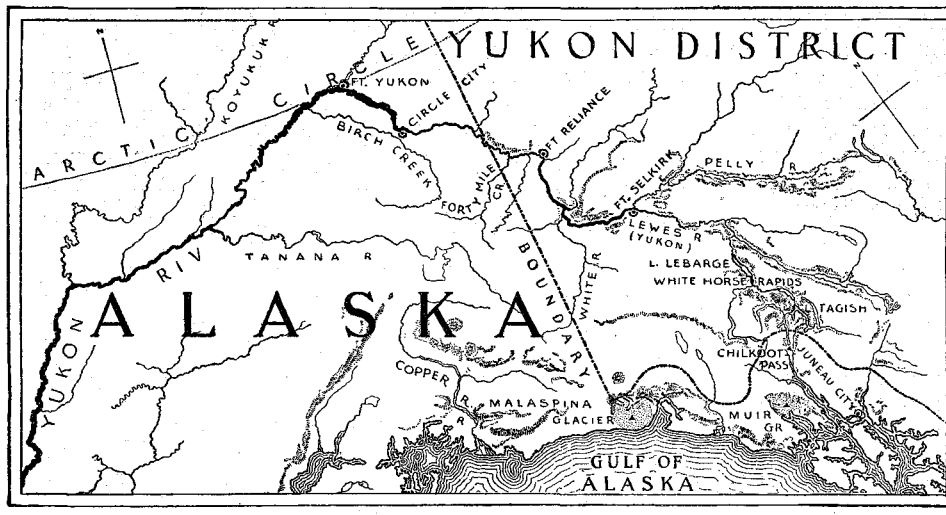
Map of the Yukon River and District.



OVER THE CHILKOOT PASS TO THE YUKON

By Frederick Funston

THE tourists who every summer crowd the excursion steamers that sail up the long stretches of the inland passage to Alaska find their view to the north and east everywhere limited by a range of snowy peaks silhouetted like card-board against a sky as clear and blue as that of California. On the one side is a narrow strip of main-land and on the other a thousand islands, large and small, that constitute southeastern Alaska, where are the busy mining town of Juneau, and Sitka, the sleepy old capital. This is the Alaska of the tourist, famous for its great glaciers, its beautiful fiords, and its Thlinket Indians and their totem poles. But beyond the big white range is another and a totally different country, the valley of the Yukon, a great, lone land where winter reigns supreme for nine months of every year, and whose inhabitants are roving bands of fur-clad savages. Over in the British Northwest Territory, just across the coast range from Dyea Inlet, Alaska, is a chain of lakes surrounded by snowy mountains and drained by a small stream, which, now roaring between gloomy cañon-walls and now gliding among birch-covered hills, bears away to the northwest. On either hand it receives numerous tributaries, some of them of great size, and seven hundred miles from its source leaves the British possessions and enters Alaska. After winding for 1,400 miles across this territory it pours its huge flood into Behring Sea. On the lower half of its course the river receives the waters of the Porcupine, Tanana, Koyukuk, and numerous smaller streams, until the little brook, less than ten feet wide, draining Lake Linderman, has in the 2,100 miles of its course become one of the mightiest rivers on the face of the earth —three miles from bank to bank, thirty feet deep, and with a current of five miles an hour.

Four of us were landed with our effects at the head of Dyea Inlet, a hundred miles north of Juneau, at daybreak on April 10, 1893. My three companions were McConnell, a grizzly old Canadian, Thompson, a miner from Idaho, and Mattern, a good-natured German, who had mined in half a dozen Western States. I was the only one of

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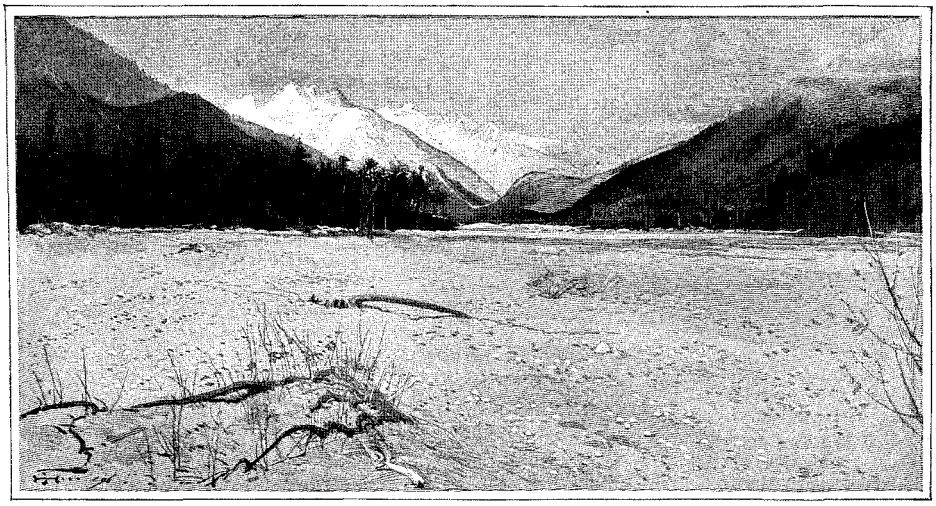
Chilkoot Pass from the Coast.



the party who had had any previous Alaskan experience, but all had roughed it in other countries, and we felt equal to the much-vaunted terrors of Chilkoot Pass, Miles Cañon, and the White Horse Rapids. McConnell, Thompson, and Mattern were bound for the placer gold-mining camp of Forty Mile Creek, at that time the only one on the Yukon, while I had a sort of roving commission from the United States Department of Agriculture to make a botanical collection, take weather observations, and obtain any other scientific information possible, and eventually extended my journey to the Mackenzie River and the Arctic Ocean, and thence down the Yukon to its mouth, which I reached after a journey on foot and in rowboat of more than 3,500 miles. Our outfit consisted of two small tents, a couple of hand-sleds, each eight feet long, with steel-shod runners; blankets, guns, ammunition; a six-weeks' supply of flour, bacon, and coffee; a whip-saw, axes, and other tools for boat-building, and my collecting material and two small cameras, the whole weighing about a thousand pounds. Our plan was to take the usual route of miners bound for the Yukon — to cross the Chilkoot Pass and descend to the frozen lakes on the other side—dragging our outfit on the hand-sleds across these lakes until we reached a point where there were trees sufficiently large to build a small boat in which to continue the journey. Near our landing-place was a small Thlinket Indian village of Dyea, whose inhabitants turn an honest penny every spring by assisting miners bound for the interior in packing their supplies to the summit of the pass. We divided our goods into seven packs and engaged five men and two women to carry these loads to the summit of the pass, a distance of fifteen miles, where they were to leave us to our own devices. The start from the village was made on the morning of the second day after our arrival. The Indians supported the loads on their backs by the aid of deerskin bands, passing across the forehead. Several children carried on their backs light loads, consisting of food and cooking utensils for the use of the Indians, while two of the dogs also wore packs.

Our route lay up the valley of the Dyea River, a small creek which heads near the foot of Chilkoot Pass, and which we were compelled to wade a number of times. Near sea-level the snow had nearly all disappeared, but a couple of miles up the cañon the ground was covered, and from here on our progress was much impeded by it. Every two or three hundred yards the entire party stopped to rest. At one o'clock we reached the forks of the river, seven miles from our starting-point, and the Indians, throwing off their loads, said we would camp for the night. They were completely exhausted by

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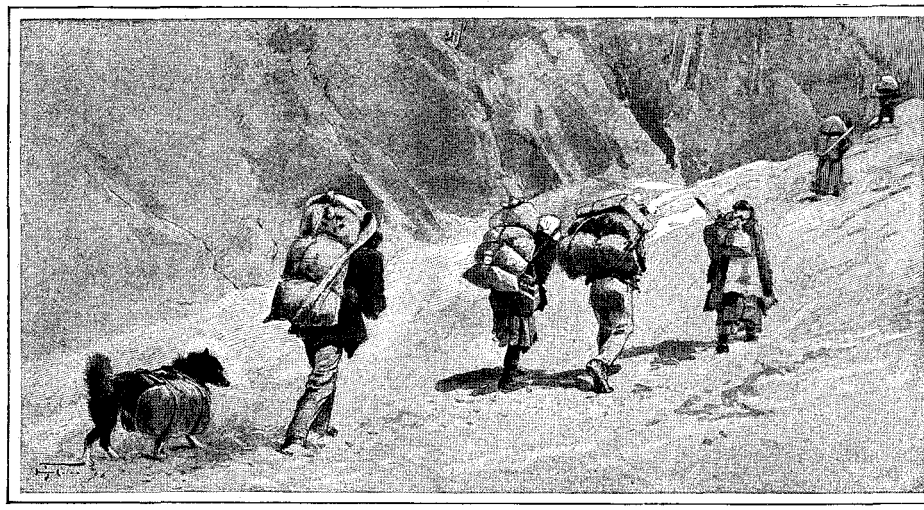
Marching up the Pass.



floundering through the soft snow under their heavy packs. The snow at this camp was about two feet deep, and much more fell during the night. Half of the next day was spent in wading through snow from three to six feet deep to the place known as Sheep Camp, only five miles beyond. Our camp for the second night was at the upper limit of timber, at the foot of the dreaded pass, and only twelve miles from the coast that we had left two days before. Snow had been falling and did not cease until the morning of the next day. Roused before daybreak, we found the sky clear and the air frosty. Below us was the scattering growth of stunted spruce-trees and above the great slopes of snow and ice. Looking for a couple of miles up a large gorge flanked by precipitous snow-covered mountains, we could see at the summit, thousands of feet above, the little notch known as the Chilkoot Pass, the gate to the Yukon land. The seriousness of the work at hand was now apparent. Our picturesque retinue of children and dogs was left in camp to await the return of the Indians, and having had breakfast at eight o'clock, the seven Indians and ourselves began the toilsome climb upward. On either hand were the huge masses of the coast range, buried in perpetual snow and ice, nobody knows how deep. The Indians, struggling under their heavy loads, stopped for breath every few moments. We four white men had the exasperating task of dragging along the two empty sleds.

As we ascended, the snow, which at lower altitudes had been soft, was found to be hard and crusted, being on the last part of the ascent more like ice than snow. At eleven o'clock we had reached the foot of the last and hardest part of the ascent. From here to the summit is only half a mile, but the angle of the slope is about forty-five degrees, and as we looked up that long trough of glistening ice and hard-crusted snow, as steep as the roof of a house, there was not one of us that did not dread the remainder of the day's work. As soon as the Indians ascertained that the crust of the snow was hard and unyielding they divided the packs, leaving nearly half of their loads at the foot of the ascent, intending to make a second trip for them. The two women who had accompanied us thus far now returned to Sheep Camp, and one of the men, producing a strong plaited line of rawhide, about one hundred feet long, which he had brought with him, passed it under every man's belt, lashing the nine of us together about ten feet apart. The man at the head of the line carried in his hands one of our hatchets, and as we advanced cut footholds in the ice and hard-packed snow. The slope being too steep for direct ascent, we resorted to "zigzagging"—that is, moving obliquely across the bottom of the trough for about sixty

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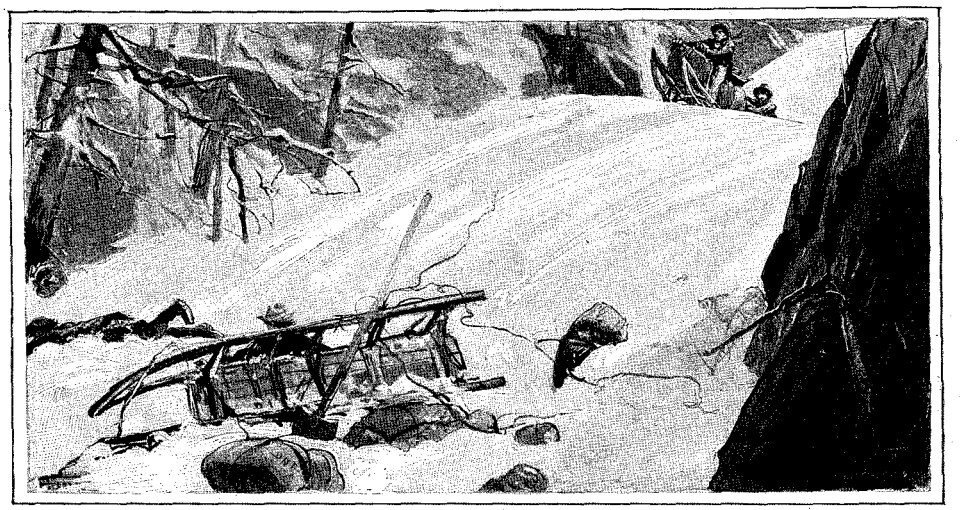

feet and then turning at right angles in the opposite direction. Our progress was painfully slow, as every step had to be cut. It was no place to indulge in conversation. There was no use in stopping, as there was no opportunity to stretch one's limbs and nothing to sit down on, so that we kept pegging away, and the hours seemed endless before we stood on the narrow crest of snow and ice that divides the valley of the Yukon from the sea. It was six and a half hours since we had left Sheep Camp and three since we had lashed ourselves together at the foot of the last ascent. On the summit all threw themselves down on the snow and remained motionless for half an hour, when the Indians started down to get the remainder of their packs that had been left at the foot of the last portion of the ascent. The trail having already been cut and not being hampered with the sleds, they were with us again in less than two hours. We had by this time taken in our surroundings. Behind us and to the right and to the left was a jumble of icy peaks, and below the zigzag trail up which we had labored so breathlessly. But these things were now of small interest, and our gaze was fixed ahead, where, stretching away in billows of spotless white, was the valley of the great river of the north. There was neither rock, nor tree, nor shrub, nor any living thing to break the monotony of that huge blanket of snow, the wooded shores of the lakes being concealed by a range of low hills. The use of the two sleds that had been brought along empty was now apparent, and on to them was loaded and securely strapped down the thousand pounds of stuff that the Indians had carried to the summit. And down grade we started on the northern side of the range. For the first half mile down the glassy slope it was a wild ride. All efforts to control the sleds were fruitless, and we concluded to simplify matters by getting on board and taking "pot luck" with whatever rocks or other obstructions might be at the bottom. The route lay down the bottom of a wide gorge, so that we could not well get far out of the way. The sleds, each with two men in addition to its load of five hundred pounds, flew down grade with the speed of an express train. It was well that they were of oak and the runners shod with steel, for sometimes they would clear the snow for thirty feet at a bound. No sooner had we got started than we began to wonder how we were to stop. We found out. The sled ahead of the one I was on struck an uneven

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A Small Fire which Smoked.

place and went over; its lashings broke, and for a few brief seconds the air was filled with rolls of blankets, sides of bacon, mining tools, and earnest, soulful profanity. Our sled coming on to a gentler slope and softer snow, was eventually stopped without disaster. In half an hour Thompson and Mattern got their sled reloaded and joined us. We were now out of the gorge and on a sort of bench or flat covered with soft snow. We got into the harness and, pushing and pulling, struggled on in the hope of reaching Lake Linderman before night. For several hours the wind had been rising and was now coming down from the north at a furious rate, and before darkness set in the air was so full of flying snow that one could not see fifty feet. When night came we were so exhausted and so weakened by hunger that we decided to abandon the sleds until the next day. In order to mark the location a long-handled shovel was stood on end in the snow, and draped with a spare blanket. Then taking each a blanket, we struck out through the gathering darkness, down a ravine which we correctly judged was the tributary of Lake Linderman. After what seemed an endless struggle through the howling storm we reached, at about eleven o'clock, a little clump of dwarfed spruce-trees, the upper limit of timber. Collecting some dry branches, we got on the lee side of a cliff, and after many fruitless efforts started a small fire, which smoked and spluttered a great deal, but was singularly devoid of warmth. Wrapped in blankets, we huddled together all night, while the wind roared up the cañon walls and piled the snow about us. When we stretched ourselves out at daybreak the next morning the storm had almost died away. We were weak and ravenous from hunger and thirst, for we had not had a mouthful of food nor water since leaving Sheep Camp. After a weary tramp of about four miles, which had taken us five hours, we found the sleds entirely buried, nothing but the blanket tied to the shovel being visible above the surface. We got out the one which contained the cooking utensils and part of the provisions, and all four taking hold, dragged it slowly, a hundred yards at a time, toward our camp of the night before. It was exasperating to have with us provisions that were of no use, as it was out of the question to eat raw beans and flour. Thompson, in a frenzy of hunger, insisted on eating a raw piece of bacon, with disastrous results. Dozens of times during the afternoon we threw ourselves down on the snow from sheer exhaustion, but toward evening reached the remains of the camp at the foot of the cañon-wall. As soon as another fire could be built we melted snow for water and prepared a meal of flapjacks, bacon, and coffee, breaking a fast of thirty-seven hours,

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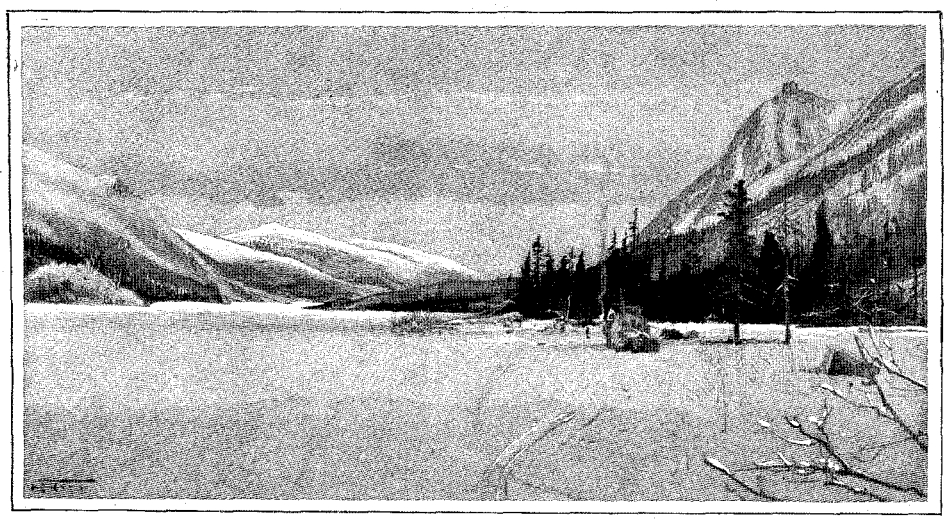

during which we had had not a wink of sleep. Without troubling to put up a tent or make any sort of camp, we drew our blankets about us and lay back in the snow for ten hours of glorious sleep. The next day we brought down the remaining sled, a comparatively easy task, as the trail had been opened the day before. Our worst hardships for the time being were now over. The sky was clear and the air cold enough to make exercise comfortable. On this day, only one hundred yards below camp, I found a spring feeding a small stream a few inches deep, which was soon lost to sight in the snow. It was the very beginning of the mighty Yukon. Most of the sixth day from the coast was spent in recuperating our physical selves, but before evening we dragged the two sleds for a couple of miles down the ravine to Lake Linderman, the first of the chain of six lakes of the Upper Yukon. Lake Linderman is six miles long and half a mile wide, and is shut in by glacier-worn granite hills. Here and there along its shores are a few small spruce and black-pine trees. All of these lakes remain frozen until early in June. An examination proved that the surface of the lake was in very good condition, and hitching ourselves again in the sleds, we covered the entire length of Lake Linderman and crossed the short portage on to Lake Bennett, twenty-six miles long, going into camp for the night in a clump of spruce on the west shore, six miles from its head, having dragged our half-ton of stuff twelve miles. The following day was marked by a unique and successful experiment. A strong wind was blowing from the south, and in order to utilize it we put on to the front of each of the sleds a sort of V-shaped mast, on to which was rigged a tent-fly. Then, with a good wind astern, we went down the lake at a lively trot. It was not necessary to pull a pound. One man merely held on to the tongue of each sled to guide it and keep it from going too fast. In that day we covered the remaining twenty miles of Lake Bennett and followed the bank of a short river connecting it with Lake Nares, where we went into camp. Lake Nares is the smallest of this system, being about three miles long and two miles wide. The general surface of the country was quite broken, and to the east were lofty mountains. Wherever there was soil there were trees, mostly spruce, pine, and poplar, but the largest not more than a foot in diameter. The snow throughout this region was about three feet deep on the level. On going into camp for the night on this journey down the frozen lakes we would pull off from the ice to a grove of trees on the lake shore, and after collecting a quantity of dry wood build a fire, and then, preparing the usual rough, but appetizing, camp-meal, would lie down

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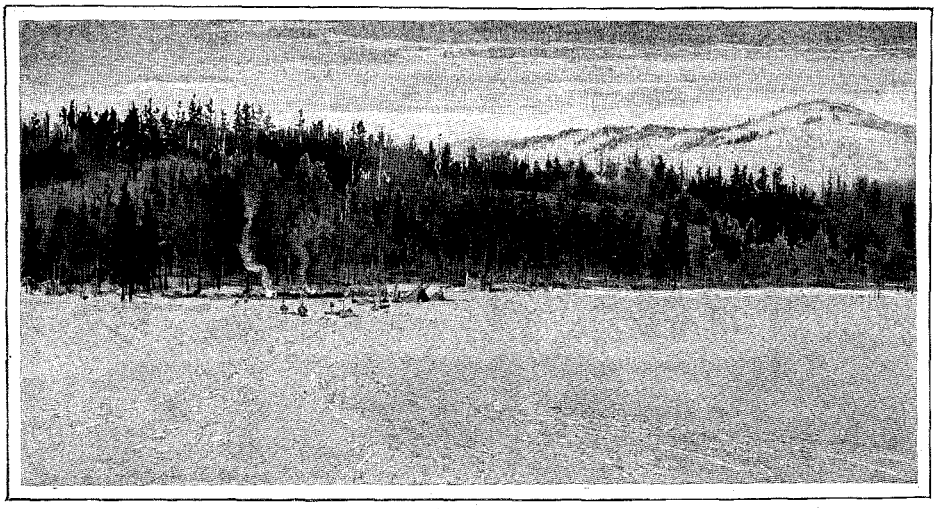
Camp on Lake Nares.



to sleep. The tents were not put up, and usually the only attempt at a bed was a quantity of spruce-boughs strewn on the snow. Two days of hard work, in which there was no wind to aid us, took our little party over Lake Tagish to the short river connecting it with Lake Marsh. The weather had been quite warm for two days and the snow had begun to melt perceptibly, but we were much surprised to find this stream open in mid-channel. Following the left-hand, or west, bank of this stream for about four miles, we went into camp a mile above Lake Marsh.

On the other bank, directly opposite, were the Tagish Houses. These buildings, two log structures of the Thlinket type, have no permanent occupants, but are the yearly rendezvous of bands of natives who meet on neutral ground to trade and indulge in their great annual drunk, with the accompanying feasts and dances. Here come not only the Tagish Indians, who live in the immediate vicinity, but Thlinkets from Chilkat, Dyea, and Taku River, and Tinneh or Stick from as far away as the mouth of Pelly River. The fact that the snow was melting rapidly, making sledding extremely difficult, impelled us to establish a camp here for the purpose of building a boat in which to continue the journey. There was plenty of timber, some of the trees being of fair size. The first day was spent in constructing a "saw-pit," a scaffolding about eight feet high. Two good, straight spruce-trees were then felled and a twenty-foot log cut from each. These logs were about sixteen inches in diameter, and after being rolled by means of skids on to the pit, were squared with the whip-saw and gradually and laboriously worked up into boards. We had barely settled down into this new camp before we were overtaken by a party of a dozen men bound for Forty Mile Creek, who had crossed the Chilkoot Pass three days after we did. These men went into camp near us for the purpose of building boats, and every day, from sunrise until dark, the woods rang with the sounds of whip-saws, axes, and hammers. As several of these new arrivals expected to prospect along the bars of the upper river before going to Forty Mile Creek, and Thompson wished to join them, our party was now reduced to three—McConnell, Mattern, and myself. The two weeks spent in this camp were not at all unpleasant. We were up every morning at daybreak, and after breakfast went to work in the saw-pit, and, with the exception of an hour at midday, kept at it until nearly dark. The whip-saw is an instrument with a blade eight feet long and with a handle at either end. One man on top of the scaffolding drew the saw up, while one standing on the ground pulled it down. The extra man busied himself planing the boards and doing odd jobs about

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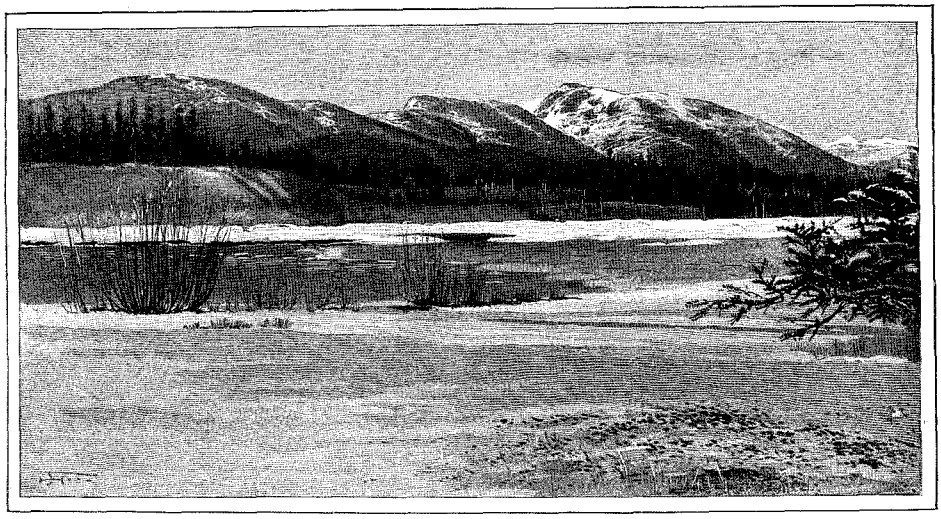
View across the Yukon.



the camp. Small game was plentiful, and in an hour's walk with the gun one could always bring in a day's supply of grouse, ducks, and rabbits. The air was alive with geese and cranes on their northward migration. Near us were camped a couple of families of Tagish Indians, and a boy about ten years old spent most of his time loafing about our camp and eating such scraps of bacon and flapjacks as were thrown to him. On account of this weakness for the leavings of a rich man's table he was christened Lazarus. At the end of a week we had a pile of clean, straight boards, 20 feet long, 10 inches wide, and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick. A week later the boat was completed. She was a flat-bottomed skiff, 18 feet long, 26 inches wide at the bottom and 4 feet at the top, and had two pairs of oars and a mast which could be rigged with a square sail made from a tent-fly. She was very carefully put together, the seams being filled with wicking and well pitched. Although built of green lumber, this boat stood the long portage of the frozen lakes and around the White Horse Rapids, ran Miles Cañon, and collided with blocks of ice innumerable. The next year she carried me on my long, lonely journey down the big river to the sea, 2,000 miles from the camp on Tagish River, where she was built, and is now the property of a Jesuit missionary, to whom I gave her. There was no champagne at hand, so, as the boat slid over the blocks of ice on her initial plunge into the river, a pailful of Yukon water was dashed over her bow and she was christened Nancy Hanks, in honor of the little trotter that had acquired fame the preceding year. The miners who had stopped there for the purpose of building boats completed their work at the same time, so that we left in company. Our outfit and provisions, the latter materially reduced in bulk, we stowed away in the boat, and on top were put the two sleds, that would be needed in the portages over Lakes Marsh and Lebarge.

The little fleet of boats, seven in all, dropped down the river to the head of Lake Marsh, which was still frozen, and here the boats were dragged out of the water on to the ice of the lake. Two sleds were put underneath each boat, one under the bow and one under the stern, and our companions rigged large blankets as sails on to their boats in order to lighten the work of the twenty-mile portage. Then, one pulling the forward sled and one pushing behind, the six boats started out down the lake. The small sails aided very materially, there being a strong breeze astern. Before leaving

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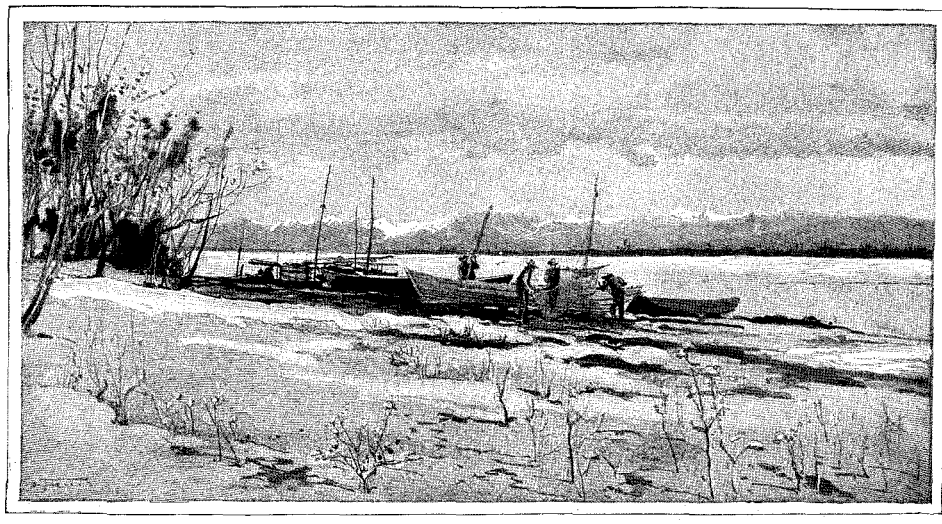
Where the Boats were Built.



camp, McConnell, who was an ingenious fellow, had rigged up a contrivance to enable us to avoid this draft-horse work, and with astounding success. This was merely a light pole, the middle of which was fastened to the bow of the boat and one end to the tongue of the forward sled, the other extending back nearly to the mast. A man standing at the bow of the boat could, by moving this pole to the left or right, control the forward sled perfectly. Two spars had been attached to the mast, one at the top and the other near the gunwale of the boat, and between them was stretched a tent-fly ten feet square. By means of a halyard the upper spar could be lowered instantly, thus shortening sail at will.

By the time that these elaborate preparations were completed the miners with their six boats had got two miles out on the ice, and now looked like a few dark spots on the white surface. Before leaving they had good-naturedly jeered at our "winged chariot," and offered, if we were not over the lake in a couple of days, to come back for us; but our time had come now. As the sail filled with the strong wind we gave the Nancy Hanks a shove and jumped on board. McConnell took the steering pole in the bow and away she went. The novelty of the situation made it a most exciting ride. Gradually we crept up on the file of men trudging along, dragging and pushing their heavy loads, and passed them, fairly skimming over the ice. They threw their hats in the air and yelled, while a wild-eyed individual, who called himself "Missouri Bill," grasped his Winchester and proceeded to puncture the atmosphere in all directions. But even this was not glory enough. No sooner had we passed these men than we determined to make improvements. The sail was lowered and we came to a stop; the mast was taken out and lengthened six feet by lashing on to it an extra spar that we had in the boat. Across the end of this was lashed one of the boat's oars, making a spar eighteen feet above the ice. From this there was suspended a large double blanket fourteen feet long, the lower end fastened to the boat. Our speed was materially increased, at one time doubtless reaching twelve miles an hour—not half bad when one considers that the boat and its load weighed more than a ton. The great height of the blanket sail above the surface made our novel iceboat top heavy, however, and more than once we came near going over. As we approached the northern end of the lake the ice became more uneven, with occasional drifts of hard-packed snow. Crossing several of these successfully gave us overmuch confidence and brought us to grief at last. I was steering at the time, and sighted ahead of us a drift that extended entirely across the lake. As we approached it seemed but little worse

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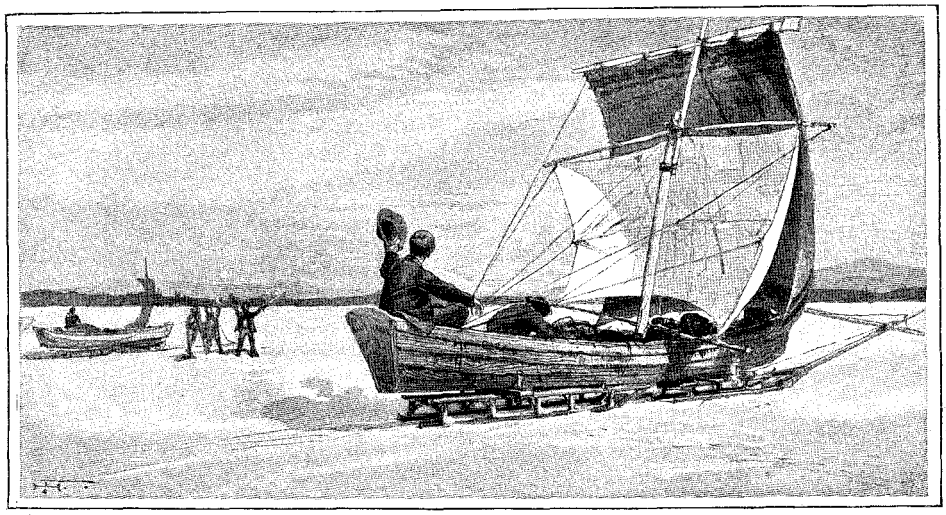
Passing the Miners.



than some that we had already crossed. Mattern wanted to take in sail and examine it, but was voted down two to one, and we went at the obstruction full tilt. Just before striking I saw that the ice on the other side had a big sag, and shouted to McConnell to cut the halyards. It was too late; the sleds struck the drift and went over it beautifully, but as we went down on the other side the boat turned quartering to the wind, and over we went. I landed on all fours a dozen feet ahead of the boat; McConnell and Mattern were thrown against the sail, while bags of flour, boxes, guns, and tools flew in every direction. The bolster of the forward sled and all the spars and the mast were broken, while the boat itself was badly wrenched. It required an hour to overturn the boat and reload it. We got up what nautical men would call a "jury rig," and limped over the remaining mile to the foot of the lake. It had taken three hours and forty-two minutes to run the twenty miles from the head of the lake to where we were wrecked, exclusive of the half-hour lost in putting up the additional sail. The men whom we had distanced did not overtake us, and but two of them reached the foot of the lake before dark. Between Lake Marsh and Lake Lebarge, which is the last and largest of the chain of lakes, there are fifty-five miles of river, but in this short space are the two greatest obstructions to navigation in the whole Yukon system—Miles Cañon and the White Horse Rapids.

The stream was about three hundred feet wide, from two to six feet deep, and very swift. Great quantities of ice were piled up along the banks and in some places large blocks were grounded on shallow bars. These, with occasional bowlders, made navigation exciting work. Spring had now so far advanced that the snow had nearly all disappeared and the weather was superb. On arriving at the foot of Lake Marsh the boat was relaunched and the sleds placed on board instead of underneath, and the next morning we were under way down the river. At two o'clock we passed the mouth of the Tahkeena River, coming in from the left, and at five went into camp for the night. We knew that we must now be near Miles Cañon, and the next morning kept a sharp lookout. We had gone scarcely a mile when we whirled around a bend and saw ahead a low brown rocky ridge, divided by a slit less than thirty feet wide, and at the same time heard the roar of the river in its wild rush through the cañon. With one impulse we pulled frantically for the bank and got a line ashore and around a tree just in the nick of time. Landing, we found in camp seven men with their boats. These men had crossed the pass a week before we did and had built their boats at the foot of Lake Marsh, and were now engaged in portaging

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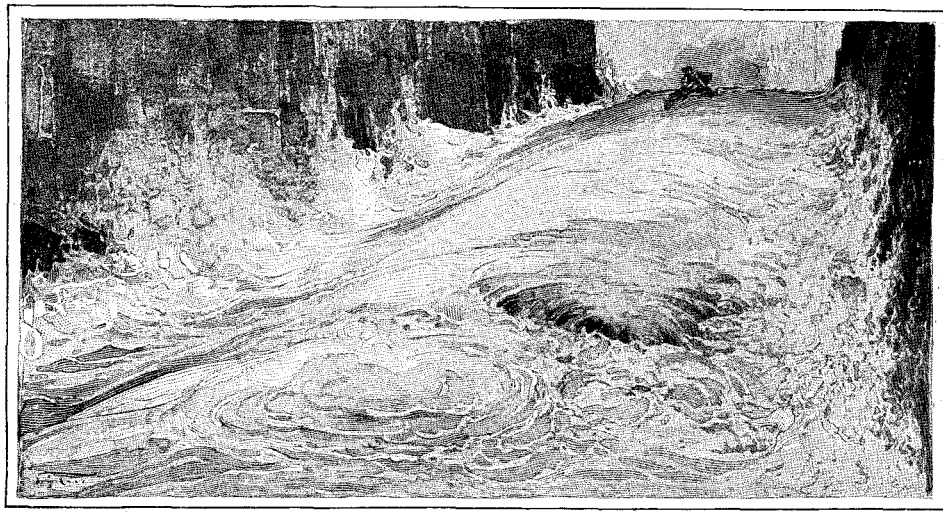

them around the cañon. This cañon was named by the late Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka in honor of General Nelson A. Miles, who had been instrumental in sending him on his trip to the Yukon in 1883. The river, which has been about three hundred feet wide, suddenly contracts to about a tenth of that width, and increasing its velocity to twenty miles an hour, rushes with terrific force through a cañon with absolutely perpendicular walls a hundred feet high. The cañon is only three-quarters of a mile long, and at its lower end the river spreads out into a series of rapids, culminating three miles below in the White Horse. There are two ways of passing this cañon, one by portaging over the hill on the east bank and the other by boldly running through. Some of the men whom we found encamped there were utilizing the former method. The boats were unloaded and dragged out of the water, and by means of a windlass hauled up the hill-slope a hundred feet high, and then pulled on wooden rollers for three-quarters of a mile, being finally slid down another hill to the river. The contents of the boats were carried over by the men on their backs. It is the most slavish work imaginable, and uses up the better part of four days.

Among the party in camp here was a man who had formerly been a Wisconsin lumberman and who announced in lurid language that he was going to run the cañon. He had set this morning for the attempt, so that we were just in time to witness the feat. The men, dragging their boats up the hillside, stopped work and joined us on the cliff a short distance below the head of the cañon. The old man steered his little boat into the entrance of the gorge, where it was caught by the swift current, thrown up and down like a cork, and in a few seconds was out of sight around the first bend. As he passed underneath we gave him a great cheer, and in a couple of minutes heard a rifle-shot, the prearranged signal that he had passed through in safety. In the meantime a couple of young fellows from Colorado, whom we left on Lake Marsh, came up, and after a half-hour discussion made the attempt. They narrowly escaped destruction, but got control of their boat again, and in a short time we heard another faint rifle-shot down the river. We had seen both ways of passing Miles Cañon, one requiring four days and the other two minutes. We three looked at each other in an inquiring sort of way, and then without a word walked down to where the Nancy Hanks was moored against the bank. All took their places, kneeling and facing the bow, McConnell in the stern, Mattern amidships, and I forward. The oars were placed on board and each of us used an ordinary canoe paddle. I must confess that I never felt sicker in my life than as we shoved

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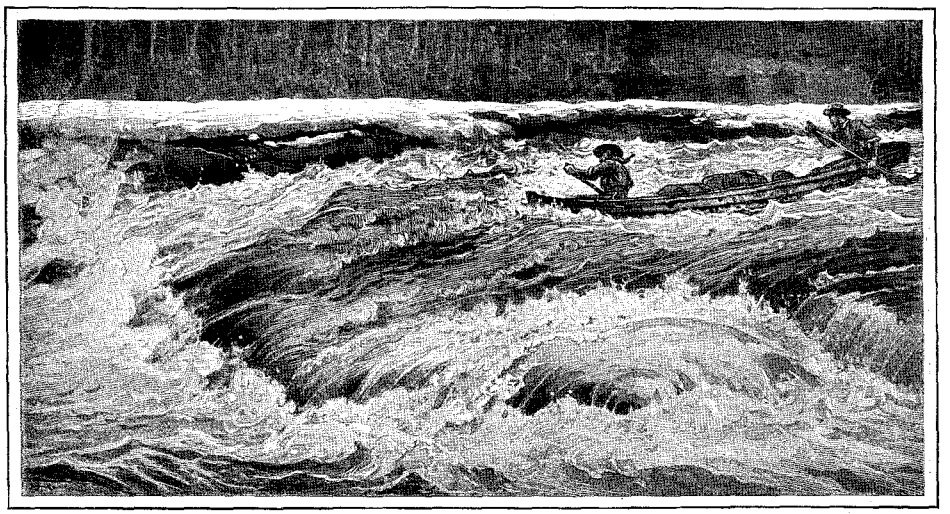
Shooting White Horse Rapids.



away from shore and steered for the entrance. It was all over so quickly that we hardly knew how it happened. Barely missing the big rock at the mouth of the cañon, the boat started on its wild ride. The walls seemed to fairly fly past us, and after starting we heard a cheer from the rocks above, but did not dare look up. By frantic paddling we kept in the middle and off from the cañon walls. The sensation was akin to that of riding a bucking broncho. There was not a dry spot on one of us when we got through, and the boat had taken on so much water that she nearly foundered before we could bail her out. But a great weight was off our minds, for Miles Cañon, more than all other things, is dreaded by Yukon travellers. Including those lost in 1894, an even dozen of men have had their boats swamped or crushed like eggshells against the cañon walls, and not one of them has come alive out of that wild maelstrom of water. Below the cañon the river spreads out to its normal width, but is shallow and a succession of rapids. We ran through these for a mile, but after colliding with bowlders and ice-cakes a dozen times found it altogether too interesting, and so "lined" the boat the remaining two miles down to the White Horse. Fastening a line to the bow and one to the stern, we waded in shallow water near shore, and so could control the speed of the boat, as we could not otherwise do, and prevent its being crushed. Arriving at the head of the White Horse, we went into camp, landed all of our effects and spread them out in the sun to dry, and remained idle until the next morning. These rapids are half a mile long, and the river has its usual width of three hundred feet except in the lower part, where the stream contracts to about thirty feet, and drops through a chute for forty yards. We looked the ground over carefully and spent all of the day after our arrival in carrying the contents of the boat through the woods, depositing them at the foot of the rapids. We determined to run the now empty boat through the rapids as far as the chute, instead of lining it. Realizing that it would be very difficult to stop where we wanted to, McConnell took his station on the bank near the head of the chute in order to take a line, which we were to throw to him as we passed. Everything worked smoothly. Mattern and I steered the boat through the rapids, and as we neared McConnell I threw a line, which he caught, and taking a hitch around the bowlder, brought us to a rather sensational stop. In this ride I seated myself in the stern of the boat with the kodak and tried to make a snap shot of the rapids as we ran them, but was so excited that three of the four exposures were on the sky, the surrounding scenery, and the bottom of the boat; but of the successful one I am not a

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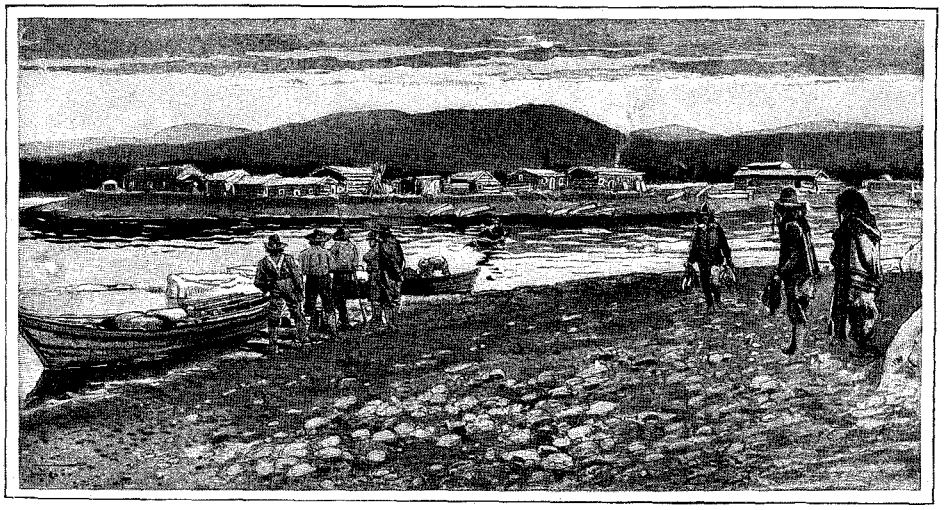
Forty Mile Creek.



little proud. The boat was dragged out of the water on to the rock, around the dangerous narrows, and we went into camp at the foot of the White Horse. The next day we drifted down the river twenty-five miles to the head of Lake Lebarge, which was still frozen, although the ice was becoming quite soft. This lake is thirty-two miles long and eight wide. Here we found in camp Mark Russell, a well-known Alaskan prospecter, and three other men, with two boats. After a delay of a day, caused by a severe storm, we began our last and longest portage, Russell and his party accompanying us. The three boats were placed on sleds, as at Lake Marsh, but no sail was raised, as there was almost a dead calm. For three long days we pushed and pulled over the sloppy ice of the lake, and finally, worn out, wet and bedraggled, again reached open water. It was thirty-three days since we had left the coast at Dyea and we had covered but two hundred of the seven hundred miles to Forty Mile Creek. But we had left behind Chilkoot Pass, the six frozen lakes, Miles Cañon, and the White Horse ; and from here to its mouth, 1,900 miles, the Yukon is unobstructed save by a few unimportant rapids, and the remainder of our trip was to be a delightful excursion. The next morning we again took our seats in the much-buffeted Nancy.

For nine beautiful, cloudless days we drifted down the river to the northwest, rowing only enough to break the monotony of lounging about in the boat. This part of the stream from Lake Lebarge to the mouth of Pelly River is often called by the miners Lewes River, although it is, as a matter of fact, a part of the Yukon. Great quantities of ice remained along the river-banks, and as the current was strong, there was sure to be an exciting time whenever we attempted to stop to go into camp. The surface of the country was rolling and hilly, backed by low mountains, and was generally wooded in the valleys, the uplands being bare. Caribou and moose were occasionally seen, but we did not succeed in killing any. We passed the mouth of the Teslin or Hotalinqua, and reached the mouth of Little Salmon River, where we found a small camp of Tinneh Indians, the first of these people we had met. They were a fine-looking lot of savages, dressed in skins and guiltless of any knowledge of English. In four days we reached the mouth of Pelly River, the site of old Fort Selkirk, burned and looted by Indians from the coast in 1850. It is a telling commentary on the intelligence of makers of maps that this obscure fur-trading post, abandoned nearly half a century ago and whose only remains are a blackened chimney, should still be marked on every map of that region. The same may be said of Fort Reliance and Fort Yukon, farther down the river.

The river was now much larger, and

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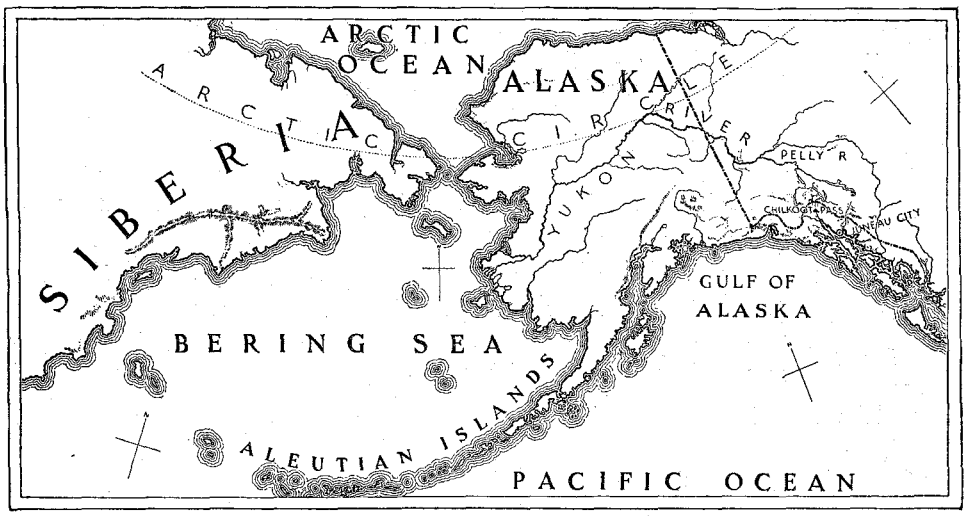
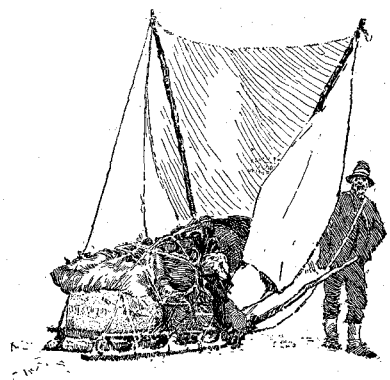


for some distance below the mouth of the Pelly islands were numerous. We passed the mouth of White River, the great unexplored stream coming in from the west, which, with its milky flood, discolors the Yukon for five hundred miles, and a short distance below, Stewart River, a large eastern tributary. The Yukon was now from half to three quarters of a mile wide, deep and swift, the banks in some places huge cliffs or palisades 1,000 feet high. On the morning of May 23d we passed the big Indian village of Klonjek, but, despite a vociferous greeting from the natives, declined to stop. All day we were swept along between towering cliffs of red and brown rock, and at five o'clock, rounding a bend, saw below us a group of cabins, surrounding a big storehouse, and in half an hour more were ashore at Forty Mile Creek, the loneliest mining camp on the face of the earth, where it is midnight all winter and daylight all summer, and where the mail comes but once a year. We were the first arrivals from the outside for that spring, and brought the year's budget of news to the three hundred white men who, in addition to the Indians, at that time formed the population of this placer gold-mining camp of the far north.

The village is situated on the left hand or west bank of the Yukon, at the mouth of Forty Mile Creek. There were all sorts of men among the miners, who spent their summers in washing gold out of the gulches, and their winters in playing poker and spinning yarns.

Gold was discovered in the bars along the creek in 1884, and subsequently in the gulches, and placer mining has been successfully carried on ever since. New discoveries made in 1893 caused a considerable increase in the population, so that there are now more than a thousand men in the camp, in addition to those at Circle City, the recently discovered diggings two hundred miles farther down the Yukon, where that stream is intersected by the Arctic circle.

We had been just forty-two days in the journey from the coast. McConnell and Mattern went prospecting for gold, and I never saw them again. The Nancy Hanks had an easy time during the summer, and later in the season did good service, when I pushed on farther to the north.



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SPECS

By Wolcott LeClear Beard

SPECS'S advent did not create a favorable impression.

It was a frightfully hot day, even for Arizona. The sun seemed fairly to have burned out all the life in the air. The remolinos, as the Mexicans call the baby whirlwinds which almost always are dancing about over the desert, had stopped to rest. I had been to Sentinel for the mail, and was returning to our construction camp on the Gila, fifteen miles away.

It was a dismal place enough that I left behind me; just a little collection of stores and saloons, their adobe walls toning in with the desert from which they had sprung, the red-painted railway station and water-tank alone made spots of color to relieve the gray of the desert, now turned to silver by the glaring sun.

I had just started, when the sound of hurrying hoofs made me look around. It was Barton, the sheriff, and he was waving his hand in signal. I pulled up. "'Fraid you'll have to come back an' help us out," he said, as he stopped his horse alongside mine. "That Industri'l Ahmy—detachment of it—has rushed the East-bound freight, an' it's comin' by through heah. Got a wiah jus' now from Aztec. They'll run ovah the burg like a swahm o' Kansas grahsshoppahs if we don't watch out, an' we've got to roun' up all han's to keep 'em on the train. I deputize you. Come back." Now to argue with an Arizona sheriff is unwise. Besides, any change from the monotonous camp life was welcome, so, turning, we cantered back in company. Sentinel had twice been visited by these gangs of men, who, making excuse of a monster labor demonstration taking place in the East, would capture freight trains and ride to and fro across the continent, levying contributions of food and drink from the inhabitants of the small towns through which they passed.

The "burg" was excited. The saloons and stores were empty. Their proprietors had closed them, and were preparing to barricade the doors against the much-feared rush before joining their customers, who were standing on the track gazing westward along its perspective of glittering rails at a black speck, trembling in the heat-waves which rose from between them. The speck grew larger and more defined. As he arranged his men the sheriff dashed about the place, turning and sprinting on his quick-footed cow-pony, shouting orders and directions in a voice which not even his excitement could rob of its habitual drawl.

Then the rails began to snap, and, shrieking against its brakes, the great train reluctantly came to a stand. It was covered with men. They were lying head to feet on the roofs of the box-cars; they rode clinging to the ladders, astride the brake-beams, along the truss-rods. No available inch of space was left vacant. They had entire possession of the train; the brake-wheels had been turned by men who rose from them for that purpose, and having accomplished it had resumed their seats, while from their caboose in the rear the train's crew looked helplessly on. All told, there were sixteen of us pressed into the sheriff's service—five mounted, the rest on foot. These last patrolled the length of the train, while we on horseback obeyed our leader's order to "herd 'em like you would a bunch er cattle at night," by riding around the train, two in one direction and three in the other. They were a curious lot, those Industrials. The Southwestern hobo predominated, but his was not the only type. One man wore rusty black clothes of a clerical cut; several had the gambler's unmistakable air; some looked like the rustlers they doubtless were, while others

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were probably what they all claimed to be—working-men. Working-men some were, I know, for they had been employed on the plant of which I had charge, and as I passed them hailed me by name, begging for permission to return to their work, or at least to get water to drink—a privilege I had no power to grant.

The train stopped much longer than was usual, for the local cars could not, under the circumstances, be switched on to the siding. Neither party would have permitted this, even had it otherwise been possible, and the freight had to be unloaded from the cars as they stood. This took time. Also it required men, which lessened the number of guards, so that there were uneasy movements among the packed masses on the tops of the cars, which looked as though an attempt to descend might follow. Of course anything like a concerted rush on their part would have swept us all aside in an instant, but that required a leader, who would probably be shot, so no one cared to assume the position, and we were allowed to ride or walk our rounds assailed by nothing worse than opprobrious epithets.

On the car next to the last a pair of legs attracted my attention, not so much on account of their extraordinary length, as by the fact that they seemed to have no body belonging to them. The only one in a proper position was utterly unsuited in appearance for association with these lengthy extremities, for it was round, and topped by a broad, plump face, fringed by a scrubby growth of sandy beard. The eyes—large, light, and circular—glared wildly through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, lacking a bow, which was replaced by a bit of string looped over one of the wearer's prominent ears.

The whole expression was one of abject fear. It communicated itself even to the legs before mentioned, and in this way I became conscious of their relationship. There was no visible reason for this terror. Each time a sentry turned in his walk, or one of the horsemen loped past, this object would shrink back, only to wriggle to the edge of the car as soon as the eyes were turned away. I couldn't make him out.

I had just rounded the engine as the mounted man ahead of me disappeared behind the caboose, when the queer figure launched itself into the air. For an instant it was outlined against the sky; then I heard the loud slap of the big feet on a tie of the siding. The long legs stretched themselves into a run, shambling and awkward, but very fast, toward the northwest.

It really was surprising what time they made, but as a shot rang out from Barton's pistol, and a little spirt of dust flew up from the desert, this record was nowhere. It was wonderful. I was starting in pursuit, but the sheriff's quick order stopped me, for there was a heave through the prostrate ranks on the train.

Men rose to their feet. One or two jumped to the ground, and several came out from under the cars. The guards faced around, and at the points of their weapons or by blows from the barrels, they forced the Industrials back. One man drew a pistol, and resting it across a brake-wheel, fired at —and missed—one of our party, whose "gun" echoed the shot. With a cry, and grasping his arm with his left hand, the assailant sat down; his six-shooter falling on the sand between the cars. By that time the freight had all been transferred; the engine coughed, the cars jerked, each the other, and the train began to gather way, its passengers settling themselves into their places as they went. A Mexican standing near picked up the fallen pistol, and shoving it inside his shirt, scuttled away in fear that some one might claim it.

"I reckon that's all," said the sheriff, riding alongside me. "If youah goin' home, now, I'll ride along er you;" so we turned and jogged together down the dusty trail. "Don't seem hahdly faiah to keep them hobos on th' cyahs without no watah, but we couldn't do nothin' else, as I kin see. They'd rushed us, suah, if we'd let 'em off. They'll feed an' watah 'em at Tucson, like as not. Wondah what that cuss broke away foh, in a country like this. Say, ain't that him? Mus' be. They ain't no moah than one man roun' heah built tongs-fashion like that."

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The road curved about the base of a knoll, and as we rounded it the figure spoken of had come into view. It was the deserter from the Industrials; there could be no mistaking those legs, or the gait they took, even at that distance.

"Let's ask him and find out," I suggested, and calling on his horse, Barton moved toward the fugitive, and I followed. The ponies' hoofs fell noiselessly on the sand; we were close upon him before he heard us and turned. His face grew gray, his mouth twitched, and he trembled. He made a movement as though to run; then thought better of it and threw up his hands. Barton pulled up and stared at him with a look of blank amazement.

"What you holdin' youah hands thataway foh?" he asked.

He let his arms fall.

"Wheah you goin' to?"

No answer.

"What you scaihed at?"

Still not a word.

"What did you cut away from your crowd for, and in such a place as this?" I asked him. His goggle eyes turned from the sheriff's face to mine, and for the first time he spoke.

"Jus' recken 'twas becus I wanted ter so mighty bad," he said, in a voice that was almost a whisper; then, turning, he slouched quickly away.

The sheriff rode on in silence for a long time. "That chromo was scaihed stiff," he said at last. "Nevah saw no one moah frightened, but he broke through them guns jus' 'cause he 'wanted to so mighty bad.' Quee'es' loco I evah ran agains'." He paused, thought for awhile and added, "Unless he's fakin' it all. I'll look out foh him."

I saw the creature again the next morning, as I was on the way to my work. He was leaning against the cottonwood slip-rails of our corral, surrounded by a group of men, attracted, I suppose, by his peculiar appearance. As I rode by I could hear that they were plying him with questions of a personal nature, the answers to which must have afforded them much diversion, for the crowd was increasing, and, from time to time a roar of harsh laughter came over the desert, following me, faint and more faintly, until I passed out of hearing down the trail.

On my return the camp was ringing with his doings.

Anything which broke the dead level of our dull life was welcome, so Specs, as he was promptly christened, became at once a feature of the place, his fame reaching even to the engineer's quarters, perched on the edge of the mesa. He was so extraordinarily bashful, we were told, that he hardly dared speak, even in answer to a question. And then anything would frighten him. A quick word, an unexpected sound, such as a pistol-shot fired behind his back—or before his face, for that matter—would throw him into a "fit of scare" so extravagant that it seemed to parody itself.

This was most amusing, but in the opinion of the majority he had one drawback—he would not drink. Gambling was his one vice. Always ready to do anyone a good turn, he was fed, in a desultory sort of a way, by those whom he obliged, but what little money he earned always found its way to the coffers of the Cactus Cottage, by way of the tables topped with green cloth to be found therein. One day he had worked continuously, gaining three dollars thereby. As the whistle sounded for the end of the day's labor, Specs dropped his pick, and hurrying to his foreman, near whom I happened to be standing, he stopped, writhed, and at last managed to ejaculate, "Time check."

"Don't be a clam, Specs," replied his chief, good-humoredly, "You jus' want this so's you kin steer yourself 'gains' them tin-horns (gamblers) again. You'll only go broke, an' then be out of a job. Let it go till pay-day." Specs at once began to tremble, opening and closing his mouth like a landed fish.

"Time check," he gasped, "now." The printed form, vouching to the fact that "Specs" was entitled to three dollars in payment for a day's work, was filled out and handed to him. He took it and fled.

"Goin' to get it discounted by that thief at the commissary," said the foreman. "Then he'll blow it in on faro down to the Cactus Cottage, damn fool."

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I watched Specs enter the little adobe commissary store, then strolled to the grove of giant sujuarro cactus, from which the saloon took its name, and in the midst of which it stood. Through its canvas walls came the rattle of chips, and the droning voice of the dealer. Barton, the sheriff, stood in the shade of the thatched veranda. He was generally to be found there. Through the open door, the rough bar could be seen. I nodded toward it, and we went in, the sheriff toddling by my side on his three-inch heels. "Does he play heah? Specs? That tongs-built galoot? No, not often, foh he don't have the stuff to blow," he said, in reply to a question of mine, as he filled a glass brimful of the malignant whiskey prevalent in that region. "But soon's he gets a couple er nickels he'll float aroun' heah to pike 'em off." He took the contents of his glass at a gulp. "Heah he comes, now," Barton went on. "Got a system, some says, but I don't see what it can be, only to back the losin' cyahd. Nevah struck the joint yet 'thout he made a losin'." As he spoke Specs came in. He was walking erect, now, and rapidly, his round face flushed with excitement. His three dollars, minus twenty per cent. discount, could purchase but a small supply of the celluloid chips, but he clutched them eagerly, and going to the faro-table began to play. I watched him with great interest; the sheriff looked on listlessly. He had seen it all before.

Under the excitement Specs's whole manner changed. He straightened himself, his mouth closed firmly, and the weak, china-blue eyes behind the spectacles were fixed on the board with a concentration which I would not have believed possible. But in a very short time it was all over. I doubt if he won a single stake; and even when playing low, two dollars and forty cents will not last long.

As soon as the last chip was swept into the bank his excitement vanished, and with his usual look of apathy Specs rose and started to leave.

"Hol' on," Barton called after him, "have a drink?" Specs only went the faster, and would have passed on, but the other barred the way, asking, "What do you want to be such a blame fool foh, as to run 'gains' a game like that?" Specs fumbled at his glasses, unhooking them first and then the string that took the place of the missing bow, and wiped them on the elbow of his flannel shirt. He made his invariable reply. "Reckon t'was becus I wanted to so mighty bad," he said, and shuffled away. "He might want a hawse so bad one er these times that he's 'blaiged to roun' up some man's bunch," said the sheriff to me. "Wheels in his haid? Maybe. But he's always doin' some fool thing that scaiahs him stiff jus' 'cause he wants ter so bad that even the scaiah cyant hold him out, see?"

That, indeed, seemed the keynote of Specs's character.

His desires never led him to take a horse, to be sure, but they made him do many other things. This rather reached a limit when, one day, he was found in a pitiable state of fright, with a stick of No. 1 dynamite, which he had laid on a bowlder, and was just about to pound it with a rock held in his hand.

He was stopped before he could proceed further with his experiment, and on being questioned as to the cause of his amusing himself in so singular a manner, he could give no better reason than his extreme anxiety to ascertain what would happen.

"Why didn't you fools let 'im faind out, if he wanted to?" Barton asked the men who had found Specs at his dangerous game "He was all by his lonesome, an' nothin' couldn't have been huht."

But with the exception of the sheriff the men rather liked Specs, in a contemptuous kind of a way. He was so amusing—obliging, too, and harmless, we had all supposed, but now we were harassed with doubts as to that.

Still he was allowed to wander about the works, and his life, for a time, was less troubled by his fellows, for his fear-induced antics had lost the attraction of novelty. Someone had given him the vicious skeleton of a mule, Balaam by name, whose gaits, the donor thought, resembled those of

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Specs, and insecurely perched on the rickety saddle, he would roam over the country, far away from his tormentors. But this peace of mind was too good to last. I had noticed, one day, as I was approaching the Cactus Cottage, that the attenuated mule was standing dejectedly before its door. Specs came hurrying out of the saloon as I pulled up in front of it, followed by a crowd of grinning men, headed by Hughes, the proprietor. "She's a daughter of ould Brainard's up to Section Fifteen, Specs, me boy," Hughes was saying. "Annie, her nem is, an' a mighty fine gurrul. I do not wonder that you're interested. Will you give us an invite to the weddin', now, when it comes off?"

A shout of laughter interrupted him. Specs had started to unfasten his mule, which was tied to the hitching-rail, but Hughes's hand was on the knot. Probably, by way of relieving his embarrassment, Specs stooped and pulled out a cactus-thorn which was sticking in the mule's hock. Balaam lashed out viciously. "Always look a gift mule in the mouth, Specs, me son. 'Tis safer so, fer it's a poor mule what won't wurrk both ways," Hughes went on. "Now, as I was sayin' about Annie——"

Specs tore the reins loose, bundled on to the back of his steed, and the brute bucked himself away, disappearing down the trail.

I had seen the girl several times—the red-cheeked, buxom daughter of a settler on one of the up-river ranches. Though she had been in the place but a short time, she was already the acknowledged belle in that region of few women, and something of a coquette in her way. Specs had seen her in one of his equestrian wanderings, and had at last managed to gather sufficient courage to inquire of Hughes as to her identity. Hence his flight.

It was difficult to imagine Specs in the character of a love-sick swain, and no one really thought so, until, at last, his conduct showed that this was indeed the case. He never spoke to the girl, so far as was known; only haunted her with the persistence of her shadow. Wherever she went, there he was.

A long way behind always—out of sight if he could manage it—but there, nevertheless. Each morning as she lifted the tent-flap that served as the front-door of the family dwelling, she would find evidence of his devotion. This would take the form of some service done; or oftener, a little offering of game, or the red-pulped fruit of the sujuarro, which are esteemed luxuries on account of their inaccessibility. How Specs obtained them, guarded as they are by a dozen yards, perhaps, of sharpest cactus spines, no one could tell. But he managed it somehow, and after placing his gift where she could not help seeing it as she left the shack, he would hide, coyote-like, in the chapparal, surrounding the house enclosure, in order that he might see her as she appeared. Sometimes she would take no notice of his offerings, but would leave them to shrivel in the torrid sun, knowing that some time during the next night the dried remnant would be replaced by another, and, if possible, a larger or a varied gift, left in the hope that she might, at last, relent. When, finally, her appetite would triumph over her desire to torture him, he would accept the concession, in all faith, as an evidence of singular favor toward himself, and would become almost bold, for the time, in his intercourse with his fellow-men.

No one, of course, took the affair seriously. Even Sam Hitchcock, the most favored of Annie's many admirers, refused to be jealous of Specs. But the chaff was unlimited, some of it falling on Annie, so that she became much ashamed of her adorer, and strove, by utter disregard of his existence, to discourage him. Then his life was not a joy to him, and he kept away from all his kind as much as he could, but his offerings at the shrine of his divinity, though always rejected, never failed in their regularity.

But another and graver affair was forcing itself on the popular mind. The Apaches were up. They had already left their reservations and were coming down the river. At first there were only rumors of a murder here and there, in isolated cases and far away; but coming nearer and becoming more frequent as the savages gathered cour-

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age from success and force from their more cautious brethren who had hitherto held back. Men hesitated before going out alone. The smoke of burning stacks or ranch-houses had been seen, and finally the word came that a war-party, mounted on good ponies and seventy strong, probably a detachment from a still larger force, had been sighted by cowboys rounding up their brand on the upper ranges.

A few of the ranchers who had adobe houses barricaded and prepared to hold them, but for the most part, leaving their flimsy shacks to the mercy of whóever should come, they sent their families to our camp as the strongest available place. No rush could carry this position—indeed there was little danger of any attempt being made—for we were nearly three hundred strong.

All regular work had stopped. A breastwork of sand-bags surrounded a little plateau in the centre of our camp, and to strengthen the defence still further, mechanics were connecting some dynamite cartridges, buried in the sand of the plain outside, with the blasting batteries which were to fire them. A confused mass of household goods littered the enclosed space, where most of the men stood in groups, discussing the outlook. A child was crying, to an accompaniment of women's voices, raised and made querulous by the anxiety of their owners. Over all, through the broiling heat, floated the choking dust and the smell of horses. Barton rode slowly around the camp, telling off each family as he came to it, in order to make sure that all were present; and I found time to notice, in a vague sort of way, that Specs was shuffling rapidly up and down, muttering to himself, his arms twitching nervously. Each time he met any one at all in authority he would stop and seem about to speak, but no one helped him begin, so he would pass on, twitching and muttering as before.

The sheriff had finished his round, and pulling up his horse, he sat, with a troubled look, facing the group of men near which I was standing. "Brainard's outfit ain't heah," he said. "I don't see wheah they can be at. They stahted to come in, I know. Got to find 'em—can't leave 'em theah. Which er you boys 'll go?"

He was looking at me as he spoke. I nodded. I didn't want to go, but I hadn't backbone enough to refuse then. Specs heaved a sigh of relief and disappeared. Sam stood close beside me. "I'll go, of course," he said, quietly, and turning, walked toward his horses. Many volunteered, most of them young men and unmarried, but some had wives. Barton may or may not have been right in attributing to this fact their willingness to risk their scalps, but he refused them, for the twelve men selected were all single.

The horses were soon ready, and we were mounted when Specs, on his mule, rode up and joined us. The sheriff started to remonstrate, but for the first time in my knowledge of him Specs interrupted. "I'm goin'," he said, "I wanter, and I'm goin'. If you won't let me go alonger you, I'll go myself, but I'll go." There was no time to argue. He was unarmed, but someone thrust a Wells-Fargo into his hand and gave him a derisive cheer as his mount, more diagram-like than ever, fell in behind us, as we settled into a lope along the trail leading to the upper ford. Mile after mile of the road stretched away behind us. The thick dust hung like a curtain at our backs, save when a breath of air would, for an instant, lift it aside, revealing Balaam and his rider, both dust-colored, pounding resolutely along, in our wake, farther and farther behind.

"The trail takes a tuhn ovah beyond the fah bank," said Barton, as we splashed through the ford, "an' I reckon we'll cut across the loop it makes. It's shawteh, an' if any In'ians is follerin' maybe we kin take 'em from behin' that way." We had stopped to water our horses; Specs had had time to come up, and was now riding with us, the nose of his mule looking very new and fresh where it had been washed in the process of drinking. But it soon became gray again, like the rest of him.

We left the road and struck across the prairie.

The country became rough; cactus hedges and gnarled mesquit and sage-brush, then arroyos and knolls of vol-

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canic slag to be jumped or scrambled over; and finally the level plain once more, with the trail, like a white ribbon, in the distance. Barton reached it first. He gave a warning cry, and turning, rode furiously up the road.

A glance at the ground showed his reason, for there were wagon tracks in the wind-blown sand, and, almost obliterating them, the footprints of unshod ponies. We all streamed along behind him, some of us, perhaps, feeling as uncomfortable as I did. The footprints indicated only a small party, which would surely give before us, but one could never tell where the rest of the band might be. Furthermore, it is not pleasant to be potted at long range, and this might happen at any time now.

No one spoke. The thick dust muffled the hoof-beats, and the click of long spur-chains against wooden stirrups, and the undertone of faint, silvery ringing, made by the linked ends of the bridle-reins, only served to underline the great silence.

We were nearing the river again, where it runs through its deep cañon of black rock.

Across the low rise that separated us from it, a little breeze, scarcely felt against the hot air rushing by our faces, brought with it the faint sound of a few dropping rifle-shots. We pushed on still faster. The whine of a bullet, which made some of us duck, was followed by another report, much closer, and a puff of smoke curled up from behind a bowlder on our right.

The sheriff reached to the rifle-bucket under his left knee, and we topped the rise.

A low wall, the relic of some long-forgotten Indian fight, protected the upper end of a broad gully, which, cutting the cliff, led from the mesa-land to the river; and over the top of this wall peeped the white canvas tilt of a prairie schooner.

This, and the sight of five Indian ponies, rapidly getting their owners out of rifle-range, told everything.

From behind the wall Brainard's gray head appeared. He rested a Winchester on the rock in front of him, and taking careful aim at the retreating savages, fired.

An Apache threw up his arms and fell backward on the sand, his pony galloping on, riderless. Two Indians, stooping from their horses, each caught a hand of their fallen comrade, and dragged him quickly out of sight. Brainard rose and walked toward us, slipping a fresh shell into his rifle as he came. "I'm mighty glad to see you boys," he said. "Thought you might come. Hoped you would, anyhow. Howdy, Barton?" He was speaking coolly, but with an effort, and the hand that held the rifle was trembling a little. "Have much trouble in stan'in' 'em off?" asked the sheriff. "Middlin'. That gang rounded us up here this mornin'. I knowed this place, an' we just made it. Had two rifles, and Annie or th' ol' woman'd load up one while I was pumpin' t'other. Kep' it talkin' kinder lively, so I s'pose them Apaches had a notion there was several on us. Couldn't have held out much longer, though. Mighty glad you all's come." He had led the way into the little fort as he was speaking, and stopped to close the gap in the wall through which we had passed.

Mrs. Brainard was standing inside, leaning on the spare rifle; close by sat Annie, her face hidden in her folded arms. The younger woman stole a glance at Sam, but did not speak; the elder was always a person of a few words. "Came jus' in time, boys," said she. "Reckon you mus' be 'bout ready for somethin' t' eat."

Then she set about preparing the meal.

While we were eating, there was considerable discussion as to how we should proceed. Barton was for returning at once to the big camp; but Brainard held a different opinion. We could not reach our destination, he pointed out, until long after dark, when we might easily be ambushed by our late enemies, even if we did not have a running fight with them all the way home. We could stand them off much better where we were. The debate waxed warm. We had all forgotten Specs. Our meal was nearly finished when someone noticed that he was absent, but at the same moment Balaam's head appeared above the breastwork, and his rider, with a sigh, slid out of the saddle and shuffled to-

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ward us. Annie looked at him and sneered; then casting a glance at Sam which made him look sheepishly pleased. Some of the men laughed. Specs winced, but paid no further attention to the slight, and going up to the sheriff touched his arm. Barton impatiently threw off the hand. Once more Specs grasped the sheriff's arm, this time retaining his hold and pointing with the Wells-Fargo, held in the other hand, toward the mountains, blue on the northern horizon. Everyone looked at the point indicated. A haze of smoke, almost invisible, was curling up from the desert, miles away. The arm changed its direction and pointed to another wreath; then to a third, and finally indicated a column in the west, rising straight in the motionless air, not half a mile from us. "I reckon that settles it," said the sheriff, quietly, gazing at the nearest smoke; "we mus' have struck in heah jus' at the place they was to gathah, an' those foah gangs that's signalin' will try an take us in on theah way down the creek." "I guess that's right," assented Brainard, looking at his wife. She shuddered, then tried to smile. Annie sank down on the sand and cried hysterically. Sam made a motion as though he would go to her, but probably feeling the ridicule that might follow thought better of it.

"No use breakin' youah necks wuhkin'," said Barton, raising his voice a little. "It's sundown, now, an' we've got all night. Besides, theah ain't much to do." He was alluding to the fact, well known to us all, that Apaches never attack save at dusk or dawn, and it was nearly dark now. Many of the men lacked faith, I think, in this custom, or feared that the Indians might make an exception in our case, and we all worked feverishly preparing for the assault which the morning at the latest would bring. Every chink through which a bullet might be supposed to find its way was carefully stopped, and sand-banked up on the inside of the wall.

The work served for a time to occupy our minds, but was finished even before the light faded from the level edge of the desert, and the long blue night closed in.

The fire was carefully extinguished. One man after another went to rest, until all had gone save two: a sentinel sitting in the wagon and Specs, whose form I could see from where I lay, outlined against the sky. He was leaning on the wall, looking out over the plain at a waning spark which marked a camp-fire of our enemies. It was long before I slept that night, and the last thing I remembered seeing was that figure by the wall, as motionless as the wall itself.

Some one shook me by the shoulder, and the sheriff directed me to take my place by the wall; then passed softly on to rouse others. It seemed but a few minutes after I had fallen asleep, yet there was a smell of dawn in the air, and as I gained my post the east turned faintly gray.

Barton, kneeling against the wall leaned back, glancing left and right at the men on each side of him. "Theah, in that broken groun', yondeh," he whispered, resuming his position. "They'll crawl out mos' like now, to—see?" A crouching form stole out from behind a hummock, followed by many others. They appeared to spring out of the desert everywhere until, in an instant, a straggling line was formed which waited for a moment, then moved toward us. "Pass the wuhd not to shoot till I do," said our leader, softly, to the men next him. The Indians were still a hundred yards away—too far to risk a rifle-shot in that light—when Barton's order reached a man on my left. Then two flashes of a shotgun burned holes in the dim light, heavy charges of buckshot tore the sand a few yards in front of the wall, while Specs sank down at its base, in a fit of terror greater than was common even for him.

A straggling shot or two followed. "Fiah!" shouted the sheriff.

A rattling crash set the echoes flying down the cliffs, and a blue smoke-cloud tumbled and rolled before us, increasing in density as some of the more excitable of the men sprang to their feet and pumped their Winchesters into it. Barton stopped this, for ammunition was too precious to be wasted. It seemed as though that cloud would

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never lift. I caught myself signalling for it to move to one side, as I might to any one who stood in line with a transit through which I might be looking. A few bullets sung overhead or flattened with a splash against the wall.

I was somewhat surprised at this, for I had forgotten, for the moment, that the Indians could fire back.

The smoke eddied, hesitated, and drifted aside. We could see more clearly now, in the gathering light, but with the exception of two prostrate forms on the sand, no Indians were visible. There was little danger of another rush. The Apache is not given to rushing, save when every advantage is on his side, and the surprise in this case had failed. They knew, however, as well as did we, that our provisions would soon give out, and in the meantime they would watch.

When anyone exposed himself, this was made evident by the bullet which was invariably sent in search of him.

Our only chance lay in getting a message to our camp. They could send us help from there, for, as one of the men observed, as all the Indians in the Territory were besieging us, the big camp obviously must be free from them. Anyway it was our only chance, if chance it was. On three sides we were encompassed by watchful savages, on the fourth rolled the river, swollen by melted snow from the mountains, and also commanded by the Apache rifles.

In the opinion of our men the unpleasant position in which we found ourselves was clearly due to Specs's cowardice in firing prematurely, and so giving warning of what otherwise might have been a decisive blow to our enemies. As a vent to the irritation born of their suspense they told him so, in language and with threats which speedily reduced him to such a state that words had no further effect upon him.

The question as to whether or not a messenger could live to reach the other camp had been decided in the negative many times as the morning wore on. The sun blazed down with pitiless fervor, and the horses stamped uneasily in their sheltered corral; the men lay gasping with the heat, under anything standing high enough to cast the least shadow on the glaring sand.

No one had spoken for some time when Specs walked quickly to the wagon from which, after some fumbling, he extracted a large brass kettle. He examined it critically. "Say, I'm kinder sorry I spoke the poor cuss so rough awhile back," murmured a man lying near me. "He's locoed worse'n ever. Scare did it, I reckon." It certainly did seem so, for Specs fitted the pot carefully over his head, took it off and looked it over, then tried it on again. No one cared to interfere with him. We watched him with some curiosity as to what he intended doing.

The kettle evidently wouldn't do for a helmet, if that was his idea, for he put it down. Then he selected two large sticks of cottonwood from a pile of drift that had been collected for fuel, and laid them parallel to each other, a foot apart. Inverting the kettle, he placed it on top of the sticks, and bound the whole together with wire from a broken hay-bale. Lifting the contrivance on to one end, he stuck his head in the kettle, so that the logs rested one on each shoulder. Then he started in a shambling run for the river, down the gully, twenty yards away, and had reached it before anyone realized what he was trying to do. We tried to stop him, but it was too late. "Come back, you fool," some one shouted. "That kittle won't turn no rifle-ball."

The water, sheltered by the jaws of the little cañon, made at this point a pool free from current. Wading out chest-deep Specs lowered his shoulders until the logs floated, then struck out for the swirling stream beyond. At least we supposed he did, for the brass pot moved in that direction, but we could see nothing of the man underneath. The armored cruiser, which had been shaded by the rocky wall, jerked its way beyond the shadow into the blazing sunshine, which made the bright metal glow like a flame. There was a yell from above; the Indians had seen it. Two or three rifle-balls splashed in the water close by, and one went fairly through, for we could see

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the rough edges made by the bullet as it came out.

Another grooved the side of the pot and went singing away, as a glanced bullet will. Then the current caught the logs, sweeping them downward out of sight.

The firing still continued, and the sheriff called us back to the walls. "Them reds might go chasin' that man-o'-wah, an' then we kin get a couple of 'em, as like as not," he explained.

No Indian came in sight, however, and the firing died gradually away.

We could do nothing now but wait, whatever Specs's fate might be; but everything depended on his escape, and his chance of having succeeded was, naturally, our one topic for discussion. He had eleven miles to drift down the river, for it would have been madness for him to try and land on the opposite bank until he had got beyond the stretch where the Indians would dare follow him.

At least eight of these miles would probably be under fire, and then he might capsize, drown, or a hundred other things could happen. It hardly seemed possible that he could live through it. "You cyan't tell, though," said Barton. "Them Indians cyan't tell jus' wheah his haid is, undah that kettle. It'll lead 'em to fiah too high, mos'ly. Then they cyan't tell when it's theah, foh Specs 'll prawb'ly keep it undah watah all he kin. They ain't no reason why he should steeah himself 'gains' nothin' else. It ain't a very gaudy show, maybe; but it's a chance."

With this we had to content ourselves. Our hope rose and fell and rose again as the sun travelled slowly across the sky, and we lay parching in the little shade which the wall could afford us.

Six hours passed by. Seven. Suddenly Mrs. Brainard rose and held up her hand. "Hear that?" she said, after a pause. We had heard nothing, and said so, but she made an impatient signal that we should be still, and we listened once more. Two or three shots, faint in the distance, came over the desert, followed by the ghost of a cheer. Then the man on guard threw up his hat and yelled; a louder cheer answered him, and in a few moments more our reinforcements emerged from the dust they made, and were with us.

The Indians were gone, they said. Not a shot had been fired except to let us know that help was at hand.

The smouldering fires, passed on the way, showed that those who had camped there had not long been gone. They would not return, probably, but it was best to take no chances, and get as soon as possible to the camp. There was no disposition to linger. In an amazingly short time the horses were harnessed or saddled, and the wagon was creaking down the sandy road with its double escort. Now, in answer to our many questions we heard the account of Specs's adventures, as known to the lower camp. There was not much to tell.

Their attention had been attracted by some distant firing, and some Indians were seen, but far out of range. Then, around a bend, the kettle had hove in sight. "We couldn't make out what 'twere, first off," said my informant.

"T'was all banged woppy-jawed by them balls. Holes like one er them tin sieves an' then three or four holes knocked into one. We was kinder uneasy 'bout you fellers up there, because we heard that the Brainard outfit had gone up Santos Niños way, an' we didn't know where you'd got to in chasin' it. When we saw that brass olla, we thought maybe there was a message in it. It come down an' grounded on a bar, in about two foot of water.

"I rode in an' roped it an' dragged it out. I was ashore, an' it was in shaller water, an' I was snakin' it out pretty swift, when somebody yelled for me to go easy.

"When I looked around, there was Specs's legs a-tailin' out behind. The bail of the kettle was hangin' down, and he'd got it under his arms. He looked as if he'd gone up for sure, but there wasn't ary scratch on him an' he hadn't taken in no water. Jus' dead rattled, I reckon. After a while he jerked them long arms and legs some, an' come to a little. He tried to speak his piece, an' after awhile we savvied. He kinder coughed it out, shakin' all over between

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whiles. We left some women pumpin' whiskey down him, an' lit out up the creek.

"Say, who'd a thought that galoot had so much sand? His stock's up, jus' now, you betcher boots. Boomin'."

While the story was being told to me, several of the men had brought their horses close alongside, so that they could listen, and down the line I could see that there were other knots of our people giving close attention, each to its narrator.

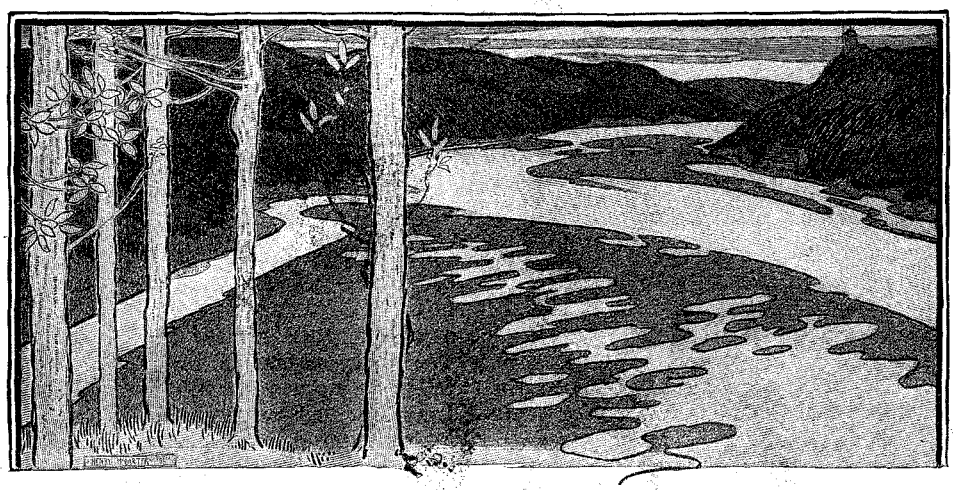
Public opinion had changed, concerning Specs, there could be no doubt as to that. From good-natured contempt it had, naturally enough, swung to the opposite extreme. Specs's name was one which had to be treated with respect. This was made plain when Sam crawled into the wagon to bask in the smiles of his innamorata, for by common consent he was sternly haled forth. Specs was not there, and in his absence no unfair advantage of him should be taken.

The camp was much changed since we had left it, a few hours before. There were fewer people there, and many wagon-tracks led through gaps in the sand-bag barricade. Those who remained were, for the most part, making preparations to leave, for the alarm was over.

By the side of the road taken by our party, under a thatched horse-shelter, stood Specs, tying the ends of a bandanna handkerchief, which wrapped a small bundle. Several people were speaking to him earnestly, but his back was toward them, and he returned no answer. An elderly man stepped out and hailed the wagon, which had nearly lumbered past. As it stopped, he went to where the girl was sitting, and held out his hand as though to help her to alight. "Thought maybe you'd want to thank him fer what he done," said he, as she hesitated. Every one stood gravely regarding her as, accepting the proffered aid, she bounced to the ground. Specs had turned.

Picking up his bundle, he drew a long breath and stepped quickly to where she stood. "T'want nothin'," he said. "I wanted ter do it an' I done it." He stopped for a moment, then added, "I done it fer you." He held out his hand, but before she could take it, drew it back, turned and walked rapidly away, westward, down the old Government trail. No one spoke or tried to stop him. His road led over a little rise, and as he reached the top, his awkward figure stood in black relief against the setting sun, then dropped, step by step, out of sight on the other side.

Drawing herself up, the girl turned to Sam. "He never did have no manners," she said.



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AN AMERICAN MOTHER

By Mary Lanman Underwood

"IT seems an extreme means."

Mrs. Cannon withdrew her eyes from contemplation of the ocean that rolled in at the foot of the lawn and turned them slowly on the speaker.

"From what you say it is a case that calls for extreme means."

"I did not intend to alarm you unnecessarily."

"Any mother would be alarmed, I am sure."

She leaned her dark head against the red cushion of the piazza chair as she spoke, and met his troubled look with one of mingled resolution and defiance.

"It is useless to talk about my influence over him," she went on, quickly. "Of course I know, I hope I have had influence in making him what he is—but he is a man now. You cannot expect me, Randolph, to ask him to give up caring for this girl as a sacrifice to his feeling for me; that would put me in the wrong in the beginning."

The man made no immediate reply. He sat, a genially dignified figure in his severe morning clothes, his gaze fixed abstractedly on a sail dipping against the distant blue of the horizon.

"You must not magnify this, Bertha," he said, cheerfully, at last. "Infatuation in a boy of twenty-one for a girl of her type is one of the commonest things. The chances are ten to one that he will come out of it without having committed himself; it was just that tenth chance I wanted to guard against in Hamilton's case."

Mrs. Cannon shook her head, undeceived by the sudden confidence of his tone.

"Don't try to encourage me with generalities," she said. "How are we to know that he will not commit himself to-day. You say that he is con-

She leaned forward, ... her slender hands . . . . clasping the arms of the chair.—Page 598.

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stantly seen with her—that people are wondering if it will come to anything."

"That Ida Jewett says people are wondering," he corrected her.

"After all, if she were some girl of obscure respectability whom he had glorified, I should not mind so much," she continued; "but what is hardest to endure is that he can be blind to Miss McDonnell's posing. I should have thought he would be the first to see how different she is from the girls with whom he has been brought up."

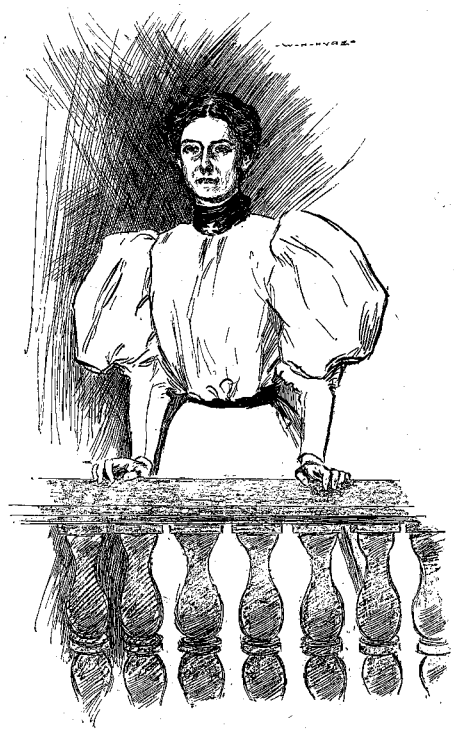
"That is just it, my dear Bertha—the novelty."

"It is true," she admitted, fairly, "the girl may have attractive qualities under her ordinary manners; but that is just the point. Even if I go to Hamilton, as you suggest, there is nothing I can say to him save, 'I hear you are attentive to a girl who is not quite well-bred.' And he will reply, with perfect justice, that I do not know her and am not in a position to judge."

She leaned forward in her earnestness, her slender hands with their fine jewels clasping the arms of the chair.

"I have always dreaded appearing to make an affectation of it," she said, a little tremulously, "but you know, Randolph, that in spite of all my other interests, my real life has centred in Hamilton always. It has seemed to me lately that he had grown up to be all I could desire in so many ways—and now, if his first act of independence should be to throw himself away in such a marriage—oh, I cannot, cannot bear it."

She covered her eyes for a moment, turning her head away; and he remained silent from a man's awkwardness at sight of tears. It was years since he had seen her other than the distinguished, self-possessed woman of the world. He felt suddenly carried back to the time when, a charming, ambitious girl, she had married his jovial friend and he had stood helplessly by watching her, at first unsatisfied, finally disillusioned and suffering. He made a motion now as if to touch one of her hands, and then checked himself abruptly; the color rose in his smooth-shaven face.



Resting her hands on the piazza-rail, gazed wistfully out to sea.—Page 599.

"You must not take it so hard," he faltered.

"I suppose," she protested, "if I had brought him up to obey my wishes unquestioningly, I might be able to speak to him now as you wish. But always, ever since he was a baby, I have tried to make him see the reason of things; I have wanted him to think out for himself what was right and what was wrong. I have never believed that a child should consider his parents infallible—it doesn't seem reasonable. What I have wanted is that Hamilton should understand that he and I are under the same laws of right and wrong, and that I am his superior only in experience. I always left him perfectly free at college, and I think he came through with as few things to regret as most boys. Of course I am glad to think that my opinion strengthened his good resolutions."

"You need not justify yourself," he said, "he is a straightforward and honorable fellow, and his mind works as clearly as a man's on most points. He is like the men of your family."

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"Do you think so?" she exclaimed, eagerly, and then flushed, annoyed at having betrayed her dread of another inheritance.

"All that you have said confirms me in my first judgment," she hastened to divert him.

Without replying he rose and took up his hat and stick, which were lying on the wicker divan near by.

"Then I am afraid I have only made a bad matter worse," he said, frankly; "but at all events the time has passed for imposing my guardian's authority, if I ever had any."

He hastily removed his feet from the opposite chair and straightened out of his lounging position.

"You are always most kind, most good." She extended her hand without rising. "If I find that you can help me, I will send for you; and if I fail I will admit that you told me so."

When the last sounds of the buckboard wheels on the gravel drive had ceased, she stood up, and resting her hands on the piazza-rail, gazed wistfully out to sea. Presently she turned, and stepping with an air of intention, entered the house.

In the hall the butler was able to tell her that Mr. Cannon was reading in the billiard-room. The young man, absorbed in his newspaper, did not see her until she spoke; then he hastily removed his feet from the opposite chair and straightened out of his lounging position. Mrs. Cannon, going over, sat down on the window-seat beside him.

The resemblance between them, without being physically striking, was real. Although he had not fully outgrown the easy slouch which stands young fellows in place of entire self-possession, there was much of his mother's free and simple poise about him. His lean, muscular figure betokened plenty of vigor; his face was open and frank. He wore his dark and shining hair parted in the middle over his high forehead; and prominent cheek-bones and a somewhat long chin added to the extreme masculinity of his expression.

"Jackson said that Mr. Van Alden was with you," he remarked, as she settled some cushions behind her. "I thought that I wouldn't intrude."

"I didn't send for you," she explained, "because we were talking about you."

"Such a new subject for you two," he laughed.

"But this time it was business."

He sobered at once, becoming boyishly eager.

"You mean about the railroading?" he asked. "You told him that I wish to go into it."

She leaned forward and laid her hand gently on his arm; the action was full of sympathy.

"I told him everything," she replied,

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"and he thinks it an excellent choice for you. He said at once that he would be glad to put you in the way of something on his own road, provided you were willing to begin at the beginning."

The young man raised his eyebrows with an exaggerated gesture of dissent.

"I know what Van Alden's beginning means," he said. "Overalls."

"If you do not care to take it, I will make your allowance sufficient," she replied, quickly. Her tone was studiously careless, but a gleam of anxiety betrayed itself in her eyes.

He sat silent for a few moments after she had spoken, idly pulling the wool on the back of the poodle which had wandered up.

"You are awfully good, mother," he said, finally, rousing himself; "but of course there isn't any question of my not taking this chance. I am in luck to get it, and I want to begin at the beginning and show what stuff I'm made of, if I can. Only I was thinking—" he paused and glanced up at her in awkward confusion. Suddenly his face became suffused with a tender pink that even the summer tan did not hide. "I was thinking that perhaps I had better say now that, if—if I should ever have a family, then I should be grateful for your generosity."

The last words were blurted out bashfully, with averted eyes, or he must have seen her start of dismay. In his embarrassment, however, he did not even notice the long pause following, or that once or twice she opened her lips as if to speak and then closed them again.

"I hope that I may always have plenty for us all," she said, at last, rising. "We will talk of this again soon."

As she passed swiftly up the curving staircase out of his sight, she was conscious that her hands had grown very cold and that her lips were trembling.

"It is worse than I had thought," she whispered to herself.

Late that afternoon Mrs. Cannon came down for her drive, smiling, and looking younger than ever in her light costume. She made a pretty show of pleasure at the sight of her son, who stood at the top of the piazza-steps carefully inspecting the horses.

"You will come with me?" she asked. "Do, the truth is I want to consult with you." "It is about the people we are to have next week," she explained, when he had accepted her invitation and they were rolling over the raked gravel out to the dusty highroad. "I cannot remember whether I told you that Anna Phelps is coming or not. Her mother is abroad, you know, and she is staying at Marion with her grandmother, so I thought a few days of Narragansett would break the monotony. Then there is your friend Lauriston, and even if we keep it a *partie carrée* we seem to be a girl short. Can't you suggest someone?" "It is the Sunday I want most to provide for," she resumed, as he hesitated. "It is hardly worth while getting anyone from a distance for so short a time, but if you could think of

As the girl wavered for an instant on the threshold.—Page 602.

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some nice girl who is staying at the Pier, whom we could ask down—you see I have been about so little this year that I have lost track of who is here."

She paused and looked at the young man expectantly. He appeared to be turning over what she had said in his mind.

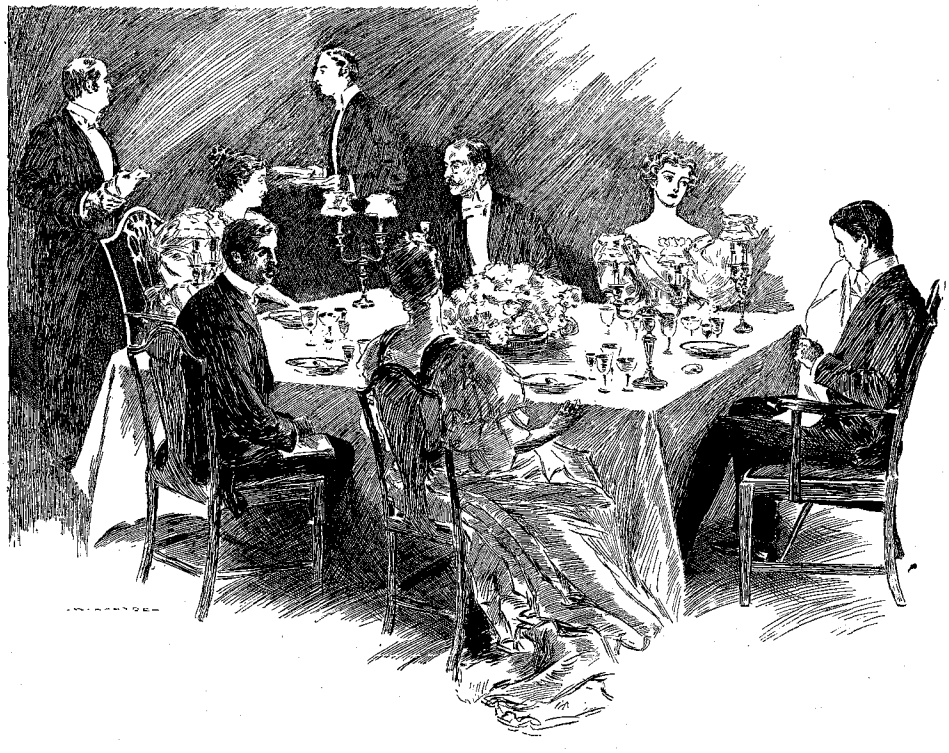
"There is one girl," he volunteered, presently. "A Miss McDonnell—but you do not know her people." He colored in spite of his effort to look unconscious.

"Miss McDonnell?" She repeated the name with just the shade of vague interest which the conversation demanded. "I think that I have seen you with her at the Casino. A rather conspicuous blonde? Well, if you are sure that she will be the right person, why shouldn't I call on her mother—she has a mother, I suppose. We might go to-day, and then I could send the invitation in the morning."

"They are staying at the —— House," he demurred. She fancied that he already regretted the impulse to which he had given way.

"If you will tell James the direction," she said, "there will be just time."

On the evening that followed the assembling of her little house party, Mrs. Cannon's guests were, with one exception, gathered in the reception-room a prompt five minutes before her dinner-hour. Anna Phelps, who had travelled down from Boston since noon, stood slender and cool in her white gown, talking to Lauriston. Soft wisps of light, uncurled hair fell carelessly about her serene face, and the delicate pink rose and fell in her cheeks as she listened and responded. Mrs. Cannon, on the other side of the room, chatted pleasantly of the season's topics to a third man who had been asked for the evening, and Hamilton, included in neither conversation, turned his eyes restlessly back and forth between the clock and his mother. It was a quarter of an hour past the appointed time



Mrs. Cannon, smilingly attentive, saw the faintest shadow of annoyance gather on her son's face.—Page 603.

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The girl monopolized the piano.—Page 603.

when his anxious ear caught the first rustle of silk, but in an instant Mrs. Cannon had heard it too, and, advancing, prepared to meet the new-comer.

As the girl wavered for an instant on the threshold, the room seemed suddenly to have become very full. It was not so much her size, perhaps, as the strikingly artificial proportions of her figure—the wide hips and shoulders, the painfully belted-in waist—her whole aggressive carriage, which jarred so rudely on the quiet harmony of the company. As Mrs. Cannon held her hand while she went through with the brief introduction, the girl stared curiously. Her eyes were blue and naturally prominent, with arched eyebrows. The lovely curling of her golden hair lost from being twisted into an elaborate form, and the red lips of her small mouth puckered in what seemed an habitual expression of discontent. She had no opportunity to do more than bow generally before dinner was announced.

At the table it was evident to the elder woman's alert observation that the girl was quite unaccustomed to the quiet elegance of all the appointments. She sat rather rigidly in her chair with her elbows at a sharp angle, and Mrs. Cannon detected a furtive glance in her direction before she ventured to take up the oyster-fork beside her plate. After a few moments, however, it became apparent that the novelty of her position stimulated instead of awing her. She broke into the conversation with nervous volubility.

"I hope I didn't keep your dinner standing very long," she said, addressing Mrs. Cannon; she spoke very quickly and clipped her words at the ends. "The truth is, it was the fault of my new maid. Papa brought her up from New York night before last, and I guess we haven't got used to each other yet. She has the best recommendation, though, from one of the first families, but somehow she doesn't seem to suit me. Now, to-night the more I hurried her the slower she got."

"Oh, they are all the people we live

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with," Anna Phelps agreed, pleasantly, across the table.

"Well, I say a servant should know her place," persisted the other girl, "and if she doesn't know it she's got to be taught. As my father says, if you pay your money for their time it's yours. Now, next year at home I want to have a butler and a buttons both, and mother says they'll fight, but I say they won't if they are only brought to terms in the first place."

"Oh, certainly," acquiesced Miss Phelps. She carefully refrained from meeting her hostess's glance, but her expression betrayed vague dismay.

Mrs. Cannon, smilingly attentive, saw the faintest shadow of annoyance gather on her son's face as he hastened to divert Miss McDonnell's attention into a less conspicuous conversation with himself. In that moment the memory of Van Alden and his warning came to her, and the pulses in her body seemed to stop for an instant, as she realized in this first signal of success the extent of the risk she had taken.

During the three days that followed Mrs. Cannon used every occasion as an opportunity to give Miss McDonnell precedence. At her hostess's request the girl monopolized the piano, her untrained voice filling the room with its loud, throaty notes. She chose popular airs, sung with a generous accompaniment of the loud pedal, until young Cannon, who had heard the best music from his early childhood, began to wonder irritably what could induce his mother to renew the invitation every evening. On their drives and excursions, too, she was always placed by his side, and her shallow, constantly recurring laugh came after awhile to fill his ears with no effect save that of weariness.

Mrs. Cannon, unable to trust the reassurance of her son's manner, had brought the young people out on the piazza to spend their last evening. Now that the game seemed so nearly at an end, she was seized with a sudden, wretched uncertainty. What if Hamilton's apparent moodiness, as he lounged against the railing, was in reality some deeper feeling. Young Lauriston and Anna Phelps had drawn somewhat apart, and the low murmur of their voices reached the others without meaning. Mrs. Cannon, as she glanced from her son to Miss McDonnell, showily pretty, with the moonlight streaming on her white shoulders, felt a sudden desire to act—to end her uncertainty in one way or the other at once.

She turned to her son:

"Have you shown Miss McDonnell our Spouting Rock?" she said. "It ought to be fine to-night."

Hamilton roused himself with something like a shake.

"Will you come?" he said; and his mother could not help being sure of the indifference of his tone.

The young couple went down the steps and across the lawn. As soon as they were fairly away from the house, the girl dropped her assumed air and spoke out quite naturally.

"There!" she said, "this is the first time I've seen you alone since I came. Now, for goodness sake, do tell me what is the matter with you to-day; are you mad?"

"Mad? Vexed, do you mean? No."

"Then what makes you so different?"

"I didn't know that I was different." In spite of himself he sounded curt. "There is the Spouting Rock," he hastened to add.

"You are different," she averred, disregarding his interruption. "You know that you are different."

He pondered over it a good ten minutes.—Page 604.

Hamilton had halted and was standing with his figure turned partly away from her.

"Am I?" he replied, carelessly. "You ought to see the Rock on a windy day; then it is really worth while."

The girl's face flamed up. "I knew you were mad," she declared.

"No, I assure you *I* am not."

His calm civility

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seemed to confuse her. She faced about with a quick gesture.

"Let's go back," she said, shortly.

He fancied, with impatient shame, that there were tears of mortification in her voice. It crossed his mind that his mother had really made a mistake in encouraging her by an invitation to the house.

When Van Alden received a note from Mrs. Cannon on the following morning, he pondered over it a good ten minutes in irritated perplexity. It was like a woman, he asserted testily, to throw out mysterious hints over nothing; but although he was bound to a stag dinner that evening, it did not prevent his replying by the messenger that it would give him the greatest pleasure to dine with her. Then he went into the library and wrote a pacifying letter to his host, in which the demands of family friends who were in deep trouble stood out convincingly.

He was not, therefore, wholly prepared for the quiet self-satisfaction with which his hostess came down to meet him.

"You have something to tell me?" he asked.

"Better than that," she replied, her eyes shining; "I have nothing to tell you."

That night, when she had left the two men over their cigars, the talk came back naturally to Hamilton's prospects.

"The place is ready for you whenever you care to go," said the elder man.

"And I should like to go at once," Hamilton cried. He stretched out his arms as if the future were something he would pick up bodily.

Van Alden regarded him with a flush of admiration.

"I wonder if you half appreciate your mother," he said, impulsively.

"I have always thought I did, sir."

"Thought! Oh, my dear boy, when you are forty and look back you will know."

When she had left the two men over their cigars.

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Ruminations After the Accident.

Lamp-light effect produced in darkened studio by the aid of shaded calcium.

THE CAMERA AND THE COMEDY

By Alexander Black

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "A CAPITAL COURTSHIP"

ONLY the practitioner in photography can fully feel the privileges of the medium, nor can any appreciate so keenly as he its hard limitations. In making my "picture plays"* I have had some opportunities not hitherto afforded for touching its boundaries.

As an experiment in pictorial story-telling these "plays" have taxed both the artistic and the scientific resources of photography; for while the process of reproducing the studio scenes representing the in-door incidents of the story has constituted simply a partnership between an art and a science, the out-door scenes represent a far less easily defined union of these elements, since every privilege by which the photographer may color his work, and thus give it qualities of art, is here to be used by him and cannot very well be separated from him. The selection of point of view must be left with him, for reasons directly connected with his knowledge of photographable qualities in light, atmosphere, etc.; and these considerations, to a degree that does

"Miss Jerry's" Entrance.

Fragment of Reception Scene containing large number of figures.

* "Miss Jerry," the first picture play, brought out in 1894, was described in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for September, 1895. Mr. Black's second camera comedy, "A Capital Courtship," was first produced in April of the present year.

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The Interrupted Whist Party.

Showing use of dramatic composition in opening scene; gas-light effect produced by exclusion of side light.

not enter studio work, must govern also his method of developing the image.

Indeed, so far as the "picture play" is concerned, I find it hard to fancy the elements of the text, the stage management (that is, the purely dramatic element), the artistic work (so far as this might be separable from the dramatic element), and the pure photography as being represented each by a different person. Certainly my own attempt to be all of these at the same time has given to me a capacity for sympathy toward each member of such a combination, should it ever be harmoniously formed.

The telling of a story with living people has an inevitable likeness to the drama; enough, perhaps, to justify the whim of the name "picture play." And it is true that many of the general principles of the drama apply with equal force to this form of story-telling. Yet because the story is recorded by the camera, and because it finally is projected in a series of pictures, however rapid in their succession, the story-telling method of the picture play is distinct in itself, with privileges and with limitations peculiar to this method.

Pending the perfection of the vitascope, the cinematograph, and kindred devices, the ordinary camera, in partnership with the rapidly dissolving stereopticon, gives freest expression to the processes of the picture play, not only for a greater clearness and steadiness in pictorial result, but because of the wider range of selection possible to the portable camera. And, with whatever medium, we find, as I have suggested, problems in the story-telling function that is imposed upon the pictures. As the *modus* of the pantomime is radically different from that of the spoken play, so the action of the ordinary play differs from that of the pictured play, in which the audible element is supplied by an accompanying monologue. How much can the pictures tell? How much shall the monologue tell? What shall be told twice —that is to say, in the pictures and in the monologue at the same time? How shall the interplay of pictures and text best secure for each its necessary share of attention, and avoid the loss to audi-

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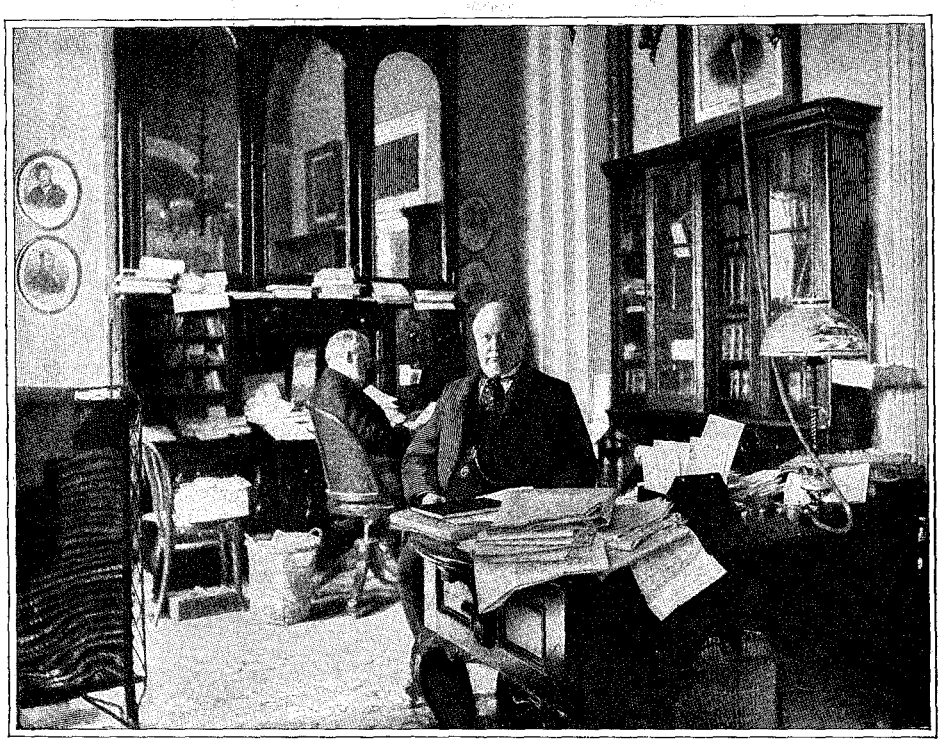

Speaker Reed in the Speaker's Room of the House.

There was but one point from which this picture could be taken without disturbing the natural arrangements of the room. The Speaker's position is characteristic. The series of plates was made in some haste and excitement, the House being in session at the time.

tor and spectator of points communicated by either?

The burden of the initiative in this problem falls on the pictures, and constitutes a nice artistic problem that is not made easier by the limitations of photography. This problem is not that of isolated illustrations to a story. The movement of the pictures being continuous, the pictures suffer almost as much in separation as do one of those distressing glimpses of "the horse in motion," which are true to the instant and false to the larger fact. A "situation" is not epitomized as in an illustrator's picture or in an ordinary *tableau vivant*, but is distributed in a number of plates, in each of which the point of emphasis may be moved or the emphasis modified according to the needs of the situation.

What seems to be a primary necessity of such pictures is that they should first be realistic, for it would be as disastrous to the illusion and to the interest to have the pictures look like illustrations or artistic compositions, as to have them look like records of a play. The illustrator has his own advantages, and to imitate the conventions of a stage play would only weaken the impression produced, for the imitation of either method must be inferior to the thing imitated. The superb facility and range of the one art, and the living movement of the other, make imitation ridiculous; though the use of photography for purely imitative effects is familiar enough. We all have seen photographs that "looked like paintings," and have thought that they had no other virtue. It is, of course, as futile for the photographer to place his camera out of focus in hope of imitating the painter, as for the painter to imitate the minutiæ of the camera. The outcome of each process is distressing to the last degree. In recording literal fact the painter cannot draw like the camera, for no eye has the truth of a good lens; and the photographer is in a disappointing business when he do-

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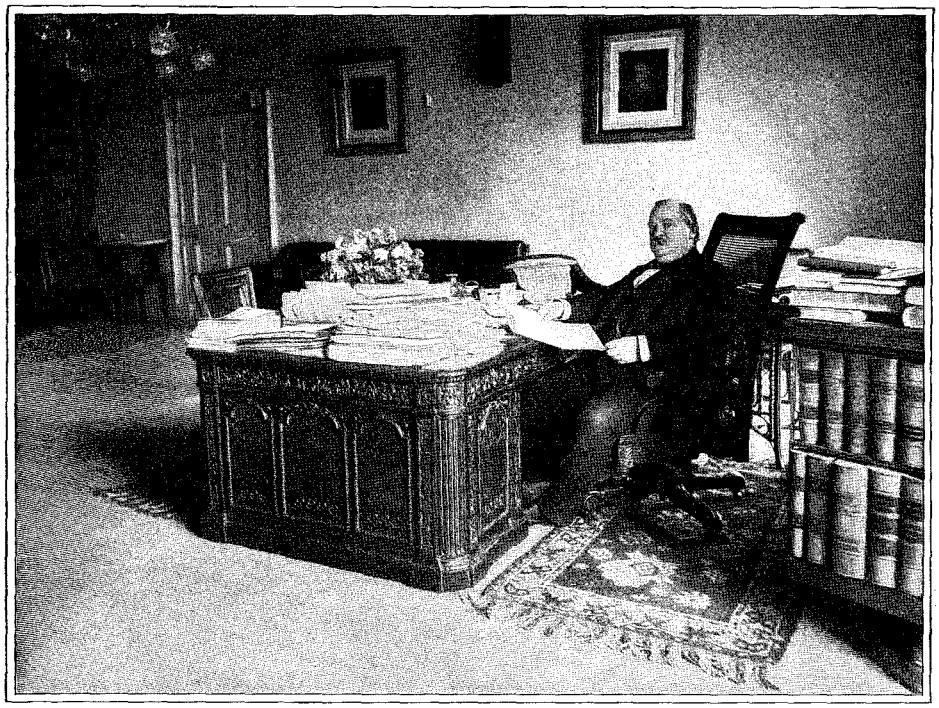

President Cleveland.

The series of plates in the President's private office at the White House could only be made with regard to a natural and familiar lighting, from the door leading to the Cabinet room. At such close quarters it was necessary to use a very wide angle lens, whose action appears in the exaggerated perspective lines.

votes himself to making his very pretty Rhine stone look like a real diamond.

The picture-story, that is, the story in the pictures, will be most impressive, and consequently most artistic, when it produces, so far as may be possible, the illusion of reality. This reality is not likely to be had without sacrifice on the strictly pictorial side. Room backgrounds, for example, have a quality in the interest of realism that certainly would not be sought in a strictly decorative scheme; and in the posing of the figures throughout my plays I have sought to preserve naturalism at whatever violence to conventional composition.

The thing to be remembered here, as in so many other avenues of art, is that the literal is not always the highest truth. The most commonplace photograph will illustrate for us the circumstance that there are widely divergent ways of transmitting a fact. A portrait study, for example, may be truthful without resembling in spirit another truthful portrait study from the same subject. And even two efforts toward strict naturalism, if by different persons, must be colored by the personality of the artists. This is as true in the *tableau vivant* and in artistic photography as in painting. The expert in photography can identify the work of different camera practitioners quite as readily as the expert in painting identifies varying personalities in that medium. In fact, one of the phases by which we may perceive the range of posing, selection, and photographic method is that the photographer inevitably has a style.

Thus it happens that realism in photography, as in other media, is not altogether a definite term. I use the word to express that difference from pictorialism which at once comes into debate in the arrangement of fictitious backgrounds, and the placing of living subjects. And a certain element of realism appears in photography whether we will or no—everything is approximately in focus or it will not seem real. In the interest of the realism which I am pointing out the wall-paper

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President Cleveland.

This is the third of the series of plates showing the President, first, in the act of writing, second, reading a document, and, third, looking up at the approach of a visitor. Unless the President took an unaccustomed position in the room the lighting was not helpful to favorable portraiture. To record the President's workshop in its usual arrangement was deemed to be of the first importance.

and the picture-frames are as sharply defined as the figures, which they would not be in a pictorially treated photograph or drawing. I am at liberty to study color and form with a view to preventing my wall-paper and my picture-frames from being too assertive, and in the lighting of the room I study as great relief for the figures as may be consistent with the illusion that the thing seen is something that is happening or actually has happened in an actual room.

But the effort toward picture-play naturalism meets other difficulties than those advanced by art. Perhaps the human difficulties of picture play-making are obvious. The pictorial demands are such that even the trained actor must be completely in the hands of the "poser." The degree in which a group of five is likely to be more offensively "stiff" than a group of four, is well understood in photography not to be represented by the merely arithmetical ratio. And when the group numbers ten or fifteen, the human, the artistic, and the photographic difficulties multiply in a startling way. A thousand and one considerations that would not appear in stage composition, for example, appear in the composition before the camera. That gray or pale blue eyes must not be turned too squarely to the light, nor deep-set eyes too squarely away from it, are trite precautions, with the natural accompanying necessity to consider physical deficiencies in each member of the "cast," at every moment of the action. An actor forms the habit of studying these for himself. In picture-making he must leave the burden of this discrimination to the artist. The posing is accomplished under the high pressure of necessary speed, for to fatigue the people is to lose much in spirit and action that no effort of posing can restore. Yet this posing means particular instruction to each person in the group as well as to the whole group, attention to the fulfilment of the instructions in each case, the arrangement of gowns and draperies,

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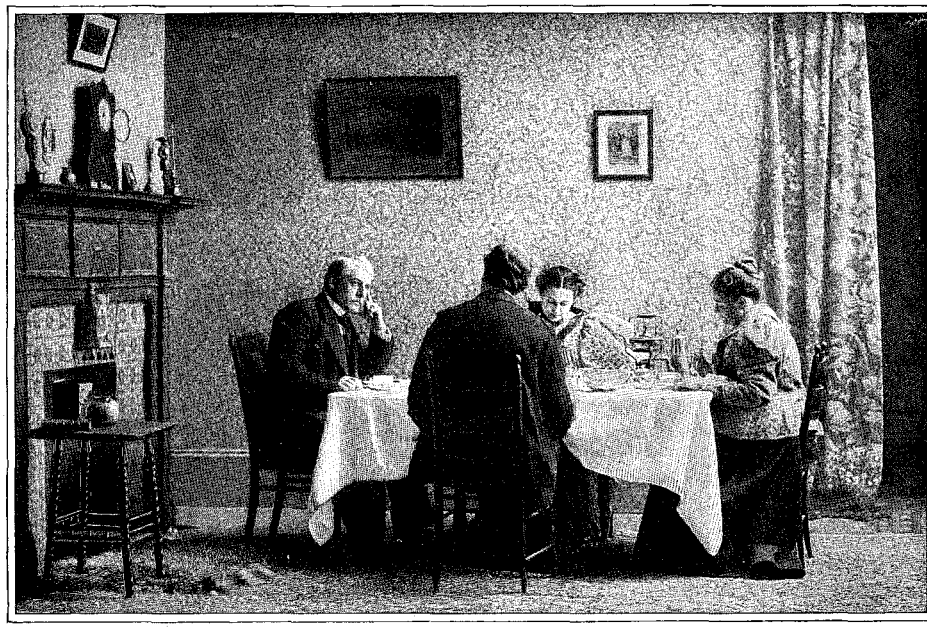
etc., and the repetition of each of these precautions each time the group is rearranged. If each composition could be made with deliberation, or if each glance of the lens was not final, it is needless to say that the general quality of the result would be better. In this particular the photographer has the privilege of neither the painter nor the dramatist. His sketch is his exhibition picture; his rehearsal is his play. To give as much attention to composition as the size of the group and the resulting strain on each member permits; to be realistic without neglecting of purely pictorial beauty; to tell the story simply and directly without throwing away chances to please the eye—these are the compromises which the picture narrative keeps perpetually prominent.

"Her Mother!"

An old device in photography produced by a half-time exposure on the shadowy figure, which is here used to illustrate a mental picture.

That amplification of realism by which I have ventured to introduce real personages into these picture stories brings up problems which I am afraid may sometimes be called diplomatic rather than artistic. The fact that the photographs of President Cleveland, Speaker Reed, Secretary Lamont, Commodore Melville, and General Greely, for "A Capital Courtship," are strictly contemporaneous in the action of the story, certainly introduced difficulties of its own.



The Breakfast.

Showing naturalistic arrangement with side-illumination to suggest ordinary window light.

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INDIAN SUMMER

By Edward A. Uffington Valentine

When asters late their purpling fringes fold,
Like twilight stars, that set against the grief
Of winter's night; and waste's the autumn wold,
Its crispèd crimsons loosening, leaf on leaf,
To gather with the earlier fallen gold:
Remote amid the woodland's rich decay,
The season's guardian sits, a sachem old,
Granting a goodly time, of breath too brief,
A halcyon calm that slowly ebbs away.

There, all day long, within that sylvan place,
Changeless, 'mid secret solitude he dwells,
In aged attitude of thought profound;
His eyes, with rheum bedimmed, his time-worn face,
Intently fixed upon the moss-spread ground;
The while, his loose lips mutter forth the sound
Of many hoary, half-forgotten spells;
Old runes of wizardry with power to bribe
Summer, awhile, to linger and look back,
Her beauty saving from devouring blights;
From those frore foes that hover on her track—
The hastening winter's sprites and spearèd tribe;
Whose camp is round the flickering northern lights.

Betwixt his knees he holds a calumet,
From whose charmed bowl the breathèd vapors swim
In azure wreaths about his ancient face,
And make the mellow moon grow drowsed and dim,
The wood, the sunburnt slope; and where are set
Like weathered wigwams of his vanished race,
The peakèd stacks of yellow harvest maize,
Hanging foot-high, a filmy line of haze.

While thus he bides within that leafy spot,
Devising schemes of peace, the kindly seer,
Joy falls upon the golden, waning year.
In fearless merry mood, the forest folk
Around him push and peep: he notes them not;
Or how the squirrel springs with chattered joke
Along the rain of laughing chestnut burrs;
The silence broken when the pheasant whirs;
Nor when the bear, with crafty stealth a-roam,
Follows the wayward winging of the bee
To where, concealed within the hollow tree,
He finds the dripping, brown-celled honeycomb;
The sudden splash, when up the sun-shot stream
The otter ripples, 'mid the silver scream
Of wild-duck startled from their marshy bed;
Or when, anon, the loosened grape-vines shake
And thro' the thicket, with his antlered head,
The spotted buck unto the hound's far bay
A moment hearkens, ere he hies away
With rustling hoof across the withered brake.

The twilight falls; a bending form and slow
Wends o'er the hills against the sunset skies,
Wrapped in his blanket's dusky fold. And lo,
A sudden change! The shuddering winds arise
And snatch the last leaf from the creaking bough;
The ghostly mists reek from the dampened ground,
Chill is the wood and barren; where but now
The sachem, in his sumach-brightened place,
Retained the season in his calm control,
There, sole memorial of his sway, is found,
Lingering, leaf-hid, in all its waxen grace:
The Indian pipe with cheerless, ash-heaped bowl!

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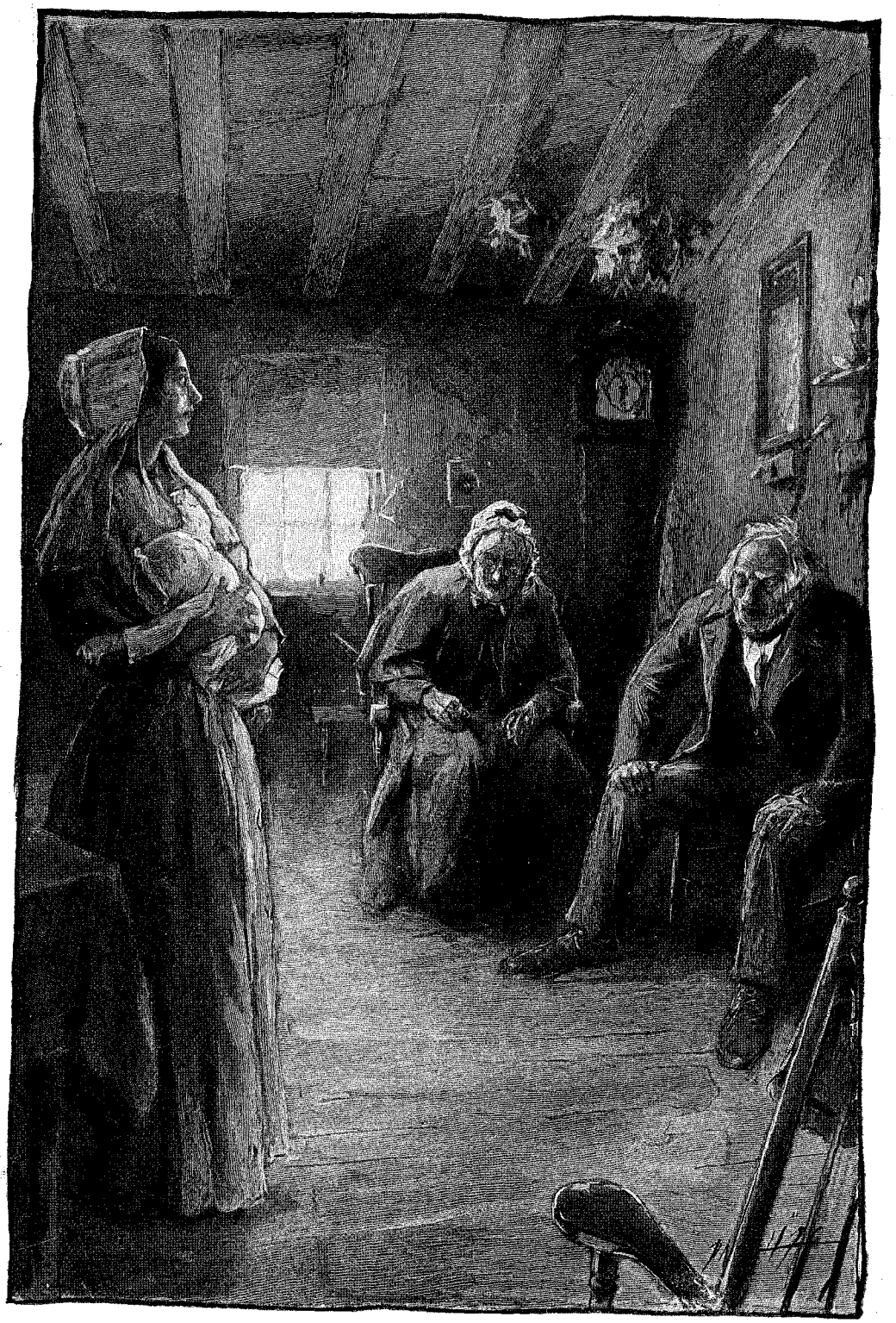

"You thought we was dead, did you? Hey?" inquired Mr. Shacklett.—Page 615.

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THE BABY'S FORTUNE

By Joel Chandler Harris

I

THE random shells flung into Atlanta during the siege by your Uncle Tecumseh's gunners were sometimes very freakish. The history of that period, written, of course, by those who have small knowledge of the facts, proceeds on the supposition that the town was in a state of terror, and that every time the population heard a shell zooning through the air it scuttled off to its cellars and bomb-proofs, or to whatever holes it had to hide in. This doubtless occurred during the first day or two of the siege, but human nature has the knack of getting on friendly terms with danger. As the Rev. Sam Jones would remark, those who hourly defy the wrath of heaven are not likely for long at a time to remain in awe of random shells.

Yet the freaks of these random shells were very queer. One of the missiles (to mention one instance out of many) went tumbling down Alabama Street, turned into Whitehall, following the grade, and rolled through the iron lamp-post that stands in front of the old James's Bank building. It was moving along so leisurely that a negro lounging near the corner tried to stop it with his foot. He was carried off with a broken leg. The lamp-post stands there to this day, having been thoughtfully preserved as a relic that might be of interest, and if you give it a careful glance as you pass, you'll see the jagged hole grinning at you with open-mouthed familiarity.

A family living on Forsyth Street, near where that thoroughfare crosses Mitchell, saw a weary-looking Confederate sauntering by and thoughtfully invited him in to share a pot of genuine vegetable soup—a very rare delicacy in those days. It chanced that the soldier was Private Chadwick, and he was prompt to accept the proffered hospitality. Moreover, he was politer about it than any other private would have been.

Private Chadwick, being the guest, was served first, but, just as the plate of soup was placed before him, a shell came tearing through the dining-room, entering at one end and going out at the other, grazing the ceiling in its passage and bringing down a shower of plastering, dust, and trash. Chadwick was almost as quick as the shell. He snatched his hat from his knee, and when his hosts had recovered from their momentary alarm they saw him sitting bolt upright in his chair using his head covering as an umbrella to shield his soup from the shower that fell from the shattered ceiling.

"Howdy and good-by," he said. "You might 'a' sp'iled my dinner, but you ranged too high to sp'ile my appetite."

"I can see why you are holding your hat over your plate, and I'm sorry I didn't have something of the kind to hold over mine," remarked the lady who had invited him in; "but I can't imagine why you are sitting so straight in your chair."

"Well, ma'am," replied Private Chadwick, "seein' as how you've been so kind, I'll tell you the honest truth. I was afeared if I humped too much over my plate that the next shell'd take me to be the twin of Danny Lemmons."

Naturally this aroused the curiosity of the ladies—there were three of them—and nothing would do but Chadwick must tell that tragic story. When it was concluded, one of the ladies inquired if Danny Lemmons had a twin brother.

"No'm, not that I know of," said Chadwick, laughing at the agility with which the feminine mind can leave tragedy and fly back to inconsequential trifles; "but a shell ain't got time to choose betwixt folks that favor."

You've heard the story of Danny Lemmons and Cassy Tatum, and so it is unnecessary to repeat the details. They are all true enough, but so antique is the war that they strike the modern

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ear as lightly as if they had been filched from a manuscript found in the pocket of a stranded play-actor. It is enough to say here that Danny Lemmons was a hunchback—a mountaineer—who married Cassy Tatum, and who, when Cassy left him, followed her to Atlanta, making his way through the Federal and Confederate lines. He had stolen Cassy's baby—if a man can be said to steal his own child—and was on his way back to the Federal lines, pursued by his wife, by Private Chadwick, and one or two other soldiers, when he was killed by the explosion of a shell.

That story was not as old when Private Chadwick told it over his soup as it is now. Indeed, it was as new as any event that happened the day before yesterday can be. Private Chadwick told the story as it happened, and he was sure he was telling all of it, but if he could have joined the ladies at their table a week later he would have been able to add some facts that would have caused his small audience to wonder at the mysterious ways of Providence, as, indeed, all of us must wonder when we pause and take the time and the trouble to think about the matter, even in regard to the most trivial and ordinary events.

II

When Cassy Tatum (she declared over and over again that she never did, and never could have the stomach to call herself Mrs. Lemmons) left her husband and went to Atlanta, she took up her abode with an old couple, who lived in a small ramshackle house that sat on a hill overlooking Peters Street. This hill was called Castleberry's Hill a few years ago, whatever it may be called now, and, before it was graded down to suit the convenience of contractors who were greedy for jobs, was the most elevated spot in Atlanta, and the most picturesque, too, for that matter, for a fine growth of timber crowned the summit.

At night the lights of the town twinkled, and Cassy Tatum, sitting on the front steps, after everything had been put to rights, and the old folks had gone to bed, could hear the cracked and noisy laughter of the women who lived in the shanties that were scattered about at the foot of the hill. The place where these shanties were grouped was called Snake Nation, and was proud of the name. Snake Nation slept soundly all day, but at night—well, old Babylon has its echoes and imitations in the newest town that ever had a corporation line run around it at equal distances from the police court.

"What I hear at night makes me sick, and what I see in the daytime makes me sorry," remarked Cassy Tatum to Mrs. Shacklett shortly after she had taken up her abode in the small house that has been described.

"You don't have to hear 'em, and you don't have to see 'em," remarked Mrs. Shacklett, in her squeaky voice. "Don't bother 'em and they'll not bother you; you may depend on that."

"Well, if they don't pester me tell I pester them," said Cassy, "they'll never so much as know that I'm a-livin'."

Mrs. Shacklett was very old, but time, that had played havoc with her youth, had in nowise disturbed the fluency of her tongue. Her voice was cracked and squeaky, but that, she said, was asthma and not age. She wore a white cap, that covered her head and ears, and the edges that framed her face were fluted and ruffled. A narrow band of blue ribbon, tied in a bow on the top of the cap, ran down under the fluting and was tied under her chin. She always wore a cape over her shoulders, but beyond this her frock was prim and plain, and the cape was as prim as the frock.

Mrs. Shacklett was eighty-seven years old, so she said, and this fact gave a sort of historic dignity to her presence, where otherwise dignity would have been sadly lacking, for her head shook as with a tremor when she talked, and the uncertainty of old age had taken charge of all her movements. Her mind was fairly good, but it seemed to hesitate, fluttering and hovering now and then, as if on the point of deserting the weak and worn body that had been its tenement for so long.

And no wonder. Born near the

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beginning of one epoch-making war, she was on the point of seeing another brought to an end. The republic wanted but twelve years to round out its century. Hers lacked but thirteen to complete it. A historian eager for facts that give warmth and color to history might have gathered from her lips an account of many remarkable events and episodes that time has given over to oblivion. Of recent and passing events her memory took small account, but of matters relating to the past she could talk by the hour, and with a fluency that was out of all proportion to her ability to deal with the events of the hour.

Mr. Shacklett, her husband, was not so old by several years, and he was better preserved physically, but his mind was quite as feeble, and his memory more unstable, if such a thing could be. If he stayed out of bed a quarter of an hour after taking his toddy at night, he betrayed an almost uncontrollable tendency to shed tears over the price of wool hats and the scarcity of tea and coffee. At such times it was pathetic to hear his wife try to soothe and console him.

"Cover up and go to sleep, honey, and you'll soon disremember all about it," she would say. "That's the way I do. The war can't last always, nohow."

"Can't it? How do you know it can't? Hey? It'll outlast me. You mark my words." In half a minute he'd be asleep and snoring as loud as the feeble muscles of his chest would permit him.

It was with this time-worn and childish couple that Cassy Tatum took up her abode, when, with her baby on her arm, she ran away from her husband. She had come into Atlanta on the Western & Atlantic Railroad, and, in wandering about, searching for a lodging, chanced to come upon this house. Though it sat high on Castleberry's Hill, it was too small to be conspicuous, and so she knocked at the door. She afterward declared that Providence sent her there, for when she arrived the old couple were in quite a predicament. A negro woman who had long ministered to their simple wants had just died, and Cassy found them sitting by their cheerless hearth, unable even to kindle a fire.

She did not hear their feeble response to her knocking, but boldly opened the door and walked in, expecting and hoping to find the house vacant. Her surprise at seeing the old people sitting there was so great that she uttered an exclamation, and this bred in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Shacklett suspicions that they were long in recovering from.

"I declare! you gi' me sech a turn that a little more an' I'd 'a' drapped the baby."

"You thought we was dead, did you? Hey?" inquired Mr. Shacklett with as near an approach to sarcasm as he could bring voice and face. "You thought we was dead, and you'd come foraging aroun' to see what you could pick up and tote off. You did, did you? Hey? Well, we ain't dead, by grabs, and nowheres nigh it, I hope. You hear that, don't you? Hey?"

The thought that they had been mistaken for dead people, when, as a matter of fact, they were so very much alive, caused such an energetic flame of indignation to burn in Mr. Shacklett's bosom, that he rose from his chair, and, holding by the chimney-jamb, pretended to be hunting for his pipe, which, as a matter of fact, was on the floor beside him. He realized this after a little, but in his agitation he found great difficulty in getting into his seat again, and would have fallen had Cassy not made a step forward and caught him with her free hand.

Mr. Shacklett was not at all mollified by this timely aid, but kept his anger glowing.

"You see we ain't dead, don't you? Hey? 'Tain't all the time that I'm shaky this way. It's only because our nigger's dead. She was a good nigger—a right good nigger. We raised her from a baby. *She's* dead, but we ain't, by grabs! One time a man come in the door there. He was lots bigger'n you are, but we didn't want him about, and I had to get my gun and shoot him. *He's* dead, but we ain't. No, by grabs. We don't look like we're dead, do we? Hey?"

All this time Cassy Tatum stood with

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her baby on her arm, staring at the old people with open-mouthed wonder, not knowing what to say or do, and unable to frame any excuse for her intrusion that she thought likely to appeal to their childish understanding. But she caught a humorous twinkle in Mrs. Shacklett's eye, and was on the point of saying something, when the old lady spoke.

"Don't mind him," she said. "He never shot anybody. Why, Marty wouldn't harm a flea."

"Oh, I wouldn't, would I? Hey?" he cried, peevishly. "Who made you so wise? Hey? How do you know but what I shot a man whiles you was asleep and had him drug off? How do you know but what I done it? Hey?" Mr. Shacklett turned half around in his chair and glared at his wife. "Tell me that—hey?"

"Why, honey, I wouldn't 'a' believed it if I'd 'a' seen it—much less when I didn't. You'll make this good woman here believe that a parcel of murderers is harbored in this house, and then she'll go out and set the law on us."

This rather cooled Mr. Shacklett's indignation, but it still smouldered and smoked, so to say.

"Much I care for the law," he said, trying to snap thumb and middle finger, a trick he failed to compass, though he made three trials. "Ain't we got no prop'ty rights? Hey? Must we set down here and be run over and trompled on? Hey? You may if you want to, but not while the breath of life lasts will I set down here and be run over and trompled on."

"Why, honey, who's a-trying to run over and tromple on you?" Mrs. Shacklett inquired.

"Hey? Did you ax me who?" cried Mr. Shacklett. "Scores and scores of folks if they wasn't afeard. But I dar' 'em to so much as try it. I jest dar' 'em to!"

With that he settled himself more comfortably in his chair, and closed his eyes, as if he were willing to give scores and scores of folks all the opportunity they wanted if they had any idea of running over and trampling on him. As Mr. Shacklett said nothing more, Cassy Tatum thought proper to explain her intrusion.

"The Lord knows I'm sorry I come in your door," she said, "an' I'd go right out, but I'd be worried mighty nigh to death ef I went off leavin' you-all believin' that I thess walked in here 'cause you're both ol' an' cripple."

Mr. Shacklett fired up again at this suggestion. "Crippled? Who told you we was crippled? Hey? You may thank your stars if you ain't no more crippled than what I am. You hear that, don't you? Hey?"

Cassy paid no attention to him but addressed herself to Mrs. Shacklett. "I tell you now, I'm new to this town, bran' new. It hain't been two hours sence I landed here, an' this is the first door I've knocked at. I knocked a dozen times, an' I stood thar waitin' to hear somebody say 'Go off' or 'Come in,' an' when I didn't hear nothin', I says to myself, says I, 'I'll thess go in anyhow, an' rest myself, an' fix the baby up, an' maybe thar's a well in the yard whar I kin git a drink of water.' I never no more 'spected to see you-all a-settin' here than I 'spected to fly. Hit took me back so I didn't know what to say. I hain't had sech a turn in I dunno when."

"If you want water," said Mrs. Shacklett, "you'll find a bucket out there on the shelf and a well in the yard. We ain't had nobody to draw us none sence they come after our dead nigger. I tell you I was mighty sorry to lose the gyirl. She was worth twenty thousand dollars if she was worth a cent."

Mr. Shacklett turned half around in his chair. "Hey? Twenty thousand dollars? Not in *our* money."

"Hush, honey! I said paper-money," remarked his wife, soothingly.

"Hey? not good paper-money."

Seeing no end of such a dispute as this, Cassy deposited her baby unceremoniously on the floor and went out after the water.

The child kicked its pink feet from under its skirts, turned its head toward Mrs. Shacklett, and laughed cutely. The old lady nodded her head pleasantly and chirruped as well as she could.

Mr. Shacklett, hearing a noise he could not understand, called out for

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information. "Hey? What's thet? What did you say? Hey?" Receiving no answer, he turned his head and saw the baby sprawling on the floor. Instantly he became very much excited. "Run and call her back! What do you mean by setting flat in that cheer and letting her run off and leave that young un here? Hey? Ain't you gwine to jump up and call her back? Hey? Do you want me to go? Tell me that—hey? If I do she'll rue it."

He was making a painful effort to rise from his chair when Cassy re-entered the room smiling and bringing a tin dipperful of fresh water.

"Humph!" he grunted, and sank in his seat again.

"I reckon you think I've been gone a mighty long time, but I had to rench out the bucket an' the gourd too—they was so full er dirt an' dust," Cassy explained. "I allers said I'd never let no nigger fool wi' nothin' I had to put to my mouth, an' I'll say it ag'in."

"They're not the cleanest in the world," remarked Mrs. Shacklett, taking the dipper in her trembling hand. "Have you drank?"

"No'm," said Cassy. "Atter you is manners." She still held the handle of the dipper gently, but firmly, and guided it to Mrs. Shacklett's lips.

Mr. Shacklett heard this last remark and turned his head and stared at Cassy. And somehow the expression of displeasure and suspicion cleared away from his face. "I'll have some, too, if you please," he said.

"I wouldn't slight you fer the world," replied Cassy, and went after another supply of water.

Mr. Shacklett leaned sidewise as far as was safe for him, and touched his wife on the arm. She looked at him, and he nodded solemnly in the direction Cassy had gone.

"What now?" she asked.

"What's she up to now? Tell me that? Hey?"

"She's gone after some water for you."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Shacklett. "You'll find out before you're much older."

Once more Cassy came in bringing the water, and Mr. Shacklett drank to his heart's content. Then Cassy gave the baby some water. Of course it had to strangle itself, as babies will do, but instead of crying over it, the child merely laughed and wanted to get on the floor again, where, flat on its back, it promptly gave itself up to the contemplation of the problem that its chubby fingers presented when all ten were held tip to tip close to its wondering eyes.

"That's a right down pretty baby," remarked Mrs. Shacklett.

"I dunner so much about the purty part," replied Cassy, with modest pride, "but he's the best baby that ever was born. Why, he hain't no more trouble than nothin' in the world."

The child, as if understanding that it was the subject of comment, dropped the study of its fingers, caught the eye of its mother, kicked its pink feet in the air, and fairly squealed in its enthusiastic delight at being able to sprawl about on the floor after its long imprisonment in Cassy's arms.

"I thess wish to goodness you'd look at 'im!" exclaimed Cassy. "Hain't he thess too sweet to live!" Then she switched from vigorous mountain English to a lingo that the baby could better understand and appreciate. "Nyassum is mammy's fweetnum pudnum pie—de besses shilluns of all um shilluns. Nyassum is!"

"Hey?" inquired Mr. Shacklett. Receiving no answer, he found one for himself. "Humph!"

At this high praise so beautifully bestowed, the baby kicked and crowed and had a regular frolic. Then it suddenly discovered that it needed more stimulating food than it had found in the tin dipper, and Cassy, seating herself in a chair, promptly satisfied the just demand. And in the midst of it all, the baby went fast to sleep, making a pretty picture as it lay happy in its mother's arms.

Mrs. Shacklett, whose age had not robbed her of the maternal instinct that is so deeply planted in a woman's breast, looked all around the room as if remembering something, and suddenly remarked:

"Lay him on the bed in the next room. Nobody sleeps in there."

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"Hey?" said Mr. Shacklett, and then, "Humph!"

"Ef you reely mean it, an' think it won't put you out the least little bit in the world," suggested Cassy. The tone of her voice was serious, and there was a touch of sadness in it which the ear of Mrs. Shacklett did not fail to catch.

"Lay him in there on the bed," she repeated.

"Hey?" inquired Mr. Shacklett. "Humph!"

"Ef you only know'd how mighty much I'm obleeged to you, I'd feel better," replied Cassy, the tears coming to her eyes.

She carried the child into the adjoining room, placed it on the bed, darkened the windows as well as she could, and went back to where the old people were sitting.

"Now, hain't there nothin' I kin do? Hain't there nothin' I kin put to rights?" she inquired.

"Nothing I'd like to ask you to do," replied Mrs. Shacklett, shaking her head. "We ain't got no claim on you."

"Why, hain't you human, an' hain't I human? What more do you want than that?" There was a touch of wonder in Cassy's voice.

But Mrs. Shacklett shook her head, doubtfully. Fortunately for all concerned, Mr. Shacklett roused himself.

"I ain't had a bite of breakfast yet. Now when are you going to have dinner? Tell me that. Hey?"

"We've had nobody to cook for us sence our nigger died," Mrs. Shacklett explained. "I hated mightily to give her up. She was worth two thousand dollars and she did everything for us."

Cassy opened wide her eyes. "Well, for the Lord's sake! No bre'kfus' an' mighty little prospec' of dinner! No wonder you hain't able to walk. It's a sin an' a shame you didn't tell me about it when I walked in the door. Why, I b'lieve in my soul you two poor ol' creeturs'd set thar an' starve before you'd ax me to whirl in an' warm somethin' for you. I'll not wait to be axed. Thess show me whar the things is an' I'll have you a snack cooked before you can run aroun' the house."

"Hey?" inquired Mr. Shacklett. "Is dinner ready? Hey? Don't I smell meat a-frying somewhere? Hey?"

"Don't be worried, honey," said Mrs. Shacklett. Then she turned to Cassy. "If you'll give me your hand and fetch my chair for me, I'll go in the cook room and show you where everything is, the best I can."

"Didn't I tell you I smell meat a-frying? Hey?" cried Mr. Shacklett as his wife went out, bearing on Cassy's strong arm.

The larder was pretty well stocked, as Cassy discovered, but Mrs. Shacklett found an insuperable obstacle to all their plans.

"There's no wood!" she exclaimed, despairingly.

"Why, I seed plenty in the yard while ago," said Cassy.

"Yes, child, but it's not cut."

Cassy laughed. "Not cut? Well, ef I couldn't cut wood as good as any man, I ruther think I'd feel ashamed of myse'f."

So she found the ax, cut and split two sticks of wood, and soon had a fire on the kitchen hearth. The rest was easy. Cassy's cooking would hardly have passed muster at Delmonico's or any of the fashionable hotels, but for the time and the occasion it was just as good as there was any use for. And, wonderful to relate, Mrs. Shacklett, after much hunting and fumbling with keys, drew forth a package of genuine coffee, and grudgingly measured out enough for three cups of the fragrant beverage.

Cassy picked up two or three grains and examined them with an interest that partook of awe. "The land's sake!" she cried; "why, hit's the ginnywine coffee! I hain't seed none in so long tell the sight's good for sore eyes. I min' thess as well as if it 'twas yestiday the day an' hour an' the time an' place whar I last laid eyes on ginnywine coffee." She held the green grains in her hand and put them to her nose, but fire had not yet released their fragrance.

"Can you parch it?" Mrs. Shacklett asked.

"Thess watch me," said Cassy, somewhat boastfully. "You needn't put in more'n three grains fer me," she went

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on. "Hit's too skace an' too good to be wasted on common folks."

After dinner Mr. Shacklett and his wife were much spryer and in a better humor than they had been on Cassy's arrival. Mr. Shacklett himself felt so much improved in mind and body that he ventured to walk out on the primitive porch, where he stood and gazed abroad in quite a patriarchal way, clearing his throat and pulling down his vest with an attempt at stateliness that would have been comic but for its feebleness.

It was settled in the most natural way in the world that Cassy should remain as long as she found it convenient to make her home there. In fact it was settled by Cassy herself. Before the day was over she had made herself indispensable to the old people. She looked after their bodily comfort with a deftness that they were strangers to, and her thoughtfulness was so forward that it outran and forestalled their desires.

A few days after she had been caring for the old people, she remarked that she had perhaps pestered them long enough.

"What's that?" cried Mr. Shacklett. "Hey?"

"I knew that would be the way of it," said Mrs. Shacklett, and then she fumbled about until she found her handkerchief, and held it to her face, crying softly. This settled the matter so far as Cassy was concerned. She knelt on the floor beside Mrs. Shacklett and petted and consoled her as if she had been a child.

Matters went on smoothly until Cassy's husband, Danny Lemmons, slipped in one day and stole her baby. The result of that performance is too well known in history to be repeated here. Cassy pursued her husband and came back a widow, but she wore no weeds.

There was only one thing that worried the old people. For years they had been saving and hiding all the gold and silver coin they could lay hands on, and according to their account, told to Cassy in confidence, they had accumulated a considerable store. When their negro girl fell ill, the old people, fearing that she had discovered the hiding-place and would reveal the secret to some of her colored friends who came to visit her, removed their hoard to a new place of concealment. The girl lingered for a week and then suddenly died. The event was so unexpected to Mr. and Mrs. Shacklett, and threw them into such a state of doubt and confusion, that they were not able to remember where they had hid the money.

They had many harmless disputes and spats about the matter, and they hunted and hunted, and poked about in the cracks of the chimney, and made Cassy lift up the big flat stones in the hearths, and wandered about in the yard, until it made the young woman uneasy.

"I declare to gracious!" she would exclaim, "you-all gi' me the all-overs ever' minnit in the day wi' your scratchin' in the ashes and pokin' in the cracks. You'll fall over the pots an' kittles some of these days and cripple yourself."

Mrs. Shacklett had often boasted that she was a Sandedge, and she made no concealment of her belief that the Sandedges were higher in the social scale than the Shackletts. Mr. Shacklett could remember this, even if he had forgotten where the money had been hid. Indeed, his mind dwelt upon it.

"You ought to know where we put the money. You was there; you helped to do it. If the Sandedges is so mighty much better than the Shackletts, whyn't you mind where we put the money? Hey? Tell me that. You're a Sandedge, and I ain't nothing but a plain Shacklett. 'Tain't no trouble for me to forget, but how can a Sandedge forget? Hey? Tell me that. When it comes down to hard sense I reckon the Shackletts is just as good as the Sandedges."

But all this did no good. The old people failed to find their precious store. They sat and tried to trace their movements on the day they had carried the money to its new place of concealment, but they never could agree. The death of the negro was the only event they could clearly remember. Each exclaimed, many times a day: "Oh, I know!" as if a flash of memory had revealed to them the place, but it always ended in nothing. Cassy soon became accustomed to the constant talking and hunting for hidden money, and finally

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came to the conclusion that the old people were the victims of a strange delusion. She compared it in her mind to the game of hide-the-switch which the children play. At the last, she paid no more attention to the matter than if the old couple had been a pair of toddling infants fretting over some imaginary trouble.

III

Now it happened that while Private Chadwick was enjoying his soup under the gentle auspices of the ladies who had invited him to be their guest, his comrades in the trenches and roundabout had received some news that seemed to them to be very bad indeed. It was in the shape of a rumor merely, but among soldiers a rumor is merely the forerunner of facts. The news was to the effect that General Johnston was about to be removed and General Hood put in his place. The news had not yet appeared in the newspapers, and it had reached the soldiers before it came to the ears of their officers. How, nobody knows. The commander of a brigade in Virginia made the rounds of his camp one night. He saw considerable bustle among the troops—fire burning and rations cooking. Inquiring the cause, he was told that the brigade would receive orders to march before sunrise the next morning. The brigadier laughed at this, thinking it was a joke on the men, but when he returned to his head-quarters he found a courier awaiting him with orders for his brigade to move at dawn.

In the same way, General Johnston's removal was well known to the private soldiers before the newspapers had printed the information. The news was not very well received, for, in spite of the fact that they had been retreating from Dalton to Atlanta, they were well enough acquainted with the tactics of war to know that these retreats were masterly, and they felt that their general was gathering all his resources well in hand for a decisive battle at the proper moment.

General Hood, as the successor of General Johnston, knew what was expected of him by the political generals and the military editors. He was a gallant man and a hard fighter, and he lost no time in showing these qualities. But the responsibility that had been thrust upon him was too great for him. He did the best he could; he hurled himself against General Sherman and inaugurated the series of battles around Atlanta that has made the city and the region round about historic ground. Finally, he swung his army loose from the town and went hurrying toward Nashville, followed by General Thomas, while Sherman took possession of the South's supply-centre and prepared for his leisurely and unopposed march across the State to Savannah.

When the city was evacuated Private Chadwick found himself among the last of the straggling Confederates who were leaving. He found himself, indeed, with the little squad of riflemen commanded by Jack Kilpatrick, captain of the sharpshooters. The line of retreat led along Whitehall and Peters Streets. Chadwick turned into Peters as much by accident as by design, and was of two minds whether to cut across and go into Whitehall, or whether to go on as he had started. But a thought of Cassy Tatum decided him, and so he kept on the way he was going. Jack Kilpatrick accompanied him for old acquaintance's sake, sending some of his dozen men along Whitehall. They talked of old times as they rode along.

"Jack, I allers use to think you was the purtiest boy I ever laid eyes on," remarked Chadwick.

"Is that so?" Kilpatrick asked, dubiously. He was slim and trim, and his features were very delicately moulded.

"Yes," replied Chadwick, "and if you was to shave off what little mustache you've got, blamed if you wouldn't make a right-down good-looking woman. And you've got a hand not much bigger'n a nine-year-old boy. I reckon that's the reason you draw so fine a bead sech a long ways off."

Kilpatrick smiled boyishly, and, as if to show what a nice girl he could be, threw a leg over the pommel of his saddle and rode sidewise. Far before them they could see clouds of dust rising slowly. Behind them and a little to their left they could hear the Federal

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guns feeling of the town, and occasionally a shell more venomous than the rest flew over their heads, crying as shrilly as if it had life. This was particularly the case when they came to Castleberry's Hill, which was a more conspicuous eminence then than it is now. Occasionally one of the missiles would strike the brow of the hill and fly shrieking off, or bury itself in the red clay with a queer fluttering sound.

As they came to the brow of the hill, Chadwick saw Cassy Tatum standing on the porch of the house where she lived. He waved his hand and asked her if she intended to remain. Mistaking his gesture, or not understanding his words, she came running along the pathway.

"Howdy?" said Chadwick; "why ain't you refugeein' wi' the rest?"

"I declare I dunno," she replied, with a laugh that was more than half pathetic. "I oughter, I reckon. Some of the Shackletts's kinnery come by in a carryall soon this mornin' an' tuck 'em away, whether or no. I like to 'a' cried, they went on so. They didn't want to go one bit, an' they holler'd an' went on so that it made me feel right down sorry."

"What'll you do? Whyn't you go wi' 'em?" inquired Chadwick.

"Well, I had sev'm good reasons," replied Cassy, trying hard to joke, "an' all sev'm of 'em was that the folks didn' ax me. It looked mighty funny to me that they'd let the poor ol' creeturs live here all this time at the mercy of the world, as you may say, an' then come an' snatch 'em up an' bundle 'em off that-away."

"Did they ever find their money?" Chadwick asked.

"Not a thrip of it," said Cassy. "That's the reason they went on so when the'r folks come atter 'em. Ef they didn't have no money they thought mighty hard they had it."

At that moment a shell came hurtling through the air. The *pang* of it sounded so near that Cassy dodged, and even the troopers glanced quickly upward. Then there was a crashing sound close at hand. Those who had their eyes turned toward the house—and Cassy was one of them—saw shingles fly from the roof, saw the top of the chimney sink out of sight, and saw a part of the roof itself sway and fall in. Cassy stood for an instant paralyzed, and then flinging her arms wildly, and yet helplessly, above her head, sprang toward the house with a scream of anguish.

"My baby! my baby!" she cried. "Oh, my poor little baby."

Chadwick and Kilpatrick and their comrades sprang after her. As she reached the house one of the walls that had been pushed outward by the falling roof cracked loudly and seemed to be about to fall. Chadwick would have dragged Cassy out of the way, but she shook his hand off furiously, seized the wall by one of the gaping edges, and pulled it down. Then she rushed at the roof itself, seized the ends of two of the rafters, and made as if she would overturn the whole affair.

"Wait!" commanded Kilpatrick. "If the young un's under there you'll fetch the whole roof down on him."

This brought Cassy to her senses, and when a woman is clothed in her right mind she knows by instinct that the best she can do is to cry. Cassy tried to do this now; but her eyes were dry, and all the sound that her parched throat and trembling lips could utter was a low and continuous moan so pitiful that it wrung the hearts of the rough soldiers.

To add to the strain and suspense of the occasion, a smothered, wailing cry was heard somewhere in the midst of the ruins. At this Cassy, instead of making another effort to tear away the roof by main strength, as Chadwick expected her to do, fell flat on the ground with a heart-rending shriek of despair and lay there quivering and moaning.

In the midst of all this, Kilpatrick had the forethought to cast his eye occasionally on the portion of the street that lay beyond the railroad. He now saw a small squad of horsemen in blue riding down the incline. He ran to his horse, and his companions, with the exception of Chadwick, did the same. As for the private, he had made up his mind in a flash that he would rather undergo the diet and discipline of Elmira prison than desert Cassy at that moment.

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But he had misunderstood Kilpatrick's intentions. Instead of mounting his horse and riding away, the boyish-looking sharp-shooter whipped a field-glass from the case that hung on the saddle, and proceeded to carefully inspect the approaching Federals, who were moving cautiously. The inspection seemed to satisfy him, for he closed the glass, went out into the open ground, and waved his handkerchief so as to attract the attention of the horsemen in blue. They stopped, and their horses huddled together in the road as if they were engaged in consultation. Then one of them, a tall man on a powerful sorrel, detached himself from the group and came riding up the hill at an easy canter, his rifle glittering as it lay across his bridle arm ready for instant service.

"Well, dag-gone your skin, Johnny! What are you doin' here this time er day? Hain't you the same measly chap that tried to duck me in the Chattymahoochee when we stuck up a white flag an' went in washin'? Why'n the world didn't you do what I told you—go home to your mammy an' let grown men fight it out? You're a good shot though, dag-goned ef you ain't!" He spoke with a strong Georgia accent, but was from Indiana.

The two men had faced each other on the vidette line for so many weeks that they had become acquainted. In fact, they were very friendly. Once when the "Chattymahoochee" (as the tall Indianian facetiously called that stream) divided the opposing armies, the advance line of each went in bathing together every day, and they grew so friendly that the Confederate generals issued a prohibitory order.

Briefly, Kilpatrick explained the situation to the Federal sharpshooter, and by this time, his companions were on the ground.

The force was sufficiently large now to lift the roof (which was small, and old, and frail), and turn it over. The scheme was dangerous if the baby happened to be alive, but it was the best that could be done and it was carefully done.

Cassy still lay upon the ground, moaning pitifully and clutching convulsively at the tussocks that came in contact with her fingers. The spectacle that the fallen roof had hid caused the men to utter exclamations of wonder. Mistaking the purport of these, Cassy Tatum writhed on the ground in an agony of grief, and refused to answer when Private Chadwick called her.

The sight that met the eyes of the men was enough to carry them away with astonishment. The baby, unhurt, lay on the floor in the midst of hundreds of gold and silver pieces, and was trying to rub the dust out of its eyes.

"Dag-gone my skin!" exclaimed the tall Indianian; "that baby's pyore grit!" Then he added, with a chuckle, "Liter'ly kiver'd with it."

Chadwick went to Cassy, and, stooping over, laid his hand on her shoulder, saying, gently: "Jest come an' look at him, Cassy!"

Mistaking his tone and intention she writhed away from his hand, crying out: "Oh, kill me! kill me before I kill myself. Oh, please make haste! Oh, me! He was all I had in the worl'!"

"What's the matter?" asked the tall Indianian.

"She thinks the baby's dead," replied Chadwick.

"Dag-gone it!" laughed the Indianian; "whyn't she git up an' see?"

The laugh startled Cassy so, that she sat up and looked around, throwing her hair behind her shoulders and making an instinctive effort to tidy up.

"What's the matter?" she moaned. "What's he laughin' at?"

"I reckon it's because you're worse hurt than the baby is," responded Chadwick.

"Where is he?" she cried. "Oh, don't le' me go there ef he's dead er mangled! Please, mister, don't le' me go where he is ef he's mashed!"

"All a-settin', ma'am!" said the Federal sharp-shooter. "Jest walk this way."

At that moment the baby began to cry, and Cassy leaped toward it with a mother-cry that thrilled the soldiers. She snatched the child from the floor and hugged it so closely to her bosom that it had to kick and fight for air and freedom. Then she began to cry, and

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in a few moments was calm and apparently happy, but there was a haggard and drawn look in her face that no one had ever seen there before. Chadwick, observing this, turned to Kilpatrick and remarked:

"If she ain't lost twenty pound in the last quarter of an hour I'm the biggest liar that ever drawed breath." This was an exaggeration perhaps, and yet it was descriptive too.

"You see what the Yankee shell fetched you, ma'am," said the Federal sharp-shooter.

For the first time Cassy saw the gold and silver pieces that were strewn about. "The land er the livin'!" she exclaimed. "That's them poor ol' creeturs' money." She looked at it in a dejected, dispirited way. "You-all kin take it," she went on, speaking to the Federals. "Take it an' welcome ef you'll thess le' me alone. My baby's money enough for me."

"It's dag-goned invitin'," replied the Indianian, laughing, "but you'll have to excuse us this time. It might be a pick-up ef we caught a passel er Johnnies with it—but that money there belongs to the baby, if it belongs to anybody. Would you mind loanin' me your apron a minnit?"

Cassy untied her apron, with one hand, and threw it to the Federal sharp-shooter, and in a few minutes he and the rest of the men had picked up all the coins they could find and tied them in the apron, which was a stout piece of checked homespun. The general estimate was that the money amounted to two or three thousand dollars.

Then came what seemed to be the most important question of all. Should Cassy go with the Confederates or remain behind with the Federals?

"You'll have to make up your mind in three flirts of a chipmunk's tail," remarked the Indianian. "The cavalry'll be along in less'n no time."

"I don't see how I kin go?" said Cassy, doubtfully.

"Ride behind me," suggested Kilpatrick.

"But what about my baby?"

"Oh, I'll look after that bundle," said Private Chadwick. Another man could carry the money; and so it was all arranged.

"Don't I look it?" laughed Cassy, when she had mounted behind Kilpatrick.

"Yes'm, you do," bluntly replied the Indianian. "Set square on the hoss ef you can, an' don't squeeze the feller too tight. He's nothin' but a young thing." Whereupon both Cassy and Kilpatrick blushed, and even Chadwick seemed to be somewhat disconcerted.

So they rode away, and when, far out Peters Street, Cassy chanced to glance back to Castleberry's Hill, she saw that it was crowded with a swarm of cavalrymen. But somehow she felt safe. She seemed to know that they would come no farther, for a time at least. She and her escort travelled as rapidly as they could, and Cassy, her baby, and the money were soon safe from pursuit.

Mr. and Mrs. Shacklett were never heard of again by either Chadwick or Cassy Tatum. After the war these two married and settled in Atlanta, and one day Cassy heard that some one had been digging the night before on Castleberry's Hill, for a box of gold that had been buried there during the war. Chadwick laughed over the report, but Mrs. Chadwick saw no joke in it. She was combing her son's hair at the time, and she stooped and kissed him.

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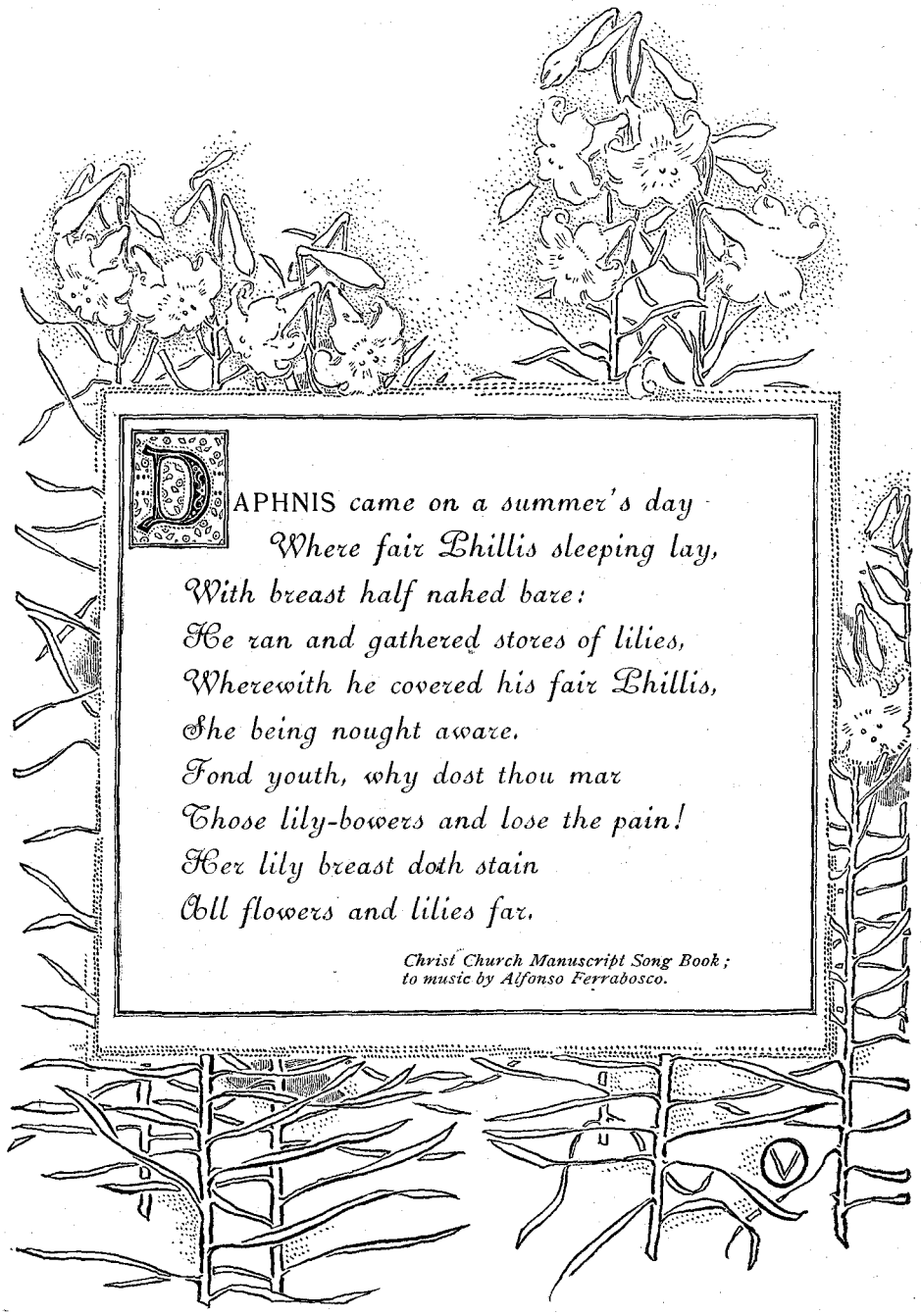

DAPHNIS *came on a summer's day*
Where fair Phillis sleeping lay,
With breast half naked bare:
He ran and gathered stores of lilies,
Wherewith he covered his fair Phillis,
She being nought aware.
Fond youth, why dost thou mar
Those lily-bowers and lose the pain!
Her lily breast doth stain
All flowers and lilies far.

Christ Church Manuscript Song Book;
to music by Alfonso Ferrabosco.

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Drawn by J. R. Weguelin.

ELIZABETHAN SONGS—III.

PHILLIS AND DAPHNE.

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WOMEN BACHELORS IN NEW YORK

By Mary Gay Humphreys

TWO girls were seated on the ruins of the palace of the Cæsar with a trio of Englishmen.

"You are by way of having a financial panic in your country, I see this morning," said one of the men.

"That's nothing, we have them every now and then," replied one of the girls, airily.

"But Bullion & Bullion have failed."

"Impossible. They are our bankers."

The impossible was true. When the girls returned to Rome, one had fifteen francs, the other twenty-three. Courtesy enabled them to get back to their own country, where they were indeed penniless. But in our climate it is impossible to sigh for long. One must pause to regret. They went to work.

The panic of 1873 literally turned out of doors thousands of women from homes grown luxurious in the exceptional prosperity that followed the war. The Centennial Exposition opportunely succeeded this crisis. It was the Exposition that introduced into this country South Kensington, its stitch, its storks, and all therein implied. The painting of fire-shovels with daisies, and the wreathing of rolling-pins may have made the judicious grieve, but let it be remembered that what was then called "decorative art," and frequently "de-cor-ative art," furnished a polite way in which legions of women first conceived it possible to earn a living. Art was as ladylike as teaching or literature. To turn so graceful a pastime into profit could demean no one.

The adaptation of women to these new conditions has only followed the usual course of nature. Women have acted with superior intelligence, but the original impulse was no more determinate than that of other creatures, suddenly thrust into another environment. The gradual processes of twenty years have not been without results. Suddenly attention is called to a new creature, as to some special creation newly precipitated on to an astonished world. Relatively it is a new creature. Women used to save; now they earn. Formerly when they had to face hard times they retrenched in servants, did their own work, cut down the table, the fires, made their own clothes. The literature of the last generation is largely a history of small economies. Women might go hungry, but their heads were high and their fingers were as blue as their blood.

The women of to-day love their physical comfort; they are accustomed to a certain largeness of living; they do not like to occupy themselves with small matters; they must have books and pictures, amusements, soft-toned rugs, and plenty of cushions; the table must be well set and well served. So essential have become the comforts and refinements of life that they never think of relinquishing them. When incomes fail to procure these, they set about reinforcing the incomes. Thus in a family of seven, brought face to face with misfortune, they retain their three servants, dine with the same ceremony as before, but there are now three bread-winners instead of one. In earning money it was only the first step that cost. A mother of the last generation once said with some embarrassment to a daughter of this, "My dear, I never have been able to understand how you could accept money from any one but your father." That the money was earned counted for nothing in the mother's mind. This helps to measure the distance between the old woman and the new. To the new, money earned is money owned, in a sense that

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gives a new meaning to life. For however the recognition may fail to satisfy our ideals, the ability to earn money is the solvent of many of the most important questions of life; its contribution to the character, moreover, must now be regarded along with patience, suffering, and other more peculiar forms of feminine discipline. To the womanly delight of spending money is added the realization of independence and power. When the Princess Louise exacted two thousand guineas for her statue of the Queen, she drank the same sweet draught that the woman tastes who sells her first crocheted tidy to the Woman's Exchange, and goes to a matinée with the money.

"It is amusing to work when one has no money," once said Alfred de Musset. The cheerfulness with which women precipitated from competence to poverty picked themselves up, and marched on alone is characteristic of the time and of this country. It is indeed not of their whimpering that one hears most complaint. At length the spirit of adventure brooded. Long ago Plato warned the world that men and women would respond much in the same manner to the same conditions. It was inevitable that when women undertook their own affairs, that they would want to manage them in the manner most satisfactory to themselves; that they would scent out the regions of quickest returns, the most stimulating areas. It was inevitable that they should in time realize their own deficiencies and feel the necessity of better equipment. It was inevitable, too, that in time ambition should quicken, and that the desire to try conclusions with the great world should stir in many breasts.

The exodus of women, for one reason or another, to the cities in the last ten years parallels that of men. They have come from the West in regiments, and from the South in brigades. Each year they come younger and younger. They have ameliorated the customs and diversified the streets; nor are they to be confused with any of the better-known types. In its general aspect the clear-eyed look that the Western girl gives

Studio Life.—An Unsatisfactory Day's Work.

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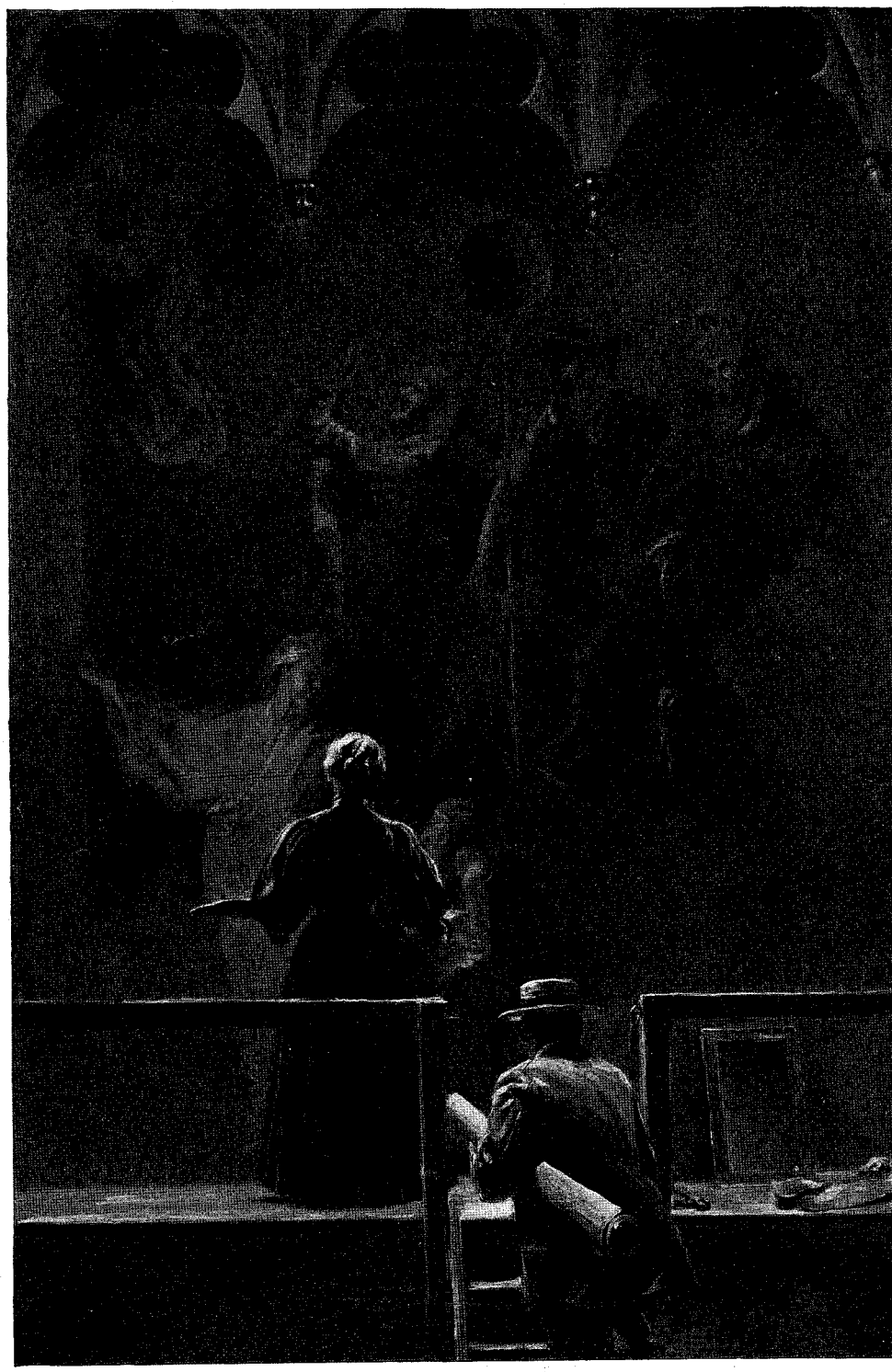

She did her work on a high scaffolding.—Page 630.

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to the new world of the East, or for that matter to the world in general, is worth noting. She knows that she doesn't know everything, but she doesn't mean you to know it. She is perfectly sure that if she observes quietly she will find everything out without being told. She does not like to be told, for one thing, because she likes the exercise of her own powers, but principally because she does not like to admit inferiority, which is a mere matter of circumstance, and she feels does injustice to her natural powers. Of these she is not in the least doubt, most things in her previous experience being merely the result of rightly directed efforts backed by industry and determination. Occasionally she makes a mistake, which is, after all, natural enough. She will say, for example, "I feel that if I have talent for anything it is for art. I like pictures awfully. Oh, yes, I have painted; we have a lot of pictures at home I painted at boarding-school, and papa has them framed and hung all over the house. He thinks they're beautiful. Pharaoh's horses are all the rage out home. All the girls have painted them. You should see them take white paint and put in the foam."

A Bachelor Woman's Make-shift.

Here she makes an airy sweep to show how easily and gayly the thing is done.

"It gives an expression that's just wonderful. Oh, no. I'm never afraid to undertake anything. It just means doing one thing rather than another."

When one looks at her nice hair, frank eye, white teeth, and calm, self-poised manner, it seems that this might be true—of this young woman at least.

Southern girls develop an amount of energy in New York that belies all the traditions of their soil and race. In no other part of the country does what is known as femininity unfold so much to the area. This is a large part of the equipment that the Southern girl brings to town. Probably no subsequent experience so impresses her as when she first hears herself addressed in a business-like manner. She hungers and thirsts to know and learn and be a part of the great world of things, but one of her primal beliefs is that the normal attitude of man is admiring. When a man whirls around in his chair, looks up hastily, returns his eye to his papers, and asks, abstractedly, "What can I do for you?" the world seems to grow dizzy in its orbit. She has never counted on the compressed mechanical workings of routine in short business hours, nor of the sharpness of competition that keeps the fine edge on even the proud beings that sit on whirligig chairs. Courtesy, in which her trained instinct can only discern the palest reflections of her sex, is a variety new and hitherto unsuspected, but her appreciation is quick and lasting. The "gentleman," as he has hitherto appeared in her walk and conversation, retires before the man of affairs, and the women of no part of the country prove so quickly adaptable, nor show greater practical sense in finding and keeping in the paths that lead toward success.

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New York and perhaps city women in general, when they are suddenly called upon to earn their livings, are much more independent about it, and more original in their methods than women in smaller places, where womanly pursuits, as they are called, follow more closely prescribed lines. The New York woman has more knowledge of the world, and she knows that one can do pretty much what one pleases, if it is done with a certain dash, *élan*, carrying-all-before-it air. When she comes to work for her living she profits by this knowledge. Instead of becoming a governess or a teacher of music, she tries to get hold of something original that will excite interest. When she has found it she holds it up, as it were, on a blazoned banner, inscribed with this legend, "I have not a penny to my name, and I'm going to work." She accepts the situation with the greatest good-humor and makes herself more acceptable to the old set by relating her discouragements, trials, and mistakes so comically that she is better company than before. If her story is not bad enough she embroiders it to the proper point of attractiveness. A bevy of such girls did the decorative painting on the ceiling of one of the show-houses in the town. They worked on scaffolding as men do, lay down, let their feet hang over, and at the noon hour sat around on the floor while they ate their luncheons, gossiped, and if they so pleased took brief naps like hod-carriers. One of these girls laid in the ground colors and worked on the draperies of the mural paintings in one of the prominent churches. She did her work on a high scaffolding, and to lessen the chances of catching her skirts, wore a pair of her brother-in-law's trousers under her blue flannel painting costume. A girl in a small town would feel that she had lost caste for evermore, if she worked on a scaffold like a day-laborer from nine until five o'clock, with an hour at noon for luncheon.

A Typical Hall Bedroom.

In the scheme of cities, hitherto, no preparations were made for the indwelling of a number of young women without homes. The sober consideration of such a necessity would have seemed the height of folly. Yet New York of the last generation builded better than it knew. The path to independence for most of these women has led through its hall-rooms.

That which distinguishes this city from all others is the hall-room. London has nothing like it, nor has Paris. They do not exist in Boston, nor yet in Philadelphia. The typical New York house has five; there would be six, but that the space for one has been appropriated by the bath-room. There are three hundred on each cross-town block. In a solid section extending from Washington Square to Fifty-ninth Street, and within the limited confines of Fifth and Sixth Avenues, there are, roughly estimated, fifteen thousand hall bed-rooms. Taking this as a

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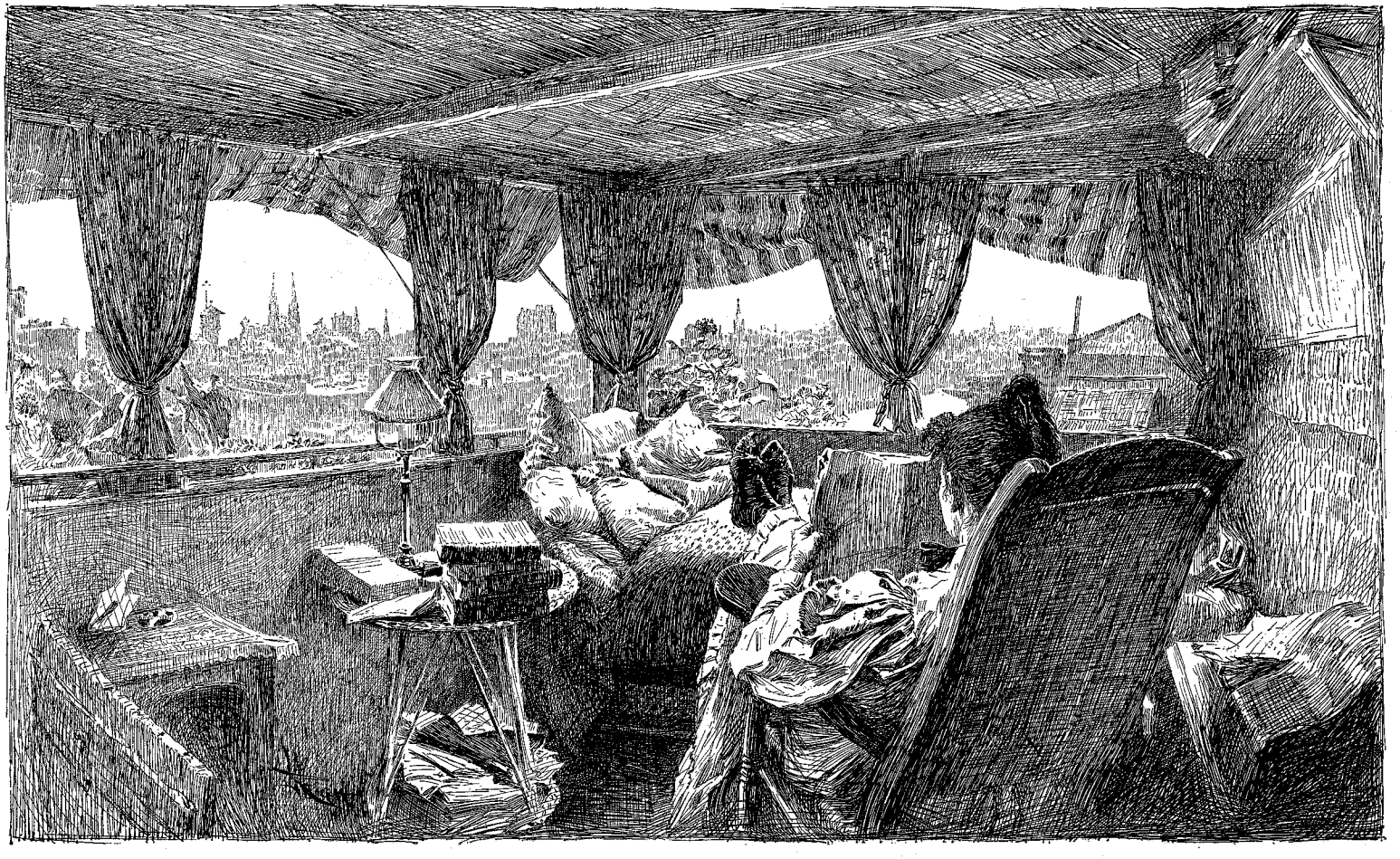

A Roof-top Study.

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unit of measurement, the alert mind can readily figure the hundreds of these coffin-like inclosures that rise tier on tier on Manhattan Island.

The moral and social significance of the hall-room is even more impressive. The manifest destiny of a New York house is that sooner or later it shall become a boarding-house. The history of block after block enforces this view. In that case to the poor, the lonely, the forlorn, the hall-room will fall. Of this the architect, the plumber, the gas-fitter seem to have had prescience. The water-pipe ignores it; the slenderest rill of gas alone enters it; the steam-pipes hurry by it; the tin furnace-pipes go out of their way to avoid it. No register opens genially upon it. It has never known a flue of its own, or cheerful grate, or sullen stove. Even the range flue will stretch its warmth, giving length in any other part of the house in preference. In summer it is hot and stifling. In winter it is cold and cheerless. In all seasons it is either unventilated or swept by perilous draughts. It is the Pariah of the community of rooms, the Cinderella of the domestic roof. Into it are gathered the weak-kneed chairs, the superannuated springs, the cracked pitchers, the murky mirrors, the knobless bureaus, the darned lace curtains, the cordless shades, the faded strips of Brussels carpets.

Of late years there has arisen a Society for the Amelioration of the Hall-Room. Its efforts have been principally directed toward the introduction of beds disguised as sofas, buffets, and decorative mantels, of washstands masquerading as writing-desks, with which to give hall-rooms a delusive air of spaciousness and respectability. Notwithstanding, the landlady never considers herself unreasonably prompt in presenting her bills to the hall-room boarder. The servant may properly resent the hall-room bell, and the pitcher of ice-water prove intermittent.

Living in hall-rooms easily induces the hall-room habit. This is the necessity of having everything within reach. A person accustomed to sitting in the middle of the room, and finding everything at arm's length, acquires curious ideas of distance. He may sit on the bed and wield a brush while confronting the mirror, and at the same time remove a garment from a peg behind the door. The hall-room has been part of the warp and woof of New York City life. For a young man or young woman whose expenses must be kept within $10 a week, there seemed to be no other mode of existence. Within

Night-work in a Newspaper Office.

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the unlovely confines of the hall-room have passed the lives of whole communities—nay, smaller cities—of pale-faced clerks and timid women with their tentative industries.

Such is the hall-room as it was, and ever would have been, but for the upspringing of the bachelor woman with her quickening scent for the things of life, yet strong within her the home-building instincts of her sex. There is a dignified barrenness of surroundings that stimulates and consolidates endeavor; but an environment sordid and mean, morally and physically depressing, was sure to be repudiated by women newly delighting in independence and responsibility, and with the seductive perspective of things to do and accomplish lengthening before them. In the measure that women are determining their own lives, they want their own homes. The desire is entirely reasonable. The woman who is occupied with daily work needs greater freedom of movement, more isolation, more personal comforts, and the exemption, moreover, from being agreeable at all times and places. She wants to be able to shut her doors against all the world, and not to be confined within four walls herself; and she wants to open her doors when it pleases her, and to exercise the rites of hospitality unquestioned. In fact, she wants many things that cannot be had except in her own home. It is an interesting fact in natural history that women in their first breathing-spell should revert to constructing homes as their natural background, to which is added the male realization that the home is the proper stimulus to achievement.

The first woman bachelor establishment in this city was in 1881, coexistent with the first woman's apartment-house in London. With a gay fillip of the finger at consequences, it was set up in the most expensive part of the town. It was easy to argue that it would be a material saving in car-fares, city rent being merely one of the natural incentives to hard work; in any case, in a fashionable area poverty glorified by gilded Japanese cottons and unframed etchings might well be endured. So novel an undertaking did not fail to excite attention. The curious Athenians dwelling in this city came on tours of inspection. Audacity and the circumstance with which it was undertaken made friends for an enterprise that otherwise would have occasioned much ominous wagging of heads. To contribute to its menage and share its innocuous tea were privileges. To turn the necessity of earning a living into a co-operative lark was a new and captivating idea. Thus was the enterprise mistakenly regarded. It was, in fact, the serious effort on the part of four women to find some way of living in which, at the least expense, the greatest comfort and independence could be obtained, and the social instincts gratified. In this last assumption there is a certain tendency toward finality more significant than wage-earning, and the other manifestations of the bachelor woman more widely commented on.

All these, however, were not accomplished at once. The matter-of-fact consideration of food soon asserted itself over questions more ideally appropriate. Women who assume the responsibilities of householders soon learn that there are curious relations between food and finance. Good work is not compatible with movable feasts. There is a dependence truly ridiculous between even æsthetic employments and sound food at stated periods. There are doubtless numbers of women who solve such difficulties by referring them to a restaurant, and who regard the vagabondage from *table d'hôte* to *table d'hôte* as among the privileges of their new estate. The restaurant, however, does not appeal to the women who regard the situation from another point of view. The table ranks with the fireside. The economical distribution of labor soon refers these matters to competent authority. The efforts of women to secure that confidence with which a man goes to his affairs and returns to his satisfying dinner at home or his club, would be a touching recital. For many of these women bachelors in assuming new responsibilities show the utmost reluctance to give up the old responsibilities, but wrestle with servants and ranges like wives and mothers under the imminent shadow of consequences.

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This particular enterprise, however gayly it was administered, served to demonstrate the practicability of such establishments. Since the initial effort tiny households have sprung up all over town. These are as well ordered and the rent as promptly paid as that of other and older households. These women rarely live alone. They combine against burglars, out of congeniality, and to save expense. But their domestic lives are neither adhesive nor entangled. They have common points of interest, but these are surrounded by large areas of unencumbered space, in which each moves freely and without interruption. In its best aspect this new development in women's lives is worthy of admiration. Out of it has arisen a new order of feminine friendship that combines independence, *camaraderie*, frank disagreement, wise reticence, large patience, mutual respect, amiable blindness, consideration in illness, sympathy in joy and sorrow, and the possibility of borrowing money from one another when necessary.

The housing of such admirable qualities it seems should have enlisted attention. In 1886 a determined effort was made to secure an apartment-house for women, modestly copying the numerous apartment-houses for men. A busy architect was kind enough to undertake plans and make estimates. These were made public, and various interviews were held with capitalists, rich enough to consider four per cent. a sufficient return for such an investment. It seemed easy enough to prove the need of something resembling an institution, a refuge with patronesses and governing committees, but vain the attempt to turn minds bent on philanthropy, toward a calm consideration of an unobtrusive financial enterprise. Nothing else than such was desired, or would have been accepted. This distrust is perhaps not unwarranted. The determination to make of the bachelor maid an irresponsible creature, who wears strange garments but is singularly imitative in the matter of cocktails and cigarettes, has been to a degree successful. It is impossible to reconcile this view with the person actually encountered, who leaves experiments in business costumes to the theorists and their own clothes to the dressmakers, and in the matters of even cigarettes and cocktails has added to the litany of daily life "Vouchsafe us good taste."

Recently another project for an apartment-house for women seems to have chances of success. This is to be undertaken by a stock company largely subscribed to by women themselves. Meanwhile, significant changes have taken place in every part of town. Instead of hiving, women bachelors in braces and alone are encountered everywhere. Some of the older apartment-houses have found it more profitable to divide their space to accommodate them than to rent to orthodox families. There are few apartment houses so dignified that women bachelors are not received as are other tenants. For the woman bachelor is not now essentially a person who puts on her bonnet and goes out in all sorts of weather. There are feminine Mæcenases who have establishments, boxes at the opera, and who fulfil social exactions in the most prominent manner. As was intimated before, in the ability to gratify the social instinct there is a tendency to finality much more important than in the ability to earn money.

To be the mistress of a home, to extend hospitalities, briefly to be within the circumference of a social circle, instead of gliding with uneasy foot on the periphery, is the reasonable desire of every woman. When this is achieved many temptations, so freely recognized that nobody disputes them, are eliminated. It is a noticeable fact in all women-bachelor households, no matter how humble, that the rugs are scarcely down and the curtains up, until the kettle is lighted and the reign of hospitality has begun. It is interesting to observe how soon the shyest novice over the tea-cups loses her timidity, and assumes that air of confidence that once was the enviable property of only married women.

George Eliot has remarked that sense of promotion that married women seem to carry in their demeanor toward other women. So discriminating an observer, if she had lived longer, could not have failed to notice in the bachelor maid its

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counterpart, slightly differentiated to be sure. The mystery of men's lives in the world, out of which illusions are spun, has always had a greater influence in determining the fate of women than is readily admitted. To feel transmitted through the ring-finger the electric thrill of business, of politics, of clubs, of the stirring movements in the life of men, gives any woman vantage-ground over others of her sex. But in the actual commerce of business, the community of affairs, the wear and tear of daily life in offices and elevators, this mystery vanishes. A couple of type-writers at luncheon will illustrate badly a situation yet too new to be fairly reckoned up. Over knife and fork they will match employers as small boys do pennies.

Out of hours the boss is only a man of whose necktie they may disapprove, or of the way he wears his hair, or perhaps of his grammar, and it may be he appears greatly to the advantage of some young man at a neighboring machine.

The type-writer of this estate always marries, and is consequently not a woman bachelor. But this one, too, arrives at something of the same knowledge of the strength of men and of their weaknesses; this is apt to be considered a not undesirable exchange for the will-o'-the-wisps that dance before the eyes of the home-keeping women. With these franker relations, the community of outside interests, the wider exchange of opinions, the clearer sight of men among men, and of men as they are, come also larger sympathy, a better appreciation of their difficulties, of their larger needs, of the greater leeway required by them that even wives can scarcely arrive at. These inevitably form the basis for social intercourse and a newer comradeship that have hardly yet been taken into account, but are plainly reflected in the frank, unapologetic manner of the woman bachelor that has replaced the hesitating, graceful timidity of the old maid.

Science came in opportunely as their handmaid and messenger-boy. When Mr. Edison was experimenting with the subdivision of the electric light, it seemed to have no special bearings on the evolution of the woman bachelor. The brilliancy of the streets at night has been so conspicuous a factor that the latest goddess, Electra, may well be adopted as the patron and guardian of the sex. The duties of legions of women take them out at night. Duty is its own excuse; accompanied by the chivalrous umbrella, many a woman has braved the powers of night and not unfrequently done battle. The woman who must be escorted home from a newspaper office at midnight limits her value to the extent of the bother she makes; the doctor who cannot respond to a night-call without a cab or a messenger-boy is handicapped beyond the possibility of success. Ease of movement is essential in the competitive struggle for a livelihood. But amusement and recreation have recognized places in all these later schemes of life. The increase in the number of women abroad at night, with no other protector than the benign beams of the electric light, afford a new and interesting manifestation of the streets. They are found in the street-cars at hours that once would have been called unseemly; they are substantial patrons of the theatre, sitting now among the children of the world below, and now among the gods above, as the state of their purses warrants. The difference in fear of men and fear of Mrs. Grundy, between the sheltered woman and the bachelor maid, was measured not long since, when a matron, at nine o'clock, shut out on her own doorstep, implored the protection of a strange bachelor maid passing by. She responded, and the two women sat for an hour on the inhospitable stone until the hour for locking up, when the maid descended from some eyry; the timorous lady was admitted, and the bachelor maid, in the security of her latch-key, passed on.

The women bachelors of New York have nothing that corresponds to the London women's clubs. It has been plainly demonstrated that similarity of pursuits does not form the best basis on which to found a club in the repeated failures and timid successes of such efforts. It is not separatism, it appears, that attracts the woman bachelor in her moments of dearly bought and dearly prized leisure, but the more wholesome commingling among men

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and women as a recognized part of the social structure. The intimation that the woman bachelor is to supersede the old maid excites reasonable apprehension. Thus far the newer species gives no assurance that in the larger area it desires to occupy there will be place or opportunity for the humbler but fragrant offices of the old maid. For the woman bachelor time exists in solid blocks that it is not expedient, in her scheme of life, to subdivide. The old maid had hours, quarters, minutes, to fill in crevices and chinks with gracious acts. The woman bachelor subscribes to the organized charities, and may no more be called upon than the judge or the banker to sit at bedsides and sew for the poor. If she prospers in her profession, business, or trade, she may help send her nephews and nieces to college and tip them on occasions like an unwedded uncle. But who is there to tie up the stubbed toe and interpose the ever-ready needle and thread between the yawning rent and the maternal eye? In these days of specialties there are trained nurses, district visitors, nursery governesses, and visiting needlewomen, who can perform the duties of the old maid, if they lack those qualities that gave fragrance to her ministrations. But there is no one to supply that persistent and faithful memory in which the old maid holds all that she has ever loved and cared for. Fathers forget, the cares and interests of children divide and weaken the mother's claim; but the affection of an old maid aunt defies circumstance and time. It is scarcely probable that the woman bachelor will ever regret that she is not an old maid aunt, but it will be an ungrateful world that forgets to cherish the memory of the old maid when she is no more.

PROVERBUM SAP

By Charles Henry Webb

That 'tis well to be off with the old love
Before one is on with the new
Has somehow passed into a proverb,
But who follows its teaching may rue.

No love can be quite like the old love
Whate'er may be said for the new—
And if you dismiss me, my darling,
You may come to this thinking, too.

Were the proverb not wiser if mended,
And the fickle and wavering told
To be sure that they're on with the new love
Before being off with the old?

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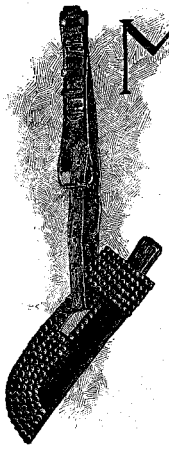
MY INDIAN PLUNDER

By Julian Ralph



Blood Indian's Belt, Sheath and Skinning-knife.

"MY dear young ladies," I said, "all women are just as savage."

It was like many another bit of deep wisdom that has flashed upon my mind but not from my lips—for I said it, but only to myself.

The way of it was this: Our train on the Canadian Pacific Railway had pulled up at a little tank-station on the plains and several white women had gone out to inspect three or four red ones who had come to the railway to shiver in the presence of the daily train in preference to shivering in their tepees in the company of the bare prairie. Could there be a stronger contrast than the two sorts of women presented? The squaws—barrel-shaped, as squaws get when well along in years—were seated, tailor-fashion, on the dirty boards, done up in smudgy blankets so as to present the outlines of so many meal-bags, each topped with a round, mahogany-colored face where the shirr-strings ought to be. They were stolid, motionless, staring, like clumsily carved images done up in woollen packages. Our white women were Americans. Need I say that they were shapely, stylish, tidy, active, bright, full of interest and exclamation and movement? They looked at the poor, natural, red wives, and they listened to me, who can no more resist the inclination to make the acquaintance of an Indian than I can restrain any other of my weaknesses.

"What Injun you?—what tribe? Blackfoot?" I asked.

"Cree," said one of the squaws, after giving the matter due thought.

"Where reservation?"

"Got tepee—there," with a wave of one thumb at the motionless desert of grass.

"Here money—no give to man—you keep."

Each squaw—or squee-ow, as I have always heard them say the word—reached out and took into her blanket a ten-cent piece, awkwardly as a monkey takes a nut into its cage. And one or two grunted a sound that cannot be spelled, except by persons who have never heard it and who write it in boys' story-papers. But one said: "Good man; heap good. You got woman?" "Yes." Then she said: "Got plenty woman," and laughed; at which surprising proof of a tutored intellect all the squaws grunted, unspellably, again. Then a young white woman spoke:

"Why!" she said, "they are like any other women. They are very like Italians."

"More like Japanese," said one with a truer eye.

"What a pity," exclaimed number three—a charming Eastern college production—"that they should have to be the companions of their fighting, savage, bloodthirsty Indian men!"

That was delicious. I wished that the squaws could comprehend it. I would have liked to have it heard by my distinguished friend Old Sun's wife, of the Blackfeet—she who carries eagle-feathers in her hair—black-tipped white war-eagle feathers—to commemorate her share of a bloody victory of her nation. "I always feel so sorry for the squaws," added Miss Alumna.

"I have always felt the other way," said I. "I have commiserated the bucks. Where I have been among the Indians, these gentle-looking creatures were the principal devils of each tribe. It is these placid dames who rush upon the field after the battle and mutilate the dead and wounded with the remorseless and diabolical ingenuity that makes us shudder when we read of it."

Then the young white women made the same unspellable sound that the

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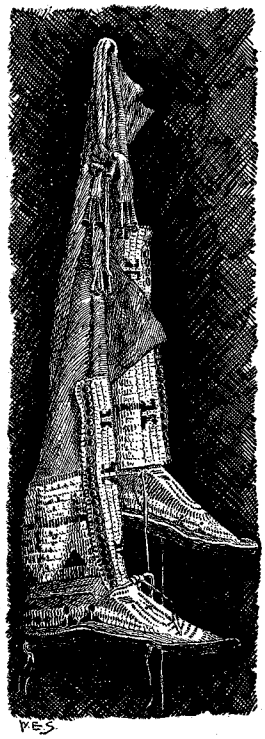
red ones had been making, and rushed away just as I was about to sink myself lower than the squaws in their estimation by explaining how, in all the forceful movements of humanity, it has been the women who have shown the full intensity and fervor of each cause. I am glad that I left the words unspoken.

"Not a single bead upon any of them," I said to myself. It was a sad discovery. Put it in other words: "Could we not even leave them their beads?"—and whoever has a spark of humanity in him will feel the tragic force of the thought. I pulled apart the blankets of two of them—with that license with which the Anglo-Saxon everywhere investigates the belongings of the inferior races—in Russia, Italy, China, Africa—wherever he happens to be. They wore plain calico dresses, and on their feet were undecorated mere bags of leather, instead of the beautifully worked beaded moccasins all of them wore so few years ago. Happily for my frame of mind there came along—just as the engineer was climbing back into his cab—a young Cree girl, wearing an extraordinary pair of barbaric ear-rings. Each was a rude loop of brass wire, thicker than a crochet-needle, and each was strung full of big, round, brass beads. Among all the Indians there it was the only bit of finery, the only ornament, the only tiny link that connected them with their past. It was all they had. I got it. I put a quarter in the Cree girl's hand, and almost tore the rings out of her ears—for the whistle had blown and the wheels were turning. I have often wondered since whether she cared to part with them. I would have known but for the train. It ought to have waited long enough for her Indian mind to work upon the proposition—a week or so.

At another station a squaw risked a little pouch of bead-worked buckskin by wearing it dangling from her belt. The ear-rings are in that pouch now, and both hang on the wall before me. They are parts of my Indian plunder—the most gorgeous, highly decorative, eloquent, inspiring ornaments that a man can collect from any people in any corner of the earth, be he as rich as Crœsus or as indefatigable as Stanley. "Could have collected," I should say, for my last two journeys across the continent proved to me that the original sources of these trophies are dry—dry as the bones of the buffalo, dry as the scalps in the curio-shops, dry as the eyes of the Indian agents who manage the reservations where Government has changed a proud and splendid race of men into a ragged, hungry horde of mendicants and paupers.



Arapahoe Squaw's Boots.

There were other Indians, farther along the railway, mainly selling buffalo-horns — those pretty polished horns that a squaw can prepare in five weeks of incessant, hard labor, and her man can sell in a minute for a dollar to buy rum with, or Pain Killer, which makes him much sicker and therefore is preferable, for the observant Indians are of the opinion that white men drink on one day so as to be very sick the day after. In the truest spirit of flattery they imitate the sickness with gunpowder and tea, with bottled extract of ginger, with Worcestershire sauce, or Pain Killer. It was startling to see that the Indians are now offering common cow-horns, pale and mottled in color, in place of the jet-black bison horns, and that the tourists are buying them. Yet cow-horns are as genuine trophies of the plains as the latter-day Indian work that is now offered at the hotel news-stands and curio-stores of the West. Part of it is the same stuff that has for fifty years been sold as Indian bead-work in Montreal and Saratoga — cotton-backed with card-

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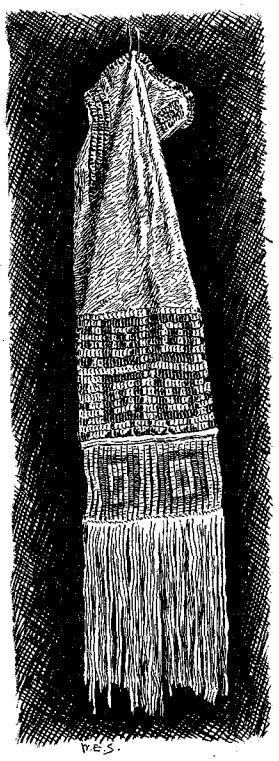
board and worked with translucent beads in floral designs. It may be that there are untutored Indians who work beads into floral patterns, but I never saw any, or even one floral device upon any trapping among any wild Indians anywhere in America. Nor did I ever see translucent beads, such as our women use, in any Indian work. They would not produce the glorious, rich, solid bands of color that make genuine Indian work more beautiful than the weaving of the Asiatics, as splendid as old Chinese porcelain, and almost comparable with jewelry.



Sioux Tobacco Bag.

To-day the gentle tourist is being swindled with this bogus stuff—made by diluted Indians from white men's patterns—but Providence, in its mercy, has fitted him with such upper-story emptiness that he buys the truck in the form of watch-pockets and match-holders, to exhibit as relics of aboriginal savage life. Only a few years ago, when I was making my small collection, I could not anywhere find a shield, a true war-eagle head-dress, or a spear. Now they are to be had by the car-load in Denver, St. Paul, and other Western cities. But, only think! the feathers are those of the turkey—the coward bird that the best Indians would not eat, lest its meat should carry the craven qualities of the bird into their natures. The spears are machine-made, the shields are wrinkled sheets of calf-skin daubed over with scene-painters' colors. There are plenty of scalps to-day, though I did not come across one, except in private collections, between 1889 and 1894. The new crop is of scalp-locks, "torn while the victims were still quivering, by the painted red fiends," of the dime novels, with pairs of scissors from horses' tails. The ends of the coarse hairs have been laid in mucilage upon pieces of chamois-skin the size of a half-dollar. I am glad they are such innocent curios, for the genuine scalps used to make me creep, such is my dislike for any human hair that has been cut and is lifeless. I do not know what became of the real scalps. Even when genuine trappings were plentiful the places of the real scalps had been taken by tresses of horse-hair and pretty tails of mink and fishes and deer-skin, hung from leather disks and beautifully framed in circles of colored bead-work. They hang from my war-clubs and quirts and tomahawk-handles, and are often mistaken for scalps, and are far more ornamental.

The principal trader in Indian goods in this country now offers a stock in which there is a large proportion of goods made for the market, but a more surprising fact about his wares is that the garments, weapons, and ornaments, which are obviously genuine, are very inferior to the same articles that used to be gotten from the red men. There are real second-hand buckskin dresses without a bead upon them, ornamented on the yoke with red flannel, where the squaws used to sew pounds of gay beads. Tacks take the place of beads on the whip-handles, and the once magnificent stocks of the *coup*-sticks or war-clubs are now as bare as the chins of the braves who sold them. This trader explained that the Indians have not the means to buy beads as of old, and that the Government is trying to discourage the use of beads, as tending to keep alive the savage instincts and romanticism, which is opposed to the potato-planting inclination. He says that nearly all the really fine examples of Indian work that he gets now come in private collections. "They are the treasures of army officers and rich gentlemen," he said, "whose wives sell them when the husbands die." My eyes become damp as I think of those words and look, at the same time, upon the four square yards of pretty-

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pretties that hang upon my wall. I am acquainted—as well as the average clumsy man can ever be with a work so intricate—with a certain lady whose nose has never yet failed to ascend toward her forehead when a new lot of grand Indian trophies has come smelling into her house. She handles them—when it cannot be avoided — between the tip of one thumb and the point of her index-finger, keeping the three other fingers of that hand strained as far away as muscle and flesh will let them go. And I wonder whether—alas! I fear that—but confound the trader! surely he had sufficient to do to try to sell turkey-feather war-bonnets and aboriginal watch-pockets without injecting into a once happy home the venom of distrust and suspicion.

Leggings.

How much of my admiration for these relics of a dead but unburied race comes, I wonder, from my having seen the red men caparisoned in almost the full glory of their freest condition? Is it a dream, or is it true—that vision that floods my brain, in which I see myself in derby hat and awkward New York clothes standing beside a rushing, howling torrent of excited braves on the plains? Is it true that some were naked except for two head-feathers and a breech-clout, and yet were gorgeously clothed in paint? Is it true that some wore war-bonnets that touched the rumps of their ponies and then fell away to the ground and dragged a yard or two yards of their beautiful length upon the bunch-grass? Is it true, or a dream, that other horses were girt with trailing cloths that swept the ground with more magnificent effect than the petticoated panoply of the horse of a cavalier of ancient France? That other bucks wore leather fringe that fell and shook and quivered down their arms and legs and from the bottoms of their coats; that scores of others were clad with a mail of showy beads that cased their bodies, their guns, their whip-handles, their saddle-flaps, their feet? Ah, yes! in sport their furious horses swerve as if to run me down, the rifles crack just above my head, the warriors yell almost against my ear-drums. It is true; I almost step back again, in my mind, under the shock of that rude but thrilling sport.

Would I care so much for my wall-jewelry if I had not sat in council-tents under the same impressive influence that has, unaided by any white man, produced (in the Indian Territory) three systems of government and three conditions of society which no redskin need be ashamed to compare with the order of the white men in the States that border on that Territory? The head-chief at one council was in mourning, with his hair in disorder, and little else on than his blanket, but the under-chiefs and head-men were grandly clad in beaded buckskin, which would have been admired even in the presence of the showiest military men in any court of Europe. The man who presided at the other council wore a suit that would have sold then—when bead-work was common—for five hundred dollars. It was a suit of white beads—the showiest kind—upon which background was a great sun-medallion, on front and back, framed with those geometrical patterns which a curious student-friend of mine thinks that he has followed uninterruptedly from the great lakes through Central America into Bolivia-

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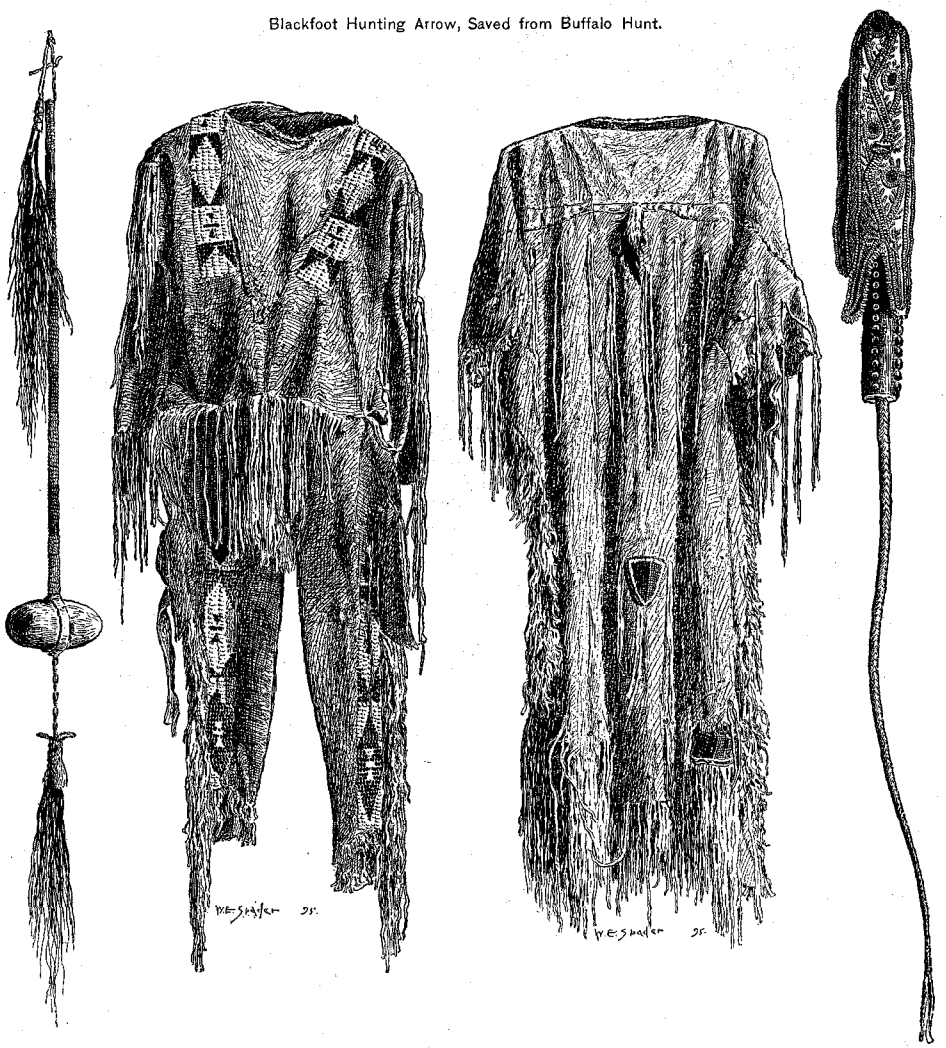
Blackfoot Hunting Arrow, Saved from Buffalo Hunt.



Cheyenne Coup-stick. Male Costume. Female Costume. Blood Indian's Quirt or Whip.

Peru, over to the relics of the earliest dwellers in Europe and into ancient Egypt and Assyria. What a king the old chief looked! What dignity he wore! How deferentially quiet and respectful were all the rude warriors, squatted in the showy circle that began and ended with his person. Among the skins and bundles that were packed at the edge of the big tepee, "to keep the wind away," he raked for the sacred council-pipe. And then he filled it himself, to enhance the effect of the ceremony, perhaps, or to guarantee the purity of the smoking mixture, and handed it to a young under-chief for the performance of the menial task of lighting it. After that, with what a show of etiquette he singled out the chiefs, by turn, according to their rank, handing the pipe, stem foremost, to each. One would still have thought the Indians a reticent, silent people to see them in council, listening, and only occasionally grunting, as the chief harangued them. Yet they are very

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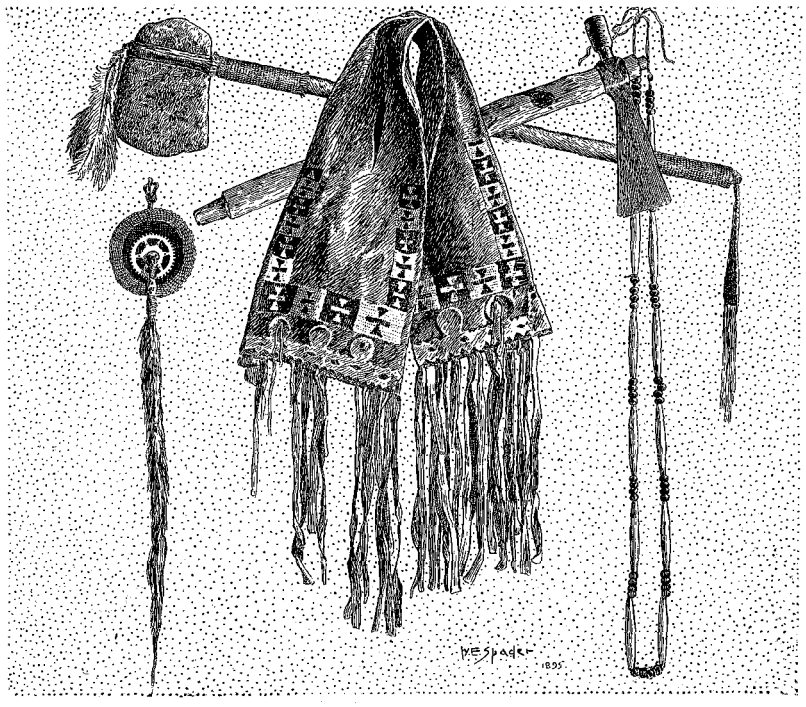
Sioux Stone Tomahawk or Club used in dances and displays. Copied from a weapon in use before the white man came.

Copper Pipe Tomahawk, round, sold by a Winnebago. One of the first forms that the early traders sold to the Indians.



Blood Indian Blanket-Shoulder Ornament.

Saddle-bags of a Southern Ute.

Sioux Chief's Bone Necklace, from Standing Rock Agency.

SIOUX AND UTE IMPLEMENTS.

talkative, childishly fond of hearing themselves and of story-telling when no stranger is by and when they are in camp pursuing the daily routine of life. But would the squaw leggings and dresses interest me so much if I did not remember so many copper-faced girls who wore them? Take that one, for instance, who would not let me look at her finery on the first day I saw her, but who, Indian-like, came forward the next time and threw off her blanket, and stood out patterned like a Persian rug, with beautiful pale blue bead-work figured in pink and white, all upon fringed buckskin, like a character out of a Fenimore Cooper novel.

The first Indian curio I ever owned was a snow-snake that I saw used in some winter sports among the living shadows of the Six Nations in New York State. It is nothing but a long, stiff, smooth stick, bent a little at the head, but when a rut has been hollowed out of soft snow by dragging a log along the ground, and when an Indian has hurled the long, slender stick along this rut, the snow-snake darts forward with a strangely serpent-like movement, rising and falling in an undulating line and throwing up its head precisely as if it were alive. To make it go in this way a long distance requires a knack—as much of a one, I judge, as throwing a boomerang needs. I have heard a story of these Indians of the Six Nation tribes that is most interesting and that, so far as I know, has not been published to their credit. It is to the effect that they hold the memory of George Washington in the highest esteem and honor. Moreover, they all expect to visit him when they die. He kept his word with them and treated them both justly and kindly, though they had not been our allies, but had sided with their old friends, the English, during our Revolutionary War. And they say of him to-day that he is the only white man who ever came near

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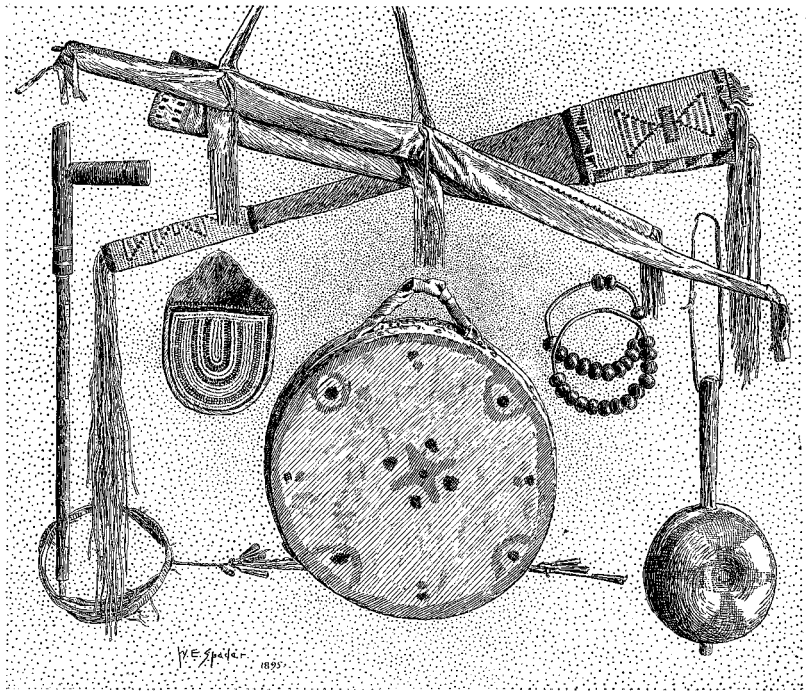
Bow and Quiver of an Apache Brave.

Rifle-case of a Plains Cree, N. W. Territory, Canada. Property of a chief.



Pipe. Ankle Ornament. Case for Ear-rings. Medicine Drum, Plains Cree, N. W. Territory, Canada. Ear-rings. Apache Medicine Man's Rattle.

APACHE AND CREE IMPLEMENTS.

reaching the Indian heaven, the Happy Hunting Grounds. Since none except an Indian may enter them, Gitche Manitou has given to Washington a lodge, just at the gateway to the Grounds, and every Indian—among the Senecas, if not all the others — stops with the first Great White Father at that lodge on his last night, on the way to the paradise of buffalo-steaks and pemmican and corn-meal. It seems to me poetically fine that the greatest American should receive fitting recognition and honor from the original and truest Americans, especially from the bravest tribes, and the tribes that maintained a perfect republic on this soil before the English came here as subjects of a monarch.

Still looking at my wall and following the growth of the collection from its beginning, I see two arrows that were given to me by a dear old Catholic missionary. He represents at this moment the unbroken continuation of the rude, heroic life of those French and Spanish priests whose footprints on the shores of both oceans are the initial points of the history of American civilization. He lived with the most savage Indians when they and the buffalo roamed over ground that is now inlaid with the cobbles of the streets of great cities. He saw Indian wars waged where stand the churches in which he has since preached. From young manhood to old age he lived with the Indians in Indian fashion, eating when they had meat, starving when they had none, sharing all their sorrows and such of their joys as he could countenance. He moved from tribe to tribe, in fearful heat and fearful cold. And though he scolded and threatened and disciplined such martial unfettered spirits as the Sarcis, Crees, Blackfeet, Stonies, Bloods, and Crows, he was everywhere beloved and safe, though never armed. I value the two unused hunting-arrows that he gave me more than I prize the bloody ones that hang in yon quiver. The

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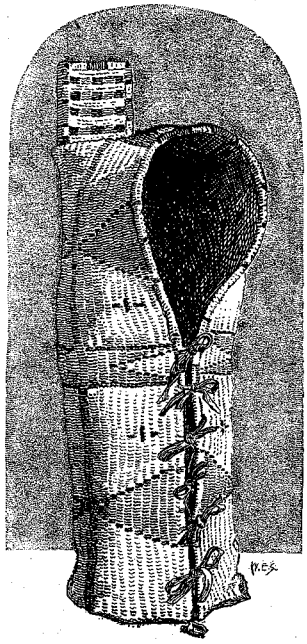
blood upon them is not of man. Any one can see that they are hunting-arrows, because the points are square-backed and not barbed, as were the war-arrows that were made to stay in the flesh the while the poison upon them worked its havoc through the victim's veins. The blood upon my other arrows covers them to the feathers at the upper end, and is evidently buffalo blood. Being a trifle imaginative, I like to think that they belonged to one of those braves who knew and practised the clever trick of shooting arrows right through the buffaloes and into the ground beyond. It seems incredible, but I have it from many good witnesses, that the Indians attained such proficiency as to be able, upon a wager, to shoot even a dozen arrows through a buffalo without having the missiles hit a rib on either side, as they rode beside the fleeing brute. I notice that when I mention possibilities such as that about my trophies, that certain young listeners always repeat them as the actual facts concerning the trophies. Thus it comes that these arrows are said to have really belonged to such a marksman; and thus my collection is likely to possess an extraordinary interest and value in time—if that trader in despised legacies does not secure it.



Pappoose Case.

I think it was on the same day that I got the arrows from the good priest that I came upon a Blood buck very picturesquely dressed in full savage fashion. He had the regulation separated trousers-legs, such as is part of full dress in China to-day, and a fine fringed and beaded coat, and a showy pair of moccasins. He fancied himself a splendid dude of the plains, but with only two or three silver dollars I despoiled him and humbled him. Doubtless his wife at once noticed the absence of the bead-work that cost her such tremendous toil as the squaws always used to expend upon it. Lucky she if she did not have to connect its loss with a temporary hilarity followed by such unreasonable irritability as might lead even an unimaginative squaw to think with the poet that "men must work and women must weep." She got him back with his clothes on—a condition due solely to my inexperience at that time. Since I have known that it is full dress among those people not to wear anything but a "gee-string" or breech-cloth, I have mourned the beautiful clothes of that brave as if they had been mine and I had lost them.

Upon the wrist-strap of the quirt, or whip, that I bought of him is a bead-worked design which suggests the famous Paisley pattern that originated in Oriental woven goods. It occurs in nothing else that I have, all the other patterns (or nearly all) being formed of straight lines arranged in squares or triangles or bands. The wooden handle of the quirt is evidently made of a short section of a chair-leg; one may see two of the holes in which the rungs once fitted. But all over it, except in the rung-holes, the squaws have hammered big brass tacks, so that, with the beaded strap above it and the plaited whip-lash below, it has become more beautiful, and to me more valuable, than the entire original bedroom suit of which it once formed a part. The belt and sheath, with its sharp skinning-knife still in it, are also converted goods. They have relapsed from civilization into barbarism, just as men sometimes do; just as that West Point officer has who is sometimes seen down in the Apache country, heading a half-naked band of rovers. They give him more

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satisfaction by calling him chief and obeying his untrammelled impulses than he ever knew when he was harnessed in suspenders and fettered with collars and cuffs, and enslaved by the conventions and discipline of society and the army. The belt is a discarded cartridge-belt. In all likelihood, some unlucky chap gave up his life before he lost it. The sheath is made of a piece of grain-leather cut from a boot-leg, but it is so cleverly fashioned that few would suspect its lowly origin. It, too, is all plated with brass tack-heads.

Instead of distorting your face, dear reader, at the thought of a man hanging bits of chair-legs and boot-legs upon his wall, among things wrested from murdered men, reflect upon all that this suggests. Think with shame of the degradation that has forced these cavaliers of the plains to utilize the waste and wreckage of the white man—of the marvellous skill and taste that utilizes it so cleverly with such art. I have seen a splendid creature, noble in carriage and build, and fine in every outline, wearing ear-rings made of two bits of white card-board the size and shape of a silver dollar, and very fine they looked. And I have seen a brave (I think it was no less a hero than Rain-in-the-Face, the Sioux chief) wearing two similar disks of tin cut from a tomato-can, one under each ear, as proudly and bravely as ever a Hohenzollern belle carried her tiara. Possibly later Indian collections will be of such nature, for the other day I noticed, among the goods of the principal trader in these curios, some very notable adaptations from the white men's leavings — a tom-tom, for instance, beaded, feathered, painted, and grand to look upon, though it was made of a foot of stove-pipe covered at each end with tightly strained buckskin. Any tinsmith of to-day, if he is properly constituted, should swell with pride to think that perhaps he riveted that pipe.

My stone-headed war-clubs are very primitive weapons, but are still carried in war, I am told. Parkman, in his "Oregon Trail," tells how a squaw scolded a pack-dog for running after small game when he had a load to carry, and how, at the end of her harangue, she took one of these war-clubs from her tepee and brained the cur for being so worthless. For such uses they were doubtless devised and carried before the white men came with hatchets and guns. But a noted old Montana trader, who knew the Crows and Blackfeet in their prime, calls these clubs by the semi-French name of *coup*-sticks, because, he says, they are used in the ceremony of "counting the coups," or battle-strokes, of the warriors. Before engaging in war or the chase the braves assemble, and each fighter boasts of what he has done. For instance, painted and decked in all his finery, he struts before the rest and cries: "I am Bull's Back Fat. When I was fourteen I killed a deer, and at sixteen had slain a grizzly. I am Bull's Back Fat. After I became a warrior I crept beside the trail and shot two of our enemies, the Stonies."

So he goes on, and at the mention of each great deed he raises the bedizened club, at which signal a medicine-man strikes a blow upon a tom-tom. As long as he has deeds to recount the drum credits them to him with its muffled sound. But my friend says that the boasters are in time carried away by the impression they are creating. They hate to come to the end of their coups. They begin to lie. At the first excess the *coup*-stick is raised, as usual, but the drum fails to sound, and they sit down with an "I have done," else the others jeer at them, for all know what each companion has done in the lists of war and the chase.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

EVERY one knows the touching words wherewith Francesca da Rimini begins her story in the fifth canto of Dante's "Inferno":

> "Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria;"

melodiously turned, long ago, by Tennyson, into the assurance

> "That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

Much less familiar is the protest of Alfred de Musset against this alleged agony of remembrance. The passage, which occurs in one of his longer poems, has never been translated into English, so far as I know, and runs substantially as follows:

The Luxury of Recollection.

> "Dante, why tell us that the depth of grief
> Is to live o'er our joys in evil days?
> What wrong impelled thee to this disbelief,
> This harsh and bitter phrase?
>
> Must we deny that day our life has blessed,
> Forget its beauty when the night descends?
> Is this thy faith, with mighty woes oppressed,
> That to such error tends?
>
> No, by the suns that still undying shine,
> This truth distorted is not thy heart's own!
> A joy recalled may be of gifts divine
> The best the heart has known.
>
> And thy Francesca, thy sweet soul sublime,
> Thou didst decree this falsehood should disclose—
> She, who, to tell her tale, a little time
> Eternal love foregoes."

This bygone contention of the poets has been brought to my mind vividly of late by a bundle of old letters, which through some accident of neglect escaped destruction. They were all written by me, fifteen years or more ago, to one friend, who has given me the unusual privilege of exploring archives of personal history. As if one of life's closed doorways had suddenly swung open, I have obtained a backward glimpse along the corridors of time, to find myself inspecting dead aspirations, dead issues, dead friendships even—for many names recurring in these records are no longer of this world. Above all, the glow of youth which infused and sublimated them has gone out forever, and is dead as Cæsar's. Here are changed conditions enough, one might reasonably declare, to make such groping in the catacombs of the heart a very melancholy process; and that there were sombre moments in it I do not attempt to deny. Yet when, late the other night, I came to the last line, I caught myself actually sighing for more. The pleasure had so far outweighed the pain that I would have given much to prolong the novel experience for an hour or two. Then I remembered this still-vexed question between the "souls of poets dead and gone," and after a moment's indecision gave my voice unhesitatingly to the Frenchman. One need only consider what life would be with memory obliterated, to incline his way in the dispute. By a wise dispensation of Providence our pleasant days are those that we remember best; and the persistent joy with which they are conjured up is inestimable, until we begin to picture ourselves deprived of the conjuring power. How annoyances of travel, for instance, fade into insignificance the moment they are over—blurred and softened by distance, as all inharmonious detail invariably is! Looking back, we see the cathedral's soaring roof and the wide sweep of its

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façade, while the ugly little gargoyles go for nothing. Even the great griefs of love and death seem in time to offer us a subtle luxury of woe. To dwell upon them becomes endurable. They make all our solitudes murmurous with the low, sweet voices of the Elysian Fields.

So, in the open quarrel which is still, as Sir Lucius says, a very pretty quarrel as it stands, I take the lesser poet's part. It may be, after all, that Dante meant to apply his marvellous line only to the future state, inventing thus a new and exquisite torment for his unhappy shades. What an Inferno on the earth all life would be were it literally true!

College Sports.

WE seem to have emerged for the time from the thraldom of college sports. They flourish, and long may they flourish, but the intensity of their prevalence is not so great just now but that the more important coincident operations of the universe may compete with them successfully for the attention of mankind. Four years ago, when the foot-ball players owned Thanksgiving Day outright, and had a preferred claim on a large part of the fall, the voices of the prophets of the republic clamored hourly against the tyranny of athleticism, and deplored, with lamentations and much tossing up of dust, the apparent supremacy of matter over mind. But mind since then seems to have slipped out again from under matter. After Yale quarrelled with Harvard over a question of etiquette a shrinkage of interest in college games gradually ensued, which has been helped along by events in general. Hard times have saddened us; war scares and silver scares have sobered us. This fall we are full of politics; and though we are not so engrossed as to refuse to look at a foot-ball game if it comes in our way, we cannot bring ourselves to feel as we might have felt five years ago, that the chief end of man in autumn is foot-ball. For the time being we are a chastened people and take even our pleasures somewhat sadly, and our chief end this fall is to vote.

Another thing that may have affected our attitude toward college sports is the rise of golf and the bicycle. We are all athletes ourselves nowadays, and it is not with most of us quite as it was when our only taste of athletic exercises was what we got in watching other men's efforts. We have not quite as much time, and possibly not quite as much enthusiasm for athletic spectacles as we had before we began to think of such things as "century runs" as possibilities for ourselves.

It would be well if the ebb in interest in athletics—an ebb by no means violent, or at all disconcerting to the friends of college sports—might be improved by the correction of any features of them which are still amiss. In one particular the polo-players, who disputed with so much spirit in Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, in September, set the college men an example which was attractive at least, even if not practicable for imitation. They played their matches in a public park, where anyone who chose might come and look at them without paying. The best polo teams in the country contested; the matches were exceedingly spirited, and attracted thousands of people, very many of whom would have cheerfully paid any admission fee that was asked. But no one did pay. The matches, played on public grounds, were open to the public, and anyone who could get a sight of them was welcome to take it. No doubt the great cost at which college athletics are conducted in these days makes it apparently necessary to charge admission to foot-ball and base-ball matches; and no doubt, also, it costs so much to handle and provide for the crowds which the great matches draw, that a small admission fee might be necessary for that alone. But, on the other hand, it is worth considering how far the expensiveness of preparation and training is necessary, and how much of it is due to an effort to spend the gate-money which the great games have brought in. It would be rash to say that the business of the college athletes could be transacted and the intercollegiate contests managed without gate-money, and it is not so asserted here; but one may aver, without much risk of correction, that gate-money is an evil, albeit perhaps a necessary evil, and that it is a felicity of the polo-players that they are able to pay their own bills, and are not compelled to share the cost of their exercises with the public. The wider the separation between money-making and amateur sport the better it seems to be for sport. At present the only great intercollegiate contests which are open to the public without

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pay are the boat-races. The only foot-ball matches which are public, in the same sense, are those played at West Point and Annapolis.

A Minor Social Lack.

READERS of Mr. Mitchell's amusing "Mrs. Lofter's Ride," in a recent issue of this magazine, assuredly did not miss its perhaps most artistic touch, that "finishing touch" which Mrs. Lofter thought she gave to her acquaintance with Mr. Connor. The slow withdrawal of her eyes from his expectant face, "silently, with glacial indifference," was the perfection of a social brutality possible only to a hardened society woman. Had a man felt under a social obligation to "cut" his fellow-man — on general principles, as in this case, and not from specific personal animosity—his blundering way of doing it would have surely betrayed his uneasy consciousness of the sort of thing he was doing. It is to woman that our civilization owes its social proscriptions and penalties, because it belongs to woman's sphere to create and maintain our all-important system of social distinctions. A world peopled exclusively by men would be roughly but adequately divided for social purposes into "good fellows" and "other fellows."

This is not to say that there do not exist among men alone well-recognized degrees of social tolerance. Sir Walter Scott's capacity to find pleasure even in a bore, or Longfellow's inability to shake one off (see Mr. Howells's recent testimony), shades off through a series of slight gradations into an opposite extreme, the brusqueness of a Carlyle or a Tennyson. But the boresome subject of bores aside, there is often a positive irritation in being constantly obliged to recognize, if only by a passing nod or half-spoken word, some entirely indifferent person, a chance acquaintance, though he be impeccable and irreproachable. The fact of his presumably admirable qualities does not seem of itself to establish any valid claim on the continuance of the conventional civility, that becomes more and more meaningless the longer it is continued as a mere conventional civility. Probably, too, the repetition of the act of recognition—which in such cases is sure to be frequent, encounters being apparently fated and as likely to occur in Constantinople or Tokio as anywhere in Christendom — is equally distasteful to the party of the second part, the indifferent acquaintance. This reflection, though unflattering, accentuates the difficulty by the mutuality of experience. Yet, how escape it, except by recourse to the brutality of "cutting," from which most men shrink with a sensitiveness a Mrs. Lofter could never appreciate? Besides, the application of such radical treatment to so slight a social irritation is to dignify it absurdly; something never included in the purely feminine point of view, and a further illustration of woman's lack of humor, man being the judge.

A diplomat of wide social experience once put it in this way: "I wish A. and I could be dis-introduced. I know he hates to bow to me as much as I hate to bow to him, and yet there is no reason why either of us should 'cut' the other. Our acquaintance is too slight for that; it would be simply brutal."

Here is the suggestion of a minor lack in modern social life which many feel but few distinctly recognize; the lack of some form of dis-introduction. The whole trend of modern civilization is toward a superfluity of acquaintance. Civilization itself may be with some accuracy defined as the process of introducing more and more people to more and more other people. The possibilities of introduction under modern conditions are infinite. The letter of introduction is almost as indispensable and carries almost as far as the letter of credit. As all the world now travels, this involves duplications and reduplications of the process, first in one hemisphere and then in the other. Its possibilities are illustrated by that popular pastime which consists in re-discovering "how small the world is" by tracing out the endless coincidences of mutual acquaintance—a pastime whose infinite variety age cannot stale nor custom wither. "Know thyself, but do not introduce a stranger," a cynical version of the ancient Socratic injunction, may be accepted literally as a minor social commandment, to be observed until the genius of the coming social inventor has evolved a proper form of dis-introduction. When at last this is evolved, it will assuredly be conceived in a spirit of malice toward none and charity for all.

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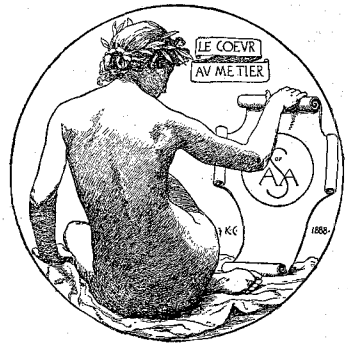
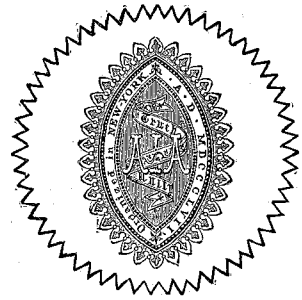
THE FIELD OF ART

THE various art associations, museums, and schools of art which are so numerous throughout the Western States and somewhat less so in the Southern, organized under varying manifestations of local pride, have met with curiously different degrees of success. The development of "the true artistic spirit," which should "beautify life and ennoble every industry," has been, of course, the great aim of all these creditable movements, but minor and more personal motives have not been wanting. It has even been asserted that social ambitions, the desire of various prominent citizens to appear as art patrons, have been responsible for the birth of more than one much-promising art association. In some fortunate cities, as Pittsburg, Milwaukee, and San Francisco, the original impulse has been very powerfully reinforced by munificent donations of galleries or other buildings by influential residents; in others, the art movement has been traced back to some tentative public exhibition, given in a small way, as in Buffalo and Detroit; in several of the larger ones much aid has been derived from large annual State or inter-State expositions, as is the case in St. Louis, Milwaukee, Louisville, and Minneapolis. In nearly all instances, the ladies ("our leisure sex") have been numerous and efficient, and in Indianapolis and Cincinnati the original movement was largely due to their efforts. The great numerical superiority of female pupils in the art schools is striking, the males, in some instances, not amounting to more than one-fifth or one-sixth of the total number. Finally, the comparative failure of the effort to establish an artistic centre, as in Cleveland, is remarkable as compared with the surprising success in some smaller towns, as Jacksonville, Ind.



The Society of American Artists.

Pittsburg rejoices in the great institute for the development of art and science founded by Mr. Carnegie, the first exhibition of painting and sculpture in the art galleries of which building is to open in November of this year with "one of the largest funds ever provided in America for the advancement of art," *i.e.*, $40,000, to be expended in the purchase of paintings, the two prize winners "to be placed in a chronological collection intended to represent the progress of American Art, beginning with the year 1896." Milwaukee — with its eighty per cent. of foreign-born population, termed by its inhabitants "the Berlin of America," as Nashville is "the Athens of the South"—is very proud of the Layton Art Gallery, presented to the city in 1885 by the gentleman of that name, the donor's wife also contributing $100,000 as an endowment fund, the yearly interest to be applied to defraying the gallery's expenses. There is also an incorporated art school, a


The American Institute of Architects.

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Museum of Fine Arts, and the Milwaukee Industrial Exposition has had an art department, largely made up of works owned by private collectors. The San Francisco Art Association was organized as far back as March, 1872. It holds semi-annual exhibitions, and maintains a school of design for instruction in drawing, painting, modelling, etc. The growth of dissensions and lack of concerted action led to the formation of a rival association, and in 1884 the original institution appointed a committee to formulate a plan for developing and popularizing the association. Eight years later, Mr. Searles, of Methuen, Mass., donated the building known as the family residence of Mr. Mark Hopkins to the Regents of the University of California for the "purposes of instruction in, and illustration of, the fine arts, music, and literature." By an agreement entered into between Mr. Searles, the Regents, and the Art Association, in February, 1893, the Art Association became an affiliated College of the University of California, and entered into the possession of the property jointly with the Regents.

Of the two small exhibitions from which sprang the art institutions of the cities of Buffalo and Detroit, one preceded the other by twenty-two years, that of the more eastern city having been held in 1861. The Detroit loan exhibition of 1883 "is believed to have excelled in magnitude and merit all previous exhibitions of the kind ever held in this country." The material results, the blessing of the Pope, which accompanied a picture presented by him, a painting by Mr. Millet, and some $1,500 in cash, were, later, turned over to the Museum of Art, which was incorporated under a special law passed by the Legislature, and opened its first exhibition in its own building in September, 1888. The Buffalo Fine Arts Academy was due in great measure to a successful exhibition held in that city under the auspices of The Young Men's Association in the winter of 1861, which the present director, Mr. Sellstedt, is inclined to think was "the first venture of its kind west of the Atlantic centres of art." The Academy was incorporated in the following year, the hope of its founders being to establish an institution on the model of the National Academy, with a school of art, an art library, etc., but this was slow in materializing, and the Academy is still waiting for a suitable building in which to house itself. As an instance of the personal sacrifice at the cost of which many of these institutions are maintained, it may be mentioned that Mr. Sellstedt has been giving his unpaid services for nearly twenty-seven years.

It is to the Southern Exposition company, founded in 1883, that the citizens of Louisville, Ky., have been largely indebted for their annual exhibitions of works of art, the enterprising director of the art department, Mr. Kurtz, having been able to secure important canvases by arrangements with Northern and Eastern exhibitors. The St. Louis Exposition and Music Hall Association has rendered similar services to the city from which it takes its name, its annual inter-State fairs for the last twelve years having been given, in the language of the official report, "without financial aid from Government, State, or city," having "paid its own way and made a record unequalled by any similar institution in this country." The movement to provide a suitable organization for the development of the fine arts in this city, however, proceeded upon regular and intelligent methods from the beginning, and soon attained a desirable state of efficiency, not only in the art school connected with the Washington University, at first under the direction of Mr. Ives, but in the erection of the Fine Arts Museum Building, planned by the architects who designed the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The First Minneapolis Industrial Exposition, in 1886, presented in its Art Department "one of the finest collections of art works

The Art Students' League of New York.

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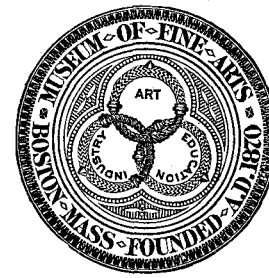
ever shown at any similar institution in the country," according to the preface of the catalogue. There was, naturally, an "extensive but very creditable" display by local artists; and in the room devoted to architectural drawings, the same publication averred that "Speciel (*sic*) care has been taken to make this a creditable and artistic exhibit of water-colors, mauve-browns pen-and-inks." Three years earlier, however, at a date when there seemed to be a general awakening to the needs of these centres of influence, the Society of Fine Arts opened its first exhibition in this city, with such satisfactory results that it was determined to devote all surplus funds to the establishment of a permanent art gallery, and a school was opened in 1885. Laying aside its rivalry, for the time being, Minneapolis has even held a joint exhibition of native and foreign paintings with St. Paul; and the Public Library of the latter city has been presented with some important works of art.

The original art impulse in Cincinnati seems to have been largely due to the ladies interested in wood-carving and the Rookwood Pottery, the genuine artistic success attending the development of the products of the latter, especially, diverting the movement in the direction of decorative art rather than pictorial—so much so that in 1882 an observer reported that the only painters apparently appreciated there were Hans Gude and Lessing. The city also has a museum, an art school which has been claimed to be the most liberally endowed in the country, and there is an art department to the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, opinions concerning the exhibitions of which seem to vary. In Indianapolis, Ind., the Art Association had its origin in a series of lectures on etchings and engravings delivered in that city in the winter of 1882–83 by Mrs. Adsit, of Milwaukee, and which, under the initiative of Mrs. Sewall, led to the incorporation, in the following October, of a society which conceived its duty to be, not only "to provide opportunities for the public to look at pictures," but also "to provide opportunities for the public to learn to produce pictures." In the latter undertaking it was not successful, the school having been abandoned at the end of the second year, but another, not under the direction of the association, was opened in October, 1891. This, we believe, is now connected with the association.

As to the assimilable character of the European culture thus forcibly transported to these Western homes, doubts will arise, and some of the details of this transplanting are grotesque in their fortuitous combinations. At its November meeting, in 1882, the Art Association of Jacksonville, Ind., closing its ninth year, listened to papers upon Ghirlandajo and Gozzoli, "and a pleasantly instructive conversational description of the Campo Santo at Pisa." The feature of the "art annex" of the exposition at Portland, Ore., in 1890, was the collection of paintings by Vereschagin; and that distinguished financier, Mr. Charles Hutchinson, presented to the Chicago Art Institute, of which he is president, in the summer of the same year, a collection of works by old masters. Consequently, the seed sometimes falls upon stony places, and while it seemed to flourish at Jacksonville, for instance, the Art Association of Cleveland collapsed after it had given one or two successful exhibitions. The proceeds of these were devoted, with too much confidence, to charity and to prizes, lectures, an "Art Museum Purchase Fund," "Art Pilgrimages to Eastern Cities," etc., and the sole asset now available, one painting described as "indifferent," is safe in cold storage. The art school, however, founded by a lady who desired to benefit her sex, and originally known as a school of design for women, is still flourishing, as is the Art Club and a Water-Color Society.



Sometimes these non-successes are pecul-

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iarly unfortunate, as in the case of the Brooklyn Art Association, which had erected a fine building, provided free and well-equipped schools, given free art entertainments to the community for many years, and arranged the first chronological exhibition of American art ever held, yet in 1886 was obliged to close its doors and suspend operations for a year. This was attributed at the time, as have been other failures, to the fact that it was "run by laymen," but the laymen have frequently shown excellent artistic sense. A Governor of the State of Massachusetts (by the name of Butler) recommended to the Legislature in 1883, the abolition of the State Normal Art School on the ground of its uselessness, as demonstrated by the fact that "nude human figures in clay" were there modelled, while "line-drawing for industrial purposes" was known to be the extreme extent to which the study of drawing could be profitably carried in public schools. But the House Committee on Education, to whom this recommendation was referred, reported in favor of the school, and several subsequent attempts to reverse this decision failed.

Chicago was one of the first cities to follow the example of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in bringing over for exhibitions here the works of American artists living in Europe, and the annual displays of the Inter-State Industrial Exposition on the shores of Lake Michigan profited accordingly. (The Pennsylvania Academy was founded in 1806, so that these Western institutions may be considered very modern.) The Chicago Art Institute, at first known as the Chicago Academy of the Fine Arts, was incorporated in 1879, and its school is among the very largest and best equipped in the country. It occupies the same building and is connected by its organization with the art museum, which is said to rank third or fourth in the value of its collection among similar institutions in this country. The art treasures of this city were greatly increased by the gift of many valuable and bulky works of art left by foreign governments on the grounds of the Exposition of 1893. Farther west, the Academy of Colorado holds exhibitions in Denver with varying degrees of success, we believe. In Kansas, the Lawrence Art League held its first semi-annual exhibition in December, 1884; the Kansas State Art Association, with headquarters at Topeka, sent out a circular about the same time, asking for subscriptions and new members, and held its first art loan exhibition in the spring of 1885. The University of Michigan has an important and growing collection; and in the South there are more of these evidences of a new movement than our space will allow us to notice. The Nashville (Tenn.) Art Association was organized in January, 1883, and held its first annual exhibition in March and April two years later; there is, or was, a Southern Art Union at New Orleans, a South Carolina Art Association at Charleston; a Telfair Academy at Savannah, etc. Baltimore has the American Institute Schools of Art and Design, a Decorative Art Society, etc.; in Atlanta, which has so recently distinguished itself by its great Cotton Exposition, the Young Men's Library Association held its first Art Loan Exhibition in November and December, 1882, with great success. In the capital, Washington, the official tendencies are mostly hopelessly adverse, but, in addition to the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Society of Washington Artists has given successful exhibitions, and the city had the opportunity of seeing the creditable little loan collection from Eastern cities exhibited in the chapel of the Smithsonian Institute in connection with the "Art Congress," at the period of the agitation for the removal of the duty on works of art, May, 1892.

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ABOUT THE WORLD

DR. NANSEN is just the sort of man who ought to find the Pole, if one would wish to see that undertaking completed with some *éclat*, in an atmosphere of adventure and romance, rather than in the official round of government duty. He is such an adventurous spirit as might have stepped out of "The Mysterious Island." He is a tall and slender, but powerful, man, with a rare quantity of nervous energy, of decision and of pertinacity. He is, and has been from his boyhood, wrapt up in plans for arctic exploration. The theories concerning ocean currents, ice-drifts, and open seas on which depended the result of his great labors and the lives of his followers, are the food which his soul feeds on. It seems to be doubtful whether the return of the Fram last August was not due more to good fortune than to Dr. Nansen's carefully thought-out programme, but in any case it ended one of the most memorable Polar expeditions the world has seen. The Fram, with her ten explorers, had been absent for three long years, since August, 1893, when she had sailed northwest from Nova Zembla. The ice prevented the party from securing fresh supplies of dogs and provisions at the northernmost Siberian harbors which were passed. Notwithstanding, the good ship was boldly intrusted to the tender mercies of the drift ice and the winds, and slowly made her way northward. When she could go no farther, Dr. Nansen and three companions took to the hummocky ice and pushed on to the north until the dogs were exhausted. For a time the weaker animals were sacrificed to give food to the strong ones; but finally the end of dog endurance came—not until, however, the explorers had come to a point two hundred miles nearer the North Pole than any human being had seen before, and only two hundred and fifty miles south of the Pole itself. From the repeated failures to achieve their aims of the best equipped arctic travellers on account of a lack of sled power, it would seem that the most vital necessity at present in any successful attempt on the Pole, is a new and extremely concentrated dog biscuit. The food-supply of the voyagers themselves during their sledding was totally dependent on their marksmanship; and that the wild region afforded enough game to support them on the perilous journey to Franz Josef Land offers an encouraging prospect for future attempts. Dr. Nansen found deep sea and plenty of it, instead of the Arctic continent which existed in the theories of many geographers. The water was in some places 3,800 metres, or over two miles, deep; with a freezing temperature at the surface, it became decidedly warmer at a depth of one hundred and ninety metres.

The New Highest North.

This year has seen a more varied and elaborate series of campaigns against the arctic mysteries than any other in the history of the world. Steam, sails, sledges, skates, air and water currents, even balloons, have been inlisted in the effort to reach the barren goal. A comparison of these modern polar expeditions with those of previous years shows a considerable gain in results, both sentimental and practical, and, what is most important, a fairly revolutionary gain in safety. It is possible, with our latter-day ships and guns and foods and medicines, to devote a life's labor to arctic exploration without assuming the rôle of either crank or martyr. Dr. Nansen, with his fine bodily vigor, his intense enthusiasm, his willing, almost ascetic, abstinence, and his exact studies, is a good specimen of the modern Pole-hunter.

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The White Squadron in Action.

LAST August our mightiest battle-ships steamed out to sea, cleared for action, and indulged in some instructive target-practice, affording us the first opportunity of judging how our battle-ships would behave during the continual discharge of their heavy guns. The Yankee tars showed themselves good marksmen, and when the canvas target was not annihilated, the misses were by too narrow a margin to afford any comfort to the enemy's ships, had they been there. But the effect of the firing on the men-of-war themselves was quite startling. The natty vessels of the White Squadron came out of the fray in much such guise as one would have expected after a real battle. If not literally hoist with their own petards, they were so smoked and charred and shaken as to suggest very unpleasant theories concerning the result of such firing in the vastly greater hurry, excitement, and distraction of a real conflict.

For here, with every leisurely opportunity to anticipate the effects of the concussion, the mighty thirteen-inch guns of the Indiana actually bent the hatches and caused the deck-seams to start. It was necessary to put over the hatches the heavy armor plates designed to keep out the enemy's shot. Half-burnt grains of powder an inch thick flew in every direction and charred unsightly holes in the wooden sheathing of the decks. Woodwork in the cabins was torn down by the violence of the discharges, and any crockery that had not been carefully packed was promptly smashed; worse still, many nautical instruments, binnacles, compasses, and the glass parts of search-lights must be unshipped and secured during the cannon thunder. A search-light's value is surely considerably diminished if it cannot be used in time of action. When the thirteen-inch guns on the Indiana bellowed forth, a three-thousand-pound anchor at the bow was flung from the strong fastenings and thirty feet away from the vessel into the sea. It was impossible for any man to stand on the open deck. The officers are bemoaning the loss of their uniforms, ruined by the fine powder precipitated during the firing. Notwithstanding careful waddings of cotton in their ears, the men were made for the time totally deaf by the frightful vibrations, and their faces were badly blistered by the nitre from the powder. In fact it is said that the crews came home from this pleasant little excursion completely worn out and nerve-shaken.

It proved absolutely impossible to use guns that were passed by the line of fire from other cannon. On the Atlanta, for instance, the six-inch guns can be fired aft past the barbettes of the eight-inch battery. To try the effect on the atmosphere of the barbettes, a sheep was tied in them, and the six-inch rifle was discharged; the animal could simply not be found, and unless a gang of men are to be executed for mutiny, it is safe to say that those two sets of guns will not be worked simultaneously.

This is the most valuable test of the actual working of modern naval guns since the battle of the Yalu, and has some stern lessons which should prove very profitable to the White Squadron if it is ever called out to battle.

The Successor to the Eiffel Tower.

THE rumors and announcements of the French Exposition of 1900 have aroused speculation concerning the superlative characteristics which will make this show sufficiently greater than the Chicago World's Fair. That was in honor bound to exceed the former Parisian effort of 1889 which in turn had before it our Centennial Exposition as the mark to be surpassed. It is a mere truism to say that the first condition of a nineteenth century world's fair is that it shall be vaster than all its predecessors. What new monstrosity, then, could be desired for the year 1900, which would make the Eiffel Tower and the Ferris Wheel seem insignificant? The answer is ready, so the French papers tell us, in the idea of a mechanician, M. Borgel-Court, to build a gigantic sphere which shall as exactly as may be counterfeit the earth. On its surface all the countries of the globe, the cities, mountains, seas, and rivers, are to be represented with faithful configuration, while the interior is to be devoted to representations of the physical characteristics and civilizations mapped on the surface —natives, trees, animals, minerals, manufactured products, buildings, etc. In each country the traveller's eye will meet with only the objects indigenous to that land. The journey about this structure is to be made by means of elevators and electric railways. The round tour of the globe is scheduled to occupy eighty minutes—an irresistible figure

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to a compatriot of Jules Verne. Starting from Paris, the tourists are conveyed by train to Geneva, and thence by tunnels to the different countries of Europe, the East, America, Australia, and Africa, completing their globe-trot *in petto* by a return to Paris, which occupies the highest point of the sphere, and supports a great figure of the French Republic.

This portentous reminder of our "geography" classes is to be nearly five hundred feet in diameter, or roughly, one eighty-thousandth as large as the original and more inconvenient earth. The plan is to set the globe on a frame, which will bring the extreme height to nearly eight hundred feet—an imposing architectural monster it should be!

The French talk much of the educational value which this sphere will have in addition to its purely show features. Truly it promises a saving of some time, expense, and seasickness if one can really come back a "travelled" person after an indulgence during a portion of the forenoon in M. Borgel-Court's complete earth, and the feat should appropriately end a century which has given us whole beeves compressed into a small vial of tablets and "Ivanhoe" edited down to a half hour's dimensions. The worry of it is that the genius of the first twentieth century exposition will be apparently confined to a single opportunity for his sensational feature; with the earth itself so belittled, what remains but a reduced edition of the universe?

Laurels for American Ships.

OUR new American ships, the St. Paul and the St. Louis, have modestly bided their time until their joints should be well limbered up and their powers known, to show what they could do in the way of transatlantic racing, and now, early in their second season, they have both made glorious and record-breaking runs between Southampton and New York. First, in early August, the St. Louis lowered slightly the westward time, and only a week later the St. Paul came rushing over from Southampton in only thirty-one minutes and eight seconds over six days, thus virtually establishing the six-day mark over the longer course from England. These record trips, which are sprung upon the public three or four times a year, are no fortuitous pieces of good luck; they are generally the result of careful planning and preparation on the part of the steamer's people, who have a human aversion to any announcement of a triumph which wind and fog may turn into a defeat. The St. Paul had been put up in dry dock in Southampton to have her bottom scraped as clean as a whistle and everything made ship-shape for a race. Her agents were quietly expecting something extraordinary and had lookouts stationed at Fire Island—these being, as it happened, deceived into disappointment by the haze which allowed the great ship to steal by unperceived.

The St. Paul's average speed for the voyage was 21.08 knots, or about twenty-four and one-half miles per hour. Though this makes a new record in both average speed and time elapsed over the Southampton course, it does not mean that the American-built steamers are the fastest transatlantic vessels. The monster ships Lucania and Campania of the Cunard Line have made much quicker passages by the Queenstown course and have averaged a higher speed, the Lucania boasting as much as 22.01 knots, or about 25.7 miles per hour. But these Cunarders are far more powerful; they have each 10,000 more horse-power than the American ships, and burn nearly twice as much coal per day. It is a striking example of the vastly greater proportionate expenditure of power necessary to achieve a small increase of speed, to see the Cunarders using fifty per cent. more horse-power and a hundred per cent. more coal to obtain less than a single knot above the speed of the St. Paul.

Two Distinguished Visitors.

OF the two distinguished foreigners who have recently honored the United States with their presence, the picturesque old Chinaman and his purely ceremonial visit proved to be of infinitely greater interest to the citizens of this republic than Lord Russell, of Killowen, and his unofficial but highly significant utterances on the question of arbitration. After the morning and afternoon costumes of Lord Russell had been more or less faithfully reported, together with his habits in regard to tan shoes and the extremities of his trousers, but little attention remained for his address on Arbitration before the American Bar Association at Saratoga. That address dealt largely, as was to be expected, with the dis-

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tinctly legal sides of the subject; as a keen lawyer, thoroughly alive to the vexing obstacles which are inevitable, Lord Russell was not able to express any sanguine belief in the feasibility of a permanent tribunal of arbitration between England and the United States. Quite apart from the intrinsic merits of the technical difficulties, it was important in itself, as a contribution to arbitration discussion, that this greatest of English jurists, whose personal leanings and temporary surroundings all made for optimism in this direction, considered that a large class of the most important subjects for arbitration could not be disposed of in any set method.

Li Hung Chang has always commanded the peculiar admiration of English-speaking people, and while the number of those in America who had an adequate conception of his greatness was comparatively small, it needed but small prompting on the part of the newspapers to excite the public interest when there was the very unusual spectacle to American eyes, of yellow jackets, peacock feathers, gorgeous hats, and highly ceremonious visits. New Yorkers forgot the lassitude of the dog days in their anxiety to see the man whom General Grant had placed with Gambetta, Disraeli, and Bismarck to make a quartet of the greatest men in the world. Truly the tall old Chinaman, with his glittering eyes, his alert interest, and his interminable questions, was well worth seeing, and the prominent men who were called to the hot metropolis to bid him welcome did not begrudge the interruption of their vacations. So far as can be learned the grand tour of Viceroy Li has been far more productive of edification to his shrewd old self than to the manufacturers and merchants of England and America who hoped the visit of this patron of science and industrial progress would mean the opening of new markets in the East for their products. If not childlike, the smile of the Viceroy is certainly bland and inscrutable, and there is not on record any instance of his failure to survive western wiles, with the possible exception of his little adventure with an enterprising cigarette agent. Here, too, the advantage was probably mutual, for when the energetic Caucasian, having heard that Li had tasted and approved of his tobacco, appeared bearing a costly box well stocked with a thousand cigarettes, the virtual ruler of eight hundred million people not only accepted the gift in the spirit with which it was proffered, but hastened to assail the young man with a thousand and one questions about the tobacco industry of America, what time sundry high officials of the city of New York waited for an audience. If the agent achieved his advertisement, the Viceroy achieved the cigarettes and a short immunity from a round of ceremonial duty which must be wearing even to an ambassador and a Chinaman. How it was possible for a man of his great age and responsibilities to rise at six and continue through the day such an arduous labor of sight-seeing and official work is truly marvellous. But, like Mr. Gladstone and most other of the "grand" species of old men, Li has seen the absolute necessity of conserving his nervous force and guarding against indigestion, and this prudence is undoubtedly his secret of vitality. Willing to sacrifice himself in almost any way to the politeness due his hosts in the west, he continually drew the line at partaking of their feasts, and clung to the viands prepared by his own cooks in his native fashion. But while he acknowledged, with Mr. Gladstone, his tremendous indebtedness to a good digestion, he achieved it by a very different regimen; the sage of Hawarden with his maxim of thirty bites to each mouthful of meat would have been horrified at the ability of Li to dispose of a breakfast handily in ten minutes—smoking, too, before, during, and after the meal.

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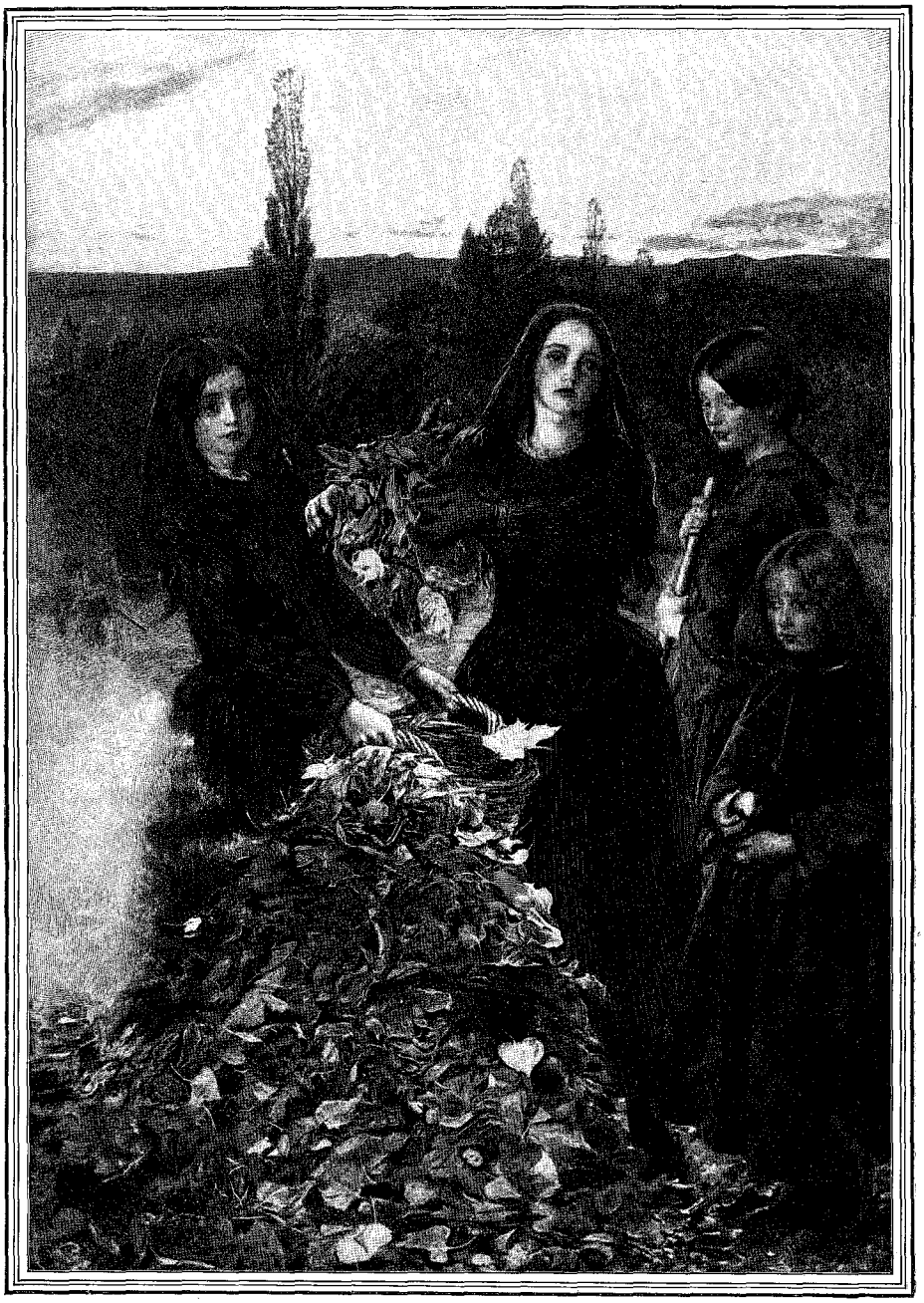

John E. Millais, pinxit.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

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